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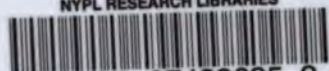
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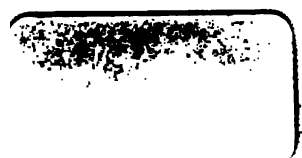
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**P L A Y S**  
**O F**  
**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.**

**Vol. X.**



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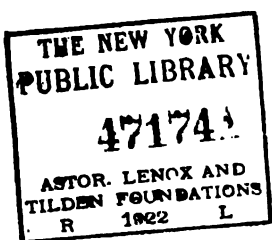
**ROMEO AND JULIET.**  
**HAMLET.**  
**OTHELLO.**  
**APPENDIXES.**

**L O N D O N:**

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**MDCCLXXX.**





R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

VOL. X.

A



## P R O L O G U E.

*T*WO households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, (where we lay our scene)  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny;  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose mis-adventur'd piteous overthrows  
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which but their childrens' end nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage:  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend \*.

\* This prologue after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and versification.—The play was first performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*. STEEVENS.

## Persons Represented.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *Kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*  
Capulet, } *each other.*

Romeo, *Son to Montague.*

Mercutio, } *Friends of Romeo.*  
Benvolio, }

Tybalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

*An old Man, his Cousin.*

Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*

Friar John, *of the same order.*

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*  
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

*Three Musicians.*

Peter.

*Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.*

*Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.*

*Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*

*Nurse to Juliet.*

CHORUS—*Page, Boy to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.*

*Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations to both Houses, Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act is in Mantua; during all the rest of the play at Verona.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET<sup>1</sup>.

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

### A S T R E E T.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, two servants of Capulet.*

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, <sup>2</sup> we'll not carry coals.

*Greg.* No, for then we shall be colliers.

*Sam.* I mean, an' we be in choler, we'll draw.

*Greg.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

*Sam.*

<sup>1</sup> The story on which this play is founded, is said to have been a true one. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novellist in 1549 at Venice, and again in 1553 at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as in this improved state it was translated into English, and published in an octavo volume 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem, entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romcus and Juliet*. The last-mentioned of these pieces our author has so minutely followed, that he has occasionally borrowed even sentiments and expressions. The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: but Shakespear does not seem to have been at all indebted to such a faint idea of it as is conveyed by Painter's Epitome. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum. And it appears (as Mr. Farmer has observed) from a passage in Ames's Typographical Antiquities, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*;

6 ROMEO AND JULIET.

*Sam.* I strike quickly, being mov'd.

*Greg.* But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

*Sam.* A dog of the House of Montague moves me.

*Greg.* To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that House shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Greg.* That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* True, and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Greg.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be <sup>3</sup> cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

but as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following :

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says, " We will bear no coles, I warrant you." So Skelton,

" ——— You, I say, Julian,

" Wyll you leare no coles?"

So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602, " He " has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*"

So, in *Law Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608, " I'll carry coals an you will, no horns."

Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1610, " You " must swear by no man's beard but your own, for that may " breed a quarrel: above all things, you must carry no coals."

And again in the same play, " Now my ancient being a man " of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit, &c." Again, in B. Jonson's

*Every Man out of his Humour*, " Here comes one that will " carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog." And lastly, in the poet's

own *Hen. V.* " At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by " that piece of service the men would carry coals." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *cruel with the maids.*] The first folio reads *civil* with the maids. JOHNSON.—So does the 4to, 1609. STEEVENS.

*Greg.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET. 7

*Greg.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Greg.* They must take it in sense, that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Greg.* 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the House of the Montagues.

*Enter Abram and Balthasar.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

*Greg.* How? turn thy back and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Greg.* No, marry: I fear thee!—

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Greg.* I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. \* I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

\* *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.* So it signifies in Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glass*, act 3, sc. 3, p. 45.

*Orgylus.* "To bite his thumb at me.

*Argus.* "Why should not a man bite his thumb?

*Orgylus.* "At me? were I scorn'd, to see men bite their thumbs;

"Rapiers and daggers, &c." Dr. GRAY.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie*, &c. 1596, has this passage. "Behold next I see Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *sco* with his thombe in his mouth." In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, I meet with these words: "It is said of the Italians, if they once bite their finger's ends in a threatening manner, God knows, if they set upon their enemies face to face, it is because they cannot assail them behind their backs." Perhaps Jonson ridicules this passage in R. and I. in his *New Inn*:

"Huff. How spill it?

"Spill it at me?

"Tip. I reckon not, but I spill it." STEEVENS.



8      R O M E O   A N D   J U L I E T .

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, Sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite you thumb at us, Sir?

*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say, ay?

*Greg.* No.

*Sam.* No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir;  
but I bite my thumb, Sir.

*Greg.* Do you quarrel, Sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

*Sam.* If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good  
a man, as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, Sir.

5 *Enter Benvolio.*

*Greg.* Say, better. Here comes one of my master's  
kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, Sir.

*Abr.* You lye.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember  
thy swashing blow <sup>6</sup>. [They fight.

*Ben.* Part, fools; put up your swords; you know  
not what you do.

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless  
hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,  
Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate  
the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:  
Have at thee, coward.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Benvolio.*] Much of this scene is added since the first  
edition; but probably by Shakespeare, since we find it in that  
of the year 1599. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *thy swashing blow.*] Jonson uses this expression in his *Staple  
for News*. "I do confes a *swashing blow*." STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter three or four citizens with clubs.*

*Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.*

*Cap.* What noise is this?—<sup>7</sup> Give me my long sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter old Montague, and lady Montague.*

*Mon.* Thou villain, Capulet——Hold me not, let me go.

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince, with attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel —  
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,  
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins;  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,

<sup>7</sup> Give me my long sword.] The long sword was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.

This long sword is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says,

“Take their confessions, and my long sword;

“I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.” STEEVENS.

By thee, old Capulet and Montague,  
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;  
 And made Verona's ancient citizens  
 Cast by their grave, befeeming, ornaments,  
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,  
 Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;  
 If ever you disturb our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time, all the rest depart away:  
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
 To know our further pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town, our common judgment place:  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, Capulet, &c.*]

*La. Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach:  
 I drew to part them: in the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;  
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
 'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*La. Mon.* O where is Romeo! Saw you him to-day?  
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd through the golden window of the East,  
 A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;  
 Where, underneath the grove of fycamour,  
 That westward rooteth from the city side,  
 So early walking did I see your son.  
 Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,  
 And stole into the covert of the wood.  
 I, measuring his affections by my own,

That

<sup>1</sup> That most are busied when they are most alone,  
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his;  
<sup>2</sup> And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning-dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:  
But all so soon as the all-chearing sun  
Should, in the furthest East, begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed;  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

<sup>1</sup> *Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other friends:  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
<sup>2</sup> Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.

Could

<sup>1</sup> *That most are busied, &c.*] Edition 1597. Instead of which it is in the other edition thus:

————— by my own,  
Which then most fought, where most might not be found,  
Being one to many by my weary self,  
Pursued my humour, &c. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> *And gladly shunn'd, &c.*] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

<sup>1</sup> *Ben. Have you importun'd, &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> *Or dedicate his beauty to the same.*] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes. So please you, step aside,  
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

*Mon.* I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay  
To hear true shrift.—Come, Madam, lets away.

[*Exeunt.*

*Ben.* Good-morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them  
short.

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out——

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see path-ways <sup>3</sup> to his will!

Where

brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do  
not think it improbable that the poet wrote,

Or dedicate his beauty to the *Sun*.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *Sunne*; which  
brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOB.

I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected  
this simile more closely with the foregoing speech; these lines,  
if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die  
of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known  
to the world. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *to his will!*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. War-  
burton, read, to his *ill*. The present reading has some ob-  
scurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to  
pursue

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

[Striking his breast.

4 Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

purſue his *deſire*. That the *blind* ſhould find paths to ill is no great wonder. JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, reads

Should, without *laws*, give path-ways to our will!

This reading is the moſt intelligible. STEEVENS.

\* *Why then, O brawling love, &c.*] Of theſe lines neither the ſenſe nor occaſion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy, and to love one and hate another is no ſuch uncommon ſtate, as can deſerve all this toil of antitheſis. JOHNSON.

Had Dr. Johnson attended to the letter of invitation in the next ſcene, he would have found that Roſaline was niece to Capulet. ANONYMOUS.

Every ſonnetteer characteriſes Love by contrarieties. Watſon begins one of his canzonets:

“ Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred grieve,

“ A living death, an euer-dying life, &c.”

Turberville makes Reaſon harangue againſt it in the ſame manner:

“ A ſerſie froſt, a flame that frozen is with iſe!

“ A heauey burden light to beare! a vertue fraught

“ with vice! &c.”

Immediately from the *Romaunt of the Roſe*,

“ *Leue* it is an hatefull pees,

“ A free aquitaunce without reles—

“ *An beaue* burthen light to beare,

“ A wicked wawe awaie to weare:

“ And health full of maladie,

“ And charitie full of envie—

“ A laughter that in weping aie,

“ Reiſt that trauaileth night and daie, &c.”

This kind of antitheſis was very much the taſte of the Provencal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preſerved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

“ Pace non trovo, & non hó da far guerra,

“ Et temo, & ſpero, & ardo, & ſon un ghiaccio,

“ Et volo ſpora'l cielo, & ghiaccio in terra,

“ Et nulla ſtringo, & tuttòl mondo abbraccio, &c.” *Son.* 105.

Sir Tho. Wyat gives a tranſlation of this ſonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of, *Deſcription of the contrarious Paſſions in a Louer*, amongſt the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

Oh,

Oh, any thing, of nothing first create !  
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !  
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !  
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !  
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
 Dost thou not laugh ?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what ?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* <sup>5</sup> Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;  
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have them prest  
 With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shown,  
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;  
<sup>6</sup> Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
<sup>7</sup> Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears :  
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
 Farewel, my coz.

[*Going.*

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along :

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut, I have lost myself ; I am not here ;  
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

*Ben.* <sup>8</sup> Tell me in sadness, who she is you love ?

*Rom.* What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

<sup>5</sup> *Why, such is love's transgression.*—] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;*] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urged, a fire sparkling*. Being excited and inforced. To urge the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhym'd to it, is lost. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

*Ben.*

*Ben.* Groan? why, no; but sadly tell me, who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—  
O word, ill-urg'd to one that is so-ill!—  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark's-man!—and she's fair, I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* But, in that hit, you miss. She'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
° And, 'in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,  
From love's weak childish bow, she lives unharm'd.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor 'bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.  
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor  
That when she dies, ° with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

¹ *Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

° As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not likely to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the supposition. STEEVENS.

¹ —in strong proof] In chastity of proof, as we say in armour of proof. JOHNSON.

² —with beauty dies her store.] Mr. Theobald reads, "With her dies beauties store;" and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

³ *Rom.* *She hath, and in that sparing, &c.*] None of the following speeches of this scene in the first edition of 1597. POPE.



16      ROMEO AND JULIET.

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise; <sup>4</sup> wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair:  
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow  
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:  
Those happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;  
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.  
Shew me a mistress, that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,  
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?  
Farewel; thou canst not teach me to forget <sup>5</sup>.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A S T R E E T.

*Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.*

*Cap.* And Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my Lord, what say you to my suit?

<sup>4</sup> *too wisely fair.*] HANMER. For *wisely too fair*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> "Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

"'Tis sure the hardest science, *to forget*.—*Pope's Eloisa.*

STEEVENS.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before :  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* <sup>1</sup> And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,  
<sup>2</sup> She is the hopeful lady of my earth :  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a part ;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent, and fair according voice :  
This night, I hold an old-accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love ; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more,  
At my poor house, look to behold this night

<sup>1</sup> *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The 4to, 1597. reads:—And too soon marr'd are those so early married.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound* :

“The maid that *soon married* is, *soon married* is.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *She is the hopeful lady of my earth.*] This line is not in the first edition. POPE.

*The lady of his earth* is an expression not very intelligible, unless he means that she is heir to his estate, and I suppose no man ever called his *lands* his *earth*. I will venture to propose a bold change :

She is the hope and stay of my full years. JOHNSON.

*She is the hopeful lady of my earth.*—This is a Gallicism : *Puissance de terre* is the French phrase for an *heir*. *Lad of land* is often used by the old play-writers for an *heir*. So in Shirley's *Constant Maid*, 1640.—“This lady shall be lord o'the soil.” Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* :

“A full carouse to you, and to my lord of land here.”

STEEVENS.

3 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light;  
 Such comfort as 4 do lusty young men feel,  
 When well-apparel'd April on the heel  
 Of limping Winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :  
 5 Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, tho' in reckoning none.  
 Come, go with me.—Go, firrah, trudge about,  
Though

3 *Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.*] This nonsense should be reformed thus :

Earth-treading stars that make dark *even* light :  
*i. e.* When the evening is dark, and without stars, these earthly stars supply their place, and light it up. So again in this play :

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense ? Is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun ? Has not Pope the thought and the word ?

“ Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,  
 “ And ope'd those eyes that must *eclipse the day*.”

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense, but they are both, and both equally poetical sense. JOHNSON.

4 —*do lusty young men feel,*] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read,

Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakespeare meant no more by this comparison than to say, you will feel such pleasure from the fair society you are to meet this evening, as young rusticks experience when that season of the year returns which is favourable to their amusements of dancing, &c. STEEVENS.

5 *Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, tho' in reckoning none.*] The first of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help ;  
the

Through fair Verona; find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there; and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

*Serv.* <sup>6</sup> Find them out, whose names are written here?  
——It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle  
with his yard, and the tailor with his last; the fisher  
with his pencil, and the painter with his nets: but  
I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here  
writ; and can never find what names the writing  
person hath here writ. I must to the learned.——In  
good time——

*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish,  
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning,  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish;  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

the passage is there, *Which one more view.* I can offer  
nothing better than this:

*Within your view* of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

This is likewise the reading of the quarto, 1597, which I  
would explain thus:

Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one.

She has already informed Paris of the shew of opening  
which he is to expect at supper, and instructs him to  
show himself to her whose merit appears to be the greatest:  
such in this general display of beauties,  
myself, may be admitted, though not with any  
“pretence to an equal degree of respect with the rest.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Find them out, whose names are written here?*] The quarto,  
1597, adds; “And yet I know not who are written here:  
“I must to the learned to learn of them; that’s as much as to  
“say, the tailor, &c.” STEEVENS.

*Rom.* ' Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is;  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipt and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

[*To the Servant.*]

*Serv.* God gi' good e'en.—I pray, Sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book.

But, I pray,

Can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.—

*Rom.* Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the list.]

*Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters; County  
Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of  
Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely neices; Mer-  
cutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his  
wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia;  
Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the  
lively Helena.*

—A fair assembly; whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.—

' Your plantain leaf is excellent for  
that a toad, before she engages with  
self with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off  
wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. DR. GRAY.

The same thought occurs in *Albumazar*, in the following lines:

“ Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:

“ Bring a fresh *plantain leaf*, I've broke my shin.”

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly  
applied to green wounds. STREVEENS.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* Whither? to supper?

*Serv.* To our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;  
With all the admired beauties of Verona.  
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires!  
And these—who, often drown'd, could never die—

Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:  
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid  
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,  
And she shall shew scant well, that now shews best.

I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn;  
In splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

*Your lady's love against some other maid* be weigh'd  
[Your lady's love against some other maid] But the comparison was not betwixt the love that Romeo's mistress paid him, and the person of any other young woman; but betwixt Romeo's mistress herself, and some other that should be matched against her. The poet therefore must certainly have wrote;

Your lady-love against some other maid. WARBURTON,  
Your lady's love is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself, REVISAL.

## S C E N E III.

*A room in Capulet's house.**Enter lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve years old)

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—God forbid!—where's this girl? what, Juliet!

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* How now, who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here, what is your will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter—Nurse, give leave a while, we must talk in secret—Nurse, come back again; I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth (and yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four) she's not fourteen. How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen and she (God rest all Christian souls that are there) Well, Susan is with God; she's good. But as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she, marry, I remember it well. It is since the earthquake now eleven years; and she was wean'd; I never shall forget it; of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-

<sup>1</sup> —to my teen] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.

wood to my dug, sitting i' the sun under the Dove-house wall, my lord and you were then at Mantua.—Nay, I do bear a brain.—But, as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool! to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-house——it was no need, I trow, to bid me trudge: and since that time it is eleven years: for then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before, she broke her brow; and then my husband (God be with his soul! a' was a merry man) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not, Juli? and, by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay: to see now, how a jest shall come about!——I warrant, an' I should live a thousand years, I never should not forget it: Wilt thou not, Juli, quoth he? and, pretty fool, <sup>2</sup> it stinted, and said, ay.

*La. Cap.* Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

<sup>3</sup> *Nurse.* Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone; a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'ft upon

<sup>2</sup> *it stinted,*] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Anthony received, says,—“for the blood “*stinted* a little when he was laid.”—So in *Titus Andronicus*,

“He can at pleasure *stint* their melody.”

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607: “——a letter

“New bleeding from their pens, scarce *stinted* yet.”

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, by Ben Jonson,

“*Stint* thy babbling tongue.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Nurse.* Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse, &c.] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.



24      ROMEO AND JULIET.

thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; wilt thou not, Juli? it stinted, and said, ay.

*Jul.* And stint thee too, I pray thee nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe, that e'er I nursed.  
An' I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish

*La. Cap.* Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* <sup>4</sup> It is an honour that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honour? were not I thine only nurse,  
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

<sup>5</sup> *La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger  
than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers. By my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief,  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

<sup>6</sup> *Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

<sup>4</sup> [*It is an honour*] The modern editors all read, *it is an honour*. I have restored the genuine word, which is more seemly from a girl to her mother. *Your, fire,* and such words as are vulgarly uttered in two syllables, are used as dissyllables by Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.

The first quarto reads *bcnour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line;  
“Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for his wife.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only,

“Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?”  
She answers, “I'll look to that, &c.” and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *La. Cap.* What say you? can you like the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;  
<sup>8</sup> Examine ev'ry sev'ral lineament,  
And see, how one another lends content ;  
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.  
The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,  
For fair without the fair within to hide.  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
<sup>9</sup> That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.  
So, shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less? Nay, bigger; women grow by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move :  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

<sup>7</sup> *La. Cap. What say you, &c.]* This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> *Examine ev'ry sev'ral lineament,]* The quarto, 1599, reads, every married lineament.—Shakespeare meant by this last phrase, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in *content*.—In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of “ the married calm of states.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.]* The golden story is perhaps the golden legend, a book in the darker ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

<sup>10</sup> *Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you follow strait.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the County stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A S T R E E T.

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* <sup>1</sup> The date is out of such prolixity.

We'll

<sup>10</sup> To this speech there are likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The date is out of such prolixity.*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakespeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none; and that his plays discredited such entertainments is more than probable. But in James's time, that reign of false taste as well as false politics, they came again in fashion; and a deluge of this affected nonsense overflowed the court and country. WARBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque* but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears like Romeo and his companions in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions I believe

We'll have no Cupid, hood-wink'd with a scarf,  
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
 Scaring the ladies <sup>2</sup> like a crow-keeper;  
<sup>3</sup> Nor no without-book prologue faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance.  
 But, let them measure us by what they will,  
 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* <sup>4</sup> Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.  
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you  
 dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
 With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead.  
 So staks me to the ground, I cannot move.

believe Romeo is made to allude. In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find, this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —like a crow-keeper;] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *Lear*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Nor no without-book prologue, &c.] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> Give me a torch,] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just  
 " like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and  
 " is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant attendant on every person masked. So in the second part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601,

" — As on a masque; but for our torch-bearers,

" Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play,

" ————— a gallant crew,

" Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs,

" Before whom, unintreated, I am come,

" And here prevented, I believe, their play,

" Who, with his torch, is enter'd."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*,

" We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers." STEEVENS,

<sup>5</sup> *Mer.*

<sup>5</sup> *Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers; and <sup>6</sup> so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And to sink in it, should you burden love?  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,  
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with  
love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on his mask.*]

A visor for a visor!—what care I,  
What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,  
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me. <sup>7</sup> Let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;

<sup>8</sup> For I am proverb'd with a grand-fire phrase;

<sup>5</sup> *Mer.* *You are a lover, &c.*] The twelve following lines are  
not to be found in the first edition. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— so bound,

*I cannot bound, &c.*] Let Milton's example, on this occasion,  
keep Shakespeare in countenance:

“ ——— in contempt

“ At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound

“ Of hill, &c.” P. L. book iv. l. 180. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Let wantons light of heart, &c.*] Middleton has borrowed  
this thought in his play of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602.

“ — bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

“ Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,

“ I have too much lead at mine.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The grand-fire-phrase is—*The black ox has trod upon my  
spot.* JOHNSON.

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* 'Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;

Or

'Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

For I am proverb'd with a grandfire's phrase;—and  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with; I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats sont gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observation with,

I am proverb'd with a grandfire's phrase,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's own word*: as much as to say, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis *the constable's own word*; whose custom was, when he summoned his watch, and assigned them their several stations, to give them what the soldiers call, *the word*. But this night, guard being distinguished for their pacific character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestic animal for his *word*: which, in time, might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

A proverbial saying, used by Mr. Tho. Heywood, in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, act 3.

“A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce run,

“Call help, a rope, or we are all undone.

“Draw *dun* out of the ditch.” DR. GRAY.

*Draw dun out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

“At shove-groate, venter-point, or crosse and pile,

“At leaping o'er a Midsummer bone-fier,

“Or at the *drawing dun* out of the myer.”

So

30 ROMEO AND JULIET.

<sup>1</sup> Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stickest  
Up to thine ears. Come, we burn day-light, ho.

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, Sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, <sup>2</sup> like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits  
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this mask;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lye.

So Skelton in his *Crowne of Lawrel*,

“*Dun is in the mire, dame reach me my spur.*”

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607.

“*I must play dun, and draw them all out of the mire.*”

*Dun's the mouse* is a proverbial phrase, which I have met  
with frequently in the old comedies. So in *Every Woman in  
her Humour*, 1609.

“*If my host say the word, the mouse shall be dun.*”

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning.  
It is used again in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607,  
but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. War-  
burton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Or (*save your reverence*) love,—] The word *or* obscures  
the sentence; we should read *O!* for *or love*. Mercutio having  
called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so  
disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! save your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to  
Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto,  
1597. Mercutio as he passes through different editions,

“*Works himself clear, and as he runs refines:*”  
for in the former he is made to say,

\_\_\_\_\_ from the mire

Of this fir-reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st. STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> —like lamps by day.] *Lamps* is the reading of the old  
quarto. The folio and subsequent quarto's read *lights, lights  
by day*. STEEVENS.

*Rom.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET. 31

Rom. —In bed asleep; while they do dream things true<sup>3</sup>.

Mer. <sup>4</sup> O, then, I see, Queen Mab has been with you.

She is the Fairies' midwife, and she comes

<sup>3</sup> In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> O, then, I see, *Queen Mab hath been with you.*

*She is the FAIRIES' midwife,*] Thus begins that admirable speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, Queen Mab the fairies mid-wife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the fairies. What! and their *midwife* too? But this is not the greatest of the absurdities. Let us see upon what occasion she is introduced, and under what quality. It is as a being that has great power over human imagination. But then the title given her must have reference to the employment she is put upon: First then, she is called Queen; which is very pertinent, for that designs her power: then she is called the *fairies' mid-wife*; but what has that to do with the point in hand? If we would think that Shakespeare wrote sense, we must say, he wrote—the *FANCY'S mid-wife*; and this is a proper title, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these lines:

————— I talk of *dreams*,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain *fantasie*.

These dreams are begot upon *fantasie*, and Mab is the mid-wife to bring them forth. And *fancy's mid-wife* is a phrase altogether in the manner of our author. Warburton.

All the copies, three of which were published in the author's life-time, concur in reading *fairies' mid-wife*. Queen Mab's business is to *inspire* people with thoughts, to *impregnate* them with fancies, and not to *deliver* them of such thoughts or fancies as they have *already conceived*. There is no reason then for making her the *fancy's mid-wife*, when Shakespeare had appointed her to that office in the fairy court. Dr. Warburton seems to have forgot that Juno, though the Queen of Heaven, was not disparaged by being a *mid-wife*. By this title too, among others, Horace invokes Diana:

“Montium custos nemorumq; virgo  
“Quæ laborantes utero puellas,” &c.

It may be worth while to add, that the word *Queen* was used by the Saxons only to signify the *female sex*. *Queen-Fugol* was a *hen-fowl*, *queen-cat* a *she-cat*. STEEVENS.

In



92      ROMEO AND JULIET,

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone  
 5 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,  
 Athwart mens' noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :  
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm,  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops, night by night,  
 Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love ;  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies strait ;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who strait dream on fees :  
 O'er ladies' lips, who strait on kisses dream,  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.  
 6 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :

And

<sup>1</sup> On the fore-finger of an alderman,] The quarto, 1597, reads, of a burgo-master. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy 1599 ; but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger ; and from a passage in *The First Part of Hen. IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakespeare's time to have worn this ornament on the thumb. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639,

“ ———— and an alderman,

“ As I may say to you, he has no more

“ Wit than the rest o' the bench ; and that lies in his  
 “ thumb-ring.” STEEVENS.

6 Sometimes she gallops o'er a LAWYER's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :] The old editions.  
 have

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice.

Some-

have it, *COURTIER'S nose*; and this undoubtedly is the true reading: and for these reasons. First, In the present reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine speech; the same thought having been given in the foregoing line,

O'er *lawyers'* fingers, who strait dream on fees:  
 Nor can it be objected that there will be the same fault if we read *courtier's*, it having been said before,

On *courtiers'* knees, that dream on curtsies strait;  
 because they are shewn in two places under different views: in the first, their *foppery*; in the second, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, In our author's time, a court-solicitation was called, simply, a *suit*; and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. "The King" (says an anonymous cotemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil) "called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his father to FIND [i. e. to *smell out*] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITER for the reversion of the Custos-brevium office in the Common Pleas: which the king willingly granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life." Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his satire against *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topic of later writers: for, to observe it to the honour of the English judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution, long after chicane had over-run all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

On *COURTIER'S* knees, that dream on curtsies strait;  
 O'er *lawyers'* fingers, who strait dream on fees.

He then goes on,

Sometimes she gallops o'er a *COURTIER'S* nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a *suit*;—

In the latter lines Dr. Warburton has very justly restored the old reading *courtier's nose*, which had been changed into *lawyer's nose*, by some editor, who did not know, as it should seem, of any *suits* but *law suits*. Dr. Warburton has explained the passage with his usual learning; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to justify Shakespeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads,

On *COUNTRIES* knees: ———

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

On *COUNTIES* knees, that dream on courties strait: —

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, <sup>7</sup> Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;  
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,

*Counties* I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is most commonly stiled the *countie* in this play. Shakespeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the Italian *conte* to our *count*. It was no permanent reason, for I do not recollect that he uses the title in other plays, where the scene is in Italy. Perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot.—*Observations and Conjectures, printed at Oxford, 1766.*

This speech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in question, stands thus in the oldest quarto 1597:

And in this sort she gallops up and down  
 Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:  
 O'er courtiers knees, who strait on curfies dreame:  
 O'er ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait;  
 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 Sometimes she gallops o're a lawyer's lap,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's taile,  
 Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,  
 And then dreames he of another benefice.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a foldier's nose,  
 And then dreames he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,  
 Of healths five fadome deep, &c.

Shakespeare, as I have observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius,

“ ——— Ensis Toletanus

“ Unda Tagi non est alio celebranda metallo,

“ Utilis in cives est ibi lamina fuos.” JOHNSON.

8 And

\* And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage.  
This is she——

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more unconstant than the wind; who woos  
Ev'n now, the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-  
selves;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,  
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels; and expire the term  
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
But he, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

\* *And cakes the elf-locks, &c.*] This was a common super-  
stition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease  
called the Plica Polonica. *WARBURTON.*

† *Direct my sail!*] I have restored this reading from the elder  
quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the  
preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. *STEEVENS.*

*Direct my suit!*] Guide the *sequel* of the adventure. *JOHNS.*

## S C E N E V.

*A Hall in Capulet's House.**Enter Servants.*

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* <sup>1</sup> Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens' hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the <sup>2</sup> court-cupboard, look to the plate: good thou, <sup>3</sup> save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell. —Antony! and Potpan! —

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

<sup>1</sup> *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

<sup>2</sup> *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*court-cupboard*,] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it is what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: so in a *Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599; “—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish “the *court-cupboard*.”—Again, in *Mons. D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman;

“Here shall stand my *court-cupboard*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Save me a piece of march-pane*;] March-pane was a confection made of Fillichio-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakespeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil their chancellor with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane*, and two sugar-loaves. *Peck's Description Curiosa*, vol. ii. p. 29. Dr. GRAY.

*Enter*

*Enter Capulet, the Guests and Ladies, with the Maskers.*

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies, that have their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you.  
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,  
I'll swear, hath corns: am I come near you now?  
You are welcome, gentlemen: I have seen the day  
That I have worn a visor, and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:  
4 You are welcome, gentlemen. Come, musicians, play.  
5 A hall! a hall! Give room. And foot it, girls.

*[Musick plays, and they dance.]*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.  
Nay sit, nay sit, 6 good cousin Capulet,  
For you and I are past 7 our dancing days:

\* *You're welcome, gentlemen.*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

5 *A ball! a ball!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*.—So in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600,

“ Room! room! a ball! a ball!”

Again in B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*,

“ —Then cry, a ball! a ball!”

“ 'Tis merry in Tottenham-hall, when beards wag all.”

STEEVENS.

6 *good cousin Capulet,*] This *cousin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past making for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

7 *our dancing days:*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, “ our *standing* days.” STEEVENS.

How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, Sir;  
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* <sup>8</sup> Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

*Serv.* I know not, Sir.

*Rom.* O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight;  
I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—  
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave  
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,  
To flee and scorn at our solemnity?

<sup>8</sup> This speech stands thus in the first copy:

Will you tell me that it cannot be so?

His son was but a ward three years ago;

Good youth's i'faith. Oh, youth's a jolly thing.

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play; but when they are of little consequence I have foreborn to encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however, of these three lines is natural, and worth preserving. STEEVENS.

Now,

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm  
you so?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:  
A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo, is't?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz', let him alone;  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.  
I would not for the wealth of all this town,  
Here in my house, do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest:  
I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd.  
What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall.—Go to—  
Am I the master here, or you? go to—  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul—  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will fit cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*Cap.* Go to, go to,  
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—  
This trick may chance to scathe you.—I know what—  
You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time—  
Well said, my hearts:—<sup>9</sup> You are a princox, go:—

<sup>9</sup> *You are a princox, go:—*] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person.

The word is used by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; and indeed



Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame.—  
I'll make you quiet——What! cheerly, my hearts.

*Tyb.* <sup>1</sup> Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

*Rcm.* <sup>2</sup> If I profane with my unworthy hand  
[*To Juliet.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rcm.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rcm.* O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' sake.

*Rcm.* Then move not, while my prayers' effect I  
take:

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.  
[*Kissing her.*

by most of the old dramattick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune esboudeau superbe*—a young princely boy. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Patience perforce,*] This expression is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

“*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog.” STEEV.

<sup>2</sup> *If I profane with my unworthy hand*

*This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,*

*My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.*] All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone and punishment submitted to. So Romeo would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote,

—— the gentle fine is this. WAREBURTON.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips! O trespass, sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother? *[To her nurse.*

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.  
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal;  
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chink.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

—Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;  
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—  
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.  
Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late.

I'll to my rest. *[Exeunt.*

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he, that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he, that follows here, that would not dance.

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.—If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen, unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd e'en now  
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*

*Nurse.* Anon, anon——

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter 3 CHORUS.*

Now old Desire doth on his death-bed lie,  
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;  
That Fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,  
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she, as much in love, her means much less,  
To meet her new-beloved any where:  
But Passion lends them power, Time means, to meet,  
Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet.

[*Exit Chorus.*

<sup>3</sup>. *CHORUS.*] This chorus added since the first edition. POPE.

*Chorus.* The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scenes will shew; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The S T R E E T.*

*Enter Romeo alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.  
[Exit

*Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.*

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

*Mer.* He is wife;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.  
Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.

Cry but Ah me! couple but love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her purblind son and heir:

<sup>4</sup> (Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

<sup>5</sup> When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid——)

He

<sup>4</sup> *Young Adam Cupid,*] Alluding to the famous archer Adam Bell. DR. GRAY.

<sup>5</sup> *When king Cophetua, &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad. POPE.

—— (Venus) purblind son and heir,

Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so true,

When king *Cophetua* lov'd the *beggar-maid*.

*Cupid* is here call'd *Adam*, in allusion to the famous archer *Adam Bell*, the hero of many an ancient ballad. The ballad of king *Cophetua, &c.* in the first of the three volumes 12mo. p. 141. is an old song of a king's falling in love with a beggar-maid, which I take to be the very ballad in question, although  
the

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demefns that there adjacent lie,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,  
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,  
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
 'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
 That were some spight. My invocation  
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,  
 To be comforted with the humorous night:  
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

the name of the king is no longer found in it, which will be no objection to any one who has compared old copies of ballads with those now extant. The third stanza begins thus:

“ The blinded boy that shoots so trim,

“ Did to his closet window steal,

“ And drew a dart and shot at him,

“ And made him soon his power feel.” &c.

If this is the song alluded to by Shakespeare, these should seem to be the very lines he had in his eye; and therefore I should suppose these lines in *Romeo and Juliet* were originally,

“ ————— her *pur-blind* son and heir,

“ Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so *trim*,

“ When, &c.

This word *trim*, the first editors consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. STEEVENS.

• Which

<sup>6</sup> Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—  
Romeo, good night ; I'll to my truckle-bed ;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :  
Come, shall we go ?

*Ben.* Go, then ; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* <sup>1</sup> He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—  
But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !

[*Juliet appears above, at a window.*]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

<sup>2</sup> Be not her maid, since she is envious ;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.——

<sup>3</sup> It is my lady ; O ! it is my love ;  
O, that she knew she were !——  
She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of that ?  
Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.——  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks :  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

<sup>6</sup> After this line in the old copy I find two more, containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to push them forward into observation, though I mention them as a proof that either the poet or his printers knew sometimes how to blot. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *It is my lady ;*] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

Having

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither? tell me; and wherefore?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With loves light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here;  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorog'd, waiting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction find'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far  
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandize.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden-blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny  
What I have spoke:—but farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say, ay;  
And I will take thy word:—yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries  
They say Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,  
Than those that have more <sup>9</sup> cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange I must confess,  
But that thou over-heardest, ere I was 'ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

*Jul.* O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb;  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry;  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my true heart's love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say,—it lightens. <sup>1</sup> Sweet, good night.  
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath  
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.  
Good night, good night!—as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

<sup>9</sup> —*coying to be strange.*] For *coying*, the modern editions have *cunning*. JOHNSON.

*Cunning* is the reading of the elder quarto, and I have restored it. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy. STEEVENS.



*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :  
And yet I would, it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.  
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

*[Nurse calls within.]*

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

*[Exit.]*

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter Juliet above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night,  
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

*[Within: Madam.]*

I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee—*[Within: Madam.]* By and by,

I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times, good night!

*[Exit.]*

*Rom.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET. 51

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—  
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;  
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

*Re-enter Juliet above.*

*Jul.* Hift ! Romeo, hift ! O for a faulconer's voice,  
\* To lure this tassel gentle back again !  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;  
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my name :  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest musick to attending ears !

*Jul.* Romeo !

*Rom.* My sweet !

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee ?

*Rom.* By the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembring how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

\* *To lure this tassel gentle back again !*] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the *goffe-hawk*. In the *Booke of Falconry*, by George Turbervile, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon gentle*, &c. So in *The Guardian*, by Massinger,

“ ——— then for an evening flight

“ A *tiercel gentle*.”

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression, “ — By casting out the lure, she makes the *tassel gentle* come to her  
“ *hif*.” STEEVENS.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone;  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,  
That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would, I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I;  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
—Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet  
forrow,

That I shall say good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
breast!

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

### S C E N E III.

#### A MONASTERY.

*Enter friar Lawrence, with a basket.*

*Fri.* <sup>3</sup> The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecker'd darkness <sup>4</sup>, like a drunkard, reels  
From forth day's path-way made by Titan's wheels.

Now

<sup>3</sup> *The grey-ey'd morn, &c.*] These four first lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress. POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the friar. JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And flecker'd darkness,*] *Flecker'd* is spotted, dappled, streak'd, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard,  
in

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier-cage of ours  
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
 5 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:  
 Many, for many virtues excellent,  
 None, but for some, and yet all different.  
 O, mickle is the <sup>6</sup> powerful grace, that lies  
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.  
 For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,  
 But to the earth some special good doth give;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
 And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power;  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 7 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will:

And

in his *Legend of Tho. Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray,  
 speaking of the Germans, says,

"All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,

"They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *steeck'd*."

STEEVENS.

5 *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;*]

"*Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.*"

*Lucretius.*

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

*Milton.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*powerful grace*,] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

7 *Two such oppos'd FOES*—] This is a modern sophistica-  
 tion. The old books have it *oppos'd KINGS*. So that it ap-  
 pears, Shakespeare wrote, *Two such oppos'd KIN*. Why he calls  
 them *kin* was, because they were qualities residing in one and

And where the worser is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father!

*Fri.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
Young son, it argues a dintemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And, where care lodgeth, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:  
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good son: but where hast thou  
been then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

the same substance. And as the enmity of opposed *kin* generally rises higher than that between strangers, this circumstance adds a beauty to the expression. WARBURTON.

*Foes* may be the right reading, or *kings*, but I think *kin* can hardly be admitted. Two *kings* are two opposite powers, two contending potentates, in both the natural and moral world. The word *encamp* is proper to commanders. JOHNSON.

*Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy; *kings* of that in 1609. STEEVENS.

\* The old copy.

"—— with unstuff'd brains

"Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep remainses."

STEEVENS.

That's

That's by me wounded ; both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physick lies :  
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, rest homely in thy drift ;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is  
set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;  
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us this day.

*Fri.* Holy faint Francis ! what a change is here !  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken ? young mens' love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
' Holy faint Francis ! what a deal of brine  
Hath wash't thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline !  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste !  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears ;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet.  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.  
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then,  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri.* For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.

' Holy Saint Francis ! ] Old copy, *Jesu Maria !* STEEVENS.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love  
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :  
The other did not so.

*Fri.* Oh, she knew well,  
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be :  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your household-rancour to pure love<sup>\*</sup>.

*Rom.* O let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri.* Wisely and slow ; they stumble, that run fast.  
[*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E IV.

#### *The S T R E E T.*

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be ?  
Came he not home to-night ?

*Ben.* Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why, that same pale, hard-hearted, wench,  
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will, sure, run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house,

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man, that can write, may answer a  
letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how  
he dares, being dar'd.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead ! stabb'd  
with a white wench's black eye, shot through the ear  
with a love-song ; the very pin of his heart cleft with

<sup>\*</sup> The two following lines were added since the first copy of  
this play. STEEVENS.

the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt!

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* <sup>2</sup> More than prince of cats, I can tell you. —Oh, he is the <sup>3</sup> courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance <sup>4</sup>, and proportion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; <sup>5</sup> a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! <sup>6</sup> the hay! —

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antick, lispings, affected fantastico's <sup>7</sup>, these new tuners of accents! —“ By  
“ ———a

<sup>2</sup> *More than prince of cats.*—] *Tybert*, the name given to the *Cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> —*courageous captain of compliments*:] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

“ A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

“ Have chose as umpire;”

says our author of *Don Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour Lost*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —*keeps time, distance, and proportion.*] So *Jonson's Bobadil*.

“ Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *A gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause*:] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See note on *As you like it*, Act V. Scene 6. WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barr'd his claim to that elevation. *A gentleman of the first house of the first and second cause*—means one who belongs to the oldest fencing-school where these terms belonging to the *duello* were taught. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*the hay*!] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *bai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ba*! JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*affected fantastico's*.] Thus the old copies, and rightly. The modern editors read, *phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you*



"——a very good blade!——a very tall man!——  
 "a very good whore!"——<sup>8</sup> Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, <sup>9</sup> these pardonnez-moy's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? 'O, their bones, their bones!

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to berhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra,

*you to Saffron Walden, 1596, says—"Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fan astico's," &c. So in Decker's Comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600.—"I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantastico's, convers'd with humorsits," &c. STEEVENS.*

<sup>8</sup> *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,*] Humourously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARE.

<sup>9</sup> *—these pardonnez-mois,*] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *O, their bones, their bones!*] Mercutio is here ridiculing those frenchified fantastical conceits whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's*! their *bon's*!

*i. e.* how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he has just described them before.

"——a very good blade!" &c. THEOB.

I have retained the old reading, which I think agrees better with the line before, where they are represented as not being able to sit at ease on the old bench. The allusion seems to be to an importation from France different from that of language or manners. So Lucio in *Meas. for Meas.* "*Thy bones are hollow, impiety hath made a seat of thee.*" Therpsites, in *Troilus and Cressida*, talks of the *bone-ach*, *aching bones*, &c. STEEVENS.

a gipsy;

a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots: Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bonjour! there's a French salutation to your French sloop<sup>2</sup>. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curt'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.——

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, <sup>3</sup> then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer.

<sup>2</sup> *Your French sloop.*] *Slops* are large loose breeches or trousers worn at present only by sailors. They are mentioned by Jonson in his *Alchemist*.

“——— six great slops

“ Bigger than three *Dutch boys*.”

From the following old epigram it appears, that these *slops* were much the fashion in the time of Shakespeare.

“ When Tarlton clown'd it in a merry veine,

“ And with conceits did good opinions gaine

“ Upon the stage, his merry humour's shop,

“ Clownes knew the clowne by his great clownish *slop*.

“ But now they're gull'd; for present fashion sayes

“ Dicke Tarlton's part, gentlemen's breeches playes.

“ In every streete where any gallant goes

“ The swagg'ring *slop* is Tarlton's clownish hose.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *then is my pump well flower'd.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, pumps punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the

*Mer.* Well said:—follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

*Rom.* O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs,  
Switch and spurs, or—I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* <sup>4</sup> I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not <sup>5</sup>.

*Mer.* Thy wit is <sup>6</sup> a very bitter sweeting;  
It is a most sharp fauce.

*Rom.* And it is not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

*Mer.* O, here's <sup>7</sup> a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

the shape of roses, or any other flowers. So Middleton, in the *Masque*, by the gent. of Gray's Inn, 1614.

"Every masker's pump was fasten'd with a flower suitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I will bite thine ear —] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Jonson's *Alchymist*.

"Slave, I could bite thine ear." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Good goose, bite not, is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> a very bitter sweeting;] A sweeting, is an apple of that name. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> a wit of cheverel,] Cheverel is soft leather for gloves. JOHNSON.

So in the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609.

"Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,

"Not cheveril stretching to such prophanation."

From *Chevreau*, a *Kid*, Fr. So again in *TEXNOFAMIA*, or *The Marriages of the Arts*, 1618.

"The quilting of Ajax his shield was but a thin cheveril

"to it." STEEVENS.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word—broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now, than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale, against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*Enter Nurse and Peter.*

*Rom.* Here's goodly geer!

*Mer.* A fail, a fail, a fail!——

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter!

*Peter.* Anon?

*Nurse.* My fan, *Peter*.

*Mer.* Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fan's the fairer of the two.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said.—For himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

*Rom.*

*Rom.* I can tell you.—But young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, Sir,  
I desire some confidence with you <sup>7</sup>.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!—

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* <sup>8</sup> No hare, Sir; unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in Lent:  
But a hare that is hoar,  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewel, ancient lady:  
Farewel, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

<sup>7</sup> — some confidence] She will indite him, &c. In the elder quarto these two words are rightly spelt; and, as the nurse makes no other blunder of the same kind throughout her whole character, perhaps these were either accidental, or were introduced by the players to set a quantity of barren spectators a laughing. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> No hare, Sir;] Mercutio having roared out, *So ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare; Romeo asks *what he has found*. And Mercutio answers, *No hare*, &c. The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance.

JOHNSON.

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full<sup>9</sup> of his ropery?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An' a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am<sup>1</sup> none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

[To her man.]

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every

<sup>9</sup> — of his ropery?] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. *Rope-tricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *None of his skains-mates.*] The word *skains-mate*, I do not understand, but suppose that *skains* was some low play, and *skains-mate*, a companion at such play. JOHNSON.

A *kein* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599.

“Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

“And in my skin bare tokens of their *skains*.”

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things—having “a little *skene* tied “in a purple scarf.”

Green, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, describes “an “ill-favour'd knave; who wore by his side a *skene* like a “brewer's bung knife.”

*Skein* is the Irish word for a knife. Again, in the *Fatal Contract*, by J. W. Hemings, 1653.

“How easily this *skain* is sheath'd in him.”

STEEVENS.

part

part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee——

*Nurse.* Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon:

And there she shall at friar Laurence's cell  
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, Sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say, you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, Sir? Well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey-wall:  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords, made <sup>2</sup> like a tackled stair,  
<sup>3</sup> Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewel! be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
Farewel! commend me to thy mistress.——

*Nurse.* Now, God in heaven blefs thee! Hark you,  
Sir.

<sup>2</sup> —like a tackled stair,] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —top-gallant of my joy]

“Which to the high top-gallant of my joy.”  
The top-gallant is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

STEEVENS.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* What sayest thou, my dear Nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady;  
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—  
O—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that  
would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul,  
had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I  
do anger her sometimes, and tell her, that Paris is the  
properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so,  
she looks as pale as any clout in the varshal world.  
Doth not Rosemary and Romeo begin both with a  
letter?

\* *Rom.* Ay, Nurse; what of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.*

\* *Rom.* Ay, Nurse; what of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! *that's the dog's name.* R is for the no,  
I know it begins with no other letter;] I believe, I have rectified  
this odd stuff; but it is a little mortifying, that the sense, when  
found, should not be worth the pains of retrieving it.

“ ——— spissis indigna theatris

“ Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.”

The *Nurse* is represented as a prating silly creature; she says,  
she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks  
him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with  
a letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose,  
could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No,  
sure, I know better: our dog's name is R. yours begins with  
another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R  
put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they  
snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's  
name. R in the schools, being called *The dog's letter*. Ben  
Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says, *R is the dog's letter, and*  
*birreth in the sound.*

“ Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat.” Lucil.

WARBURTON.

This passage is thus in the old folio. *A mocker, that's the*  
*dog's name. R is for the no, I know it begins with some other*  
*letter.* In this copy the error is but small. I read, *Ah, mocker,*  
*that's the dog's name. R is for the nonce, I know it begins with*  
*another letter.* For the nonce, is for some design, for a fly trick.

JOHNSON,



66 RÔMEO AND JULIET.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the nonce; I know it begins with another letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady— [*Exit Romeo.*]

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan and go before. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:

In half an hour she promis'd to return.  
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—That's not so.—  
Oh, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve  
Is three long hours—and she is not come.  
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

*For the nonce* is an expression common to all the ancient writers. So Phaer, in his translation of *Virgil*, B. ii. speaking of Sinon,

“That *for the nonce* had done himself, by yielding to  
“be took.” STEEVENS.

— *should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

— *should be thoughts,*  
And run more swift than hasty powder, fir'd,  
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.  
Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,  
What says my love?—

The greatest part of this scene is likewise added since that edition. STEEVENS.

She'd

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me :  
 But old folks, marry ! feign as they were dead,  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale, as lead.

*Enter Nurse, with Peter.*

O good, she comes ! O honey Nurse, what news ?  
 Haft thou met with him ? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet Nurse——Oh lord ! why  
 look'st thou sad ?

Tho' news be sad, yet tell them merrily :  
 If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,  
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am a weary, let me rest a while ;  
 Fie, how my bones ache ! what a jaunt have I had ?

*Jul.* I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news !  
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak :—Good, good Nurse,  
 speak.

*Nurse.* What haste ? Can you not stay awhile ?  
 Do you not see that I am out of breath ?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast  
 breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?  
 The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,  
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
 Is thy news good, or bad ? answer to that ;  
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :  
 Let me be satisfied. Is't good or bad ?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice ; you  
 know not how to chuse a man : Romeo ! no, not he ;  
 though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs  
 excel all men's ; and for a hand, and a foot, and a  
 body—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they  
 are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,  
 but, I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb——Go thy  
 ways, wench, serve God——What, have you dined  
 at home ?

*Jul.* No, no. But all this did I know before :  
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a head  
have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' the other side—O my back, my back!—  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

*Jul.* I faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love.

*Nurse.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within;  
Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st!

*Your love says like an honest gentleman:—  
Where is your mother?—*

*Nurse.* Oh, God's lady dear!——  
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil.—Come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,  
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—Honest Nurse, farewell.  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

*Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter Friar Laurence, and Romeo<sup>1</sup>.*

*Friar.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

<sup>1</sup> This scene was entirely new formed : the reader may be pleased to see it as it was first written :

*Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant  
Consists the good of me and Juliet.

*Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may  
To make you happy, if in me it lie.

*Rom.* This morning here she 'pointed we should meet  
And consummate those never-parting bands,  
Witness of our heart's love, by joining hands ;  
And come she will.

*Friar.* I guess she will indeed :  
Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

*Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*

See where she comes !  
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower ;  
Of love and joy, see, see, the sovereign power !

*Jul.* Romeo !

*Rom.* My Juliet, welcome ! As do waking eyes  
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,  
So Romeo hath expected Juliet ;  
And thou art come.

*Jul.* I am (if I be day)

Come to my fun ; shine forth, and make me fair.

*Rom.* All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

*Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

*Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass ;  
Defer embracements to some fitter time :

Part for a time, " you shall not be alone,

" 'Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

*Rom.* Lead, holy father, all delay seems long :

*Jul.* Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

*Friar.* O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say ;

Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way. [*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

*Rom.* Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,  
That one short minute gives me in her sight :  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Friar.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph, die ; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite ;  
Therefore, love mod'rately ; long love doth so :  
<sup>2</sup> Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter Juliet.*

<sup>3</sup> Here comes the lady :—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :  
A lover may bestride the goffamour  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall ; .so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Friar.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

<sup>2</sup> *Too swift arrives*] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Here comes the lady, &c.*] However the poet might think the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *the everlasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. However, *the everlasting flint* may mean the circular paths paved with flint, which those who were enjoined penance were obliged to tread barefoot: yet, on that supposition, whatever is gained in propriety is lost in beauty. STEEVENS

To

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air; and let rich musick's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both  
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth;  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Friar.* Come, come with me, and we will make  
short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
'Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A STREET.

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

**I** PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
'<sup>1</sup> The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when  
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword  
upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!*  
and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on  
the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy  
mood as any in Italy, and as soon mov'd to be  
moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

<sup>1</sup> *The day is hot,*] It is observed, that in Italy almost all  
assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. *JOHNS.*

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

<sup>2</sup> *Ben.* If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple? O simple!

*Enter Tybalt and others.*

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo——

<sup>2</sup> These two speeches have been added since the old quarto, as well as some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one, STEEVENS.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Confort ! what, dost thou make us minstrels ? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick ; here's that, shall make you dance. Zounds ! confort !

*Ben.* We talk here in the publick haunt of men : Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, Sir ! here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower ; Your worship in that sense may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this ; thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting.—Villain I am none, Therefore farewell. I see, thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee ; But love thee better than thou canst devise, 'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love. And so, good Capulet, which name I tender As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !  
<sup>3</sup> A la stoccata carries it away.

*Tybalt,* you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me ?

<sup>3</sup> *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier, STEEVENS.

*Mer.*



*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. \* Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears ? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you. [Drawing.

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, Sir, your passado. [They fight.

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio—

Beat down their weapons—Gentlemen, for shame,

Forbear this outrage—Tybalt !—Mercutio !—

The prince expressly hath forbid this ban-lying

In Verona streets. Hold, Tybalt—good Mercutio.

[Exit Tybalt.

*Mer.* I am hurt—

A plague on both the houses ! I am sped :—

Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt ?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ! marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page ? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

*Rom.* Courage, man.—The hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me <sup>s</sup> a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both

\* Will you pluck your sword out of his PILCHER by the ears ?] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nath. in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — a grave man.] After this the quarto continues Mercutio's speech thus :

— A pox o' both your houses ! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the

o' both your houses! What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me.

I have it, and soundly too.—O your houses!

[*Excunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman. O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

*Re-enter Benvolio.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* ' This day's black fate on more days does  
depend :

This but begins the woe, others must end.

the Montague's and the Capulets: and then some  
peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave shall write  
my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's  
laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second  
cause. Where's the surgeon?

*Boy.* He's come, Sir.

*Mer.* Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the  
other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A  
pox o' both your houses! STEEVENS.

' This day's black fate on more days does depend : ] This day's  
unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will  
yet be more mischief. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter Tybalt.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* He gone in triumph? and Mercutio slain?

Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!——  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company;  
Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him  
here,  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

*[They fight, Tybalt falls.]*

*Ben.* Romeo, away, begone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:——  
Stand not amaz'd.—The prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken.—Hence!—Begone!—Away!

*Rom.* ' Oh! I am fortune's fool!

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay? *[Exit Romeo.]*

*Enter Citizens.*

*Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

*Cit.* Up, Sir, go with me.  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.

' Oh! I am fortune's fool!'] I am always running in the way  
of evil fortune, like the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool,*  
in *Measure for Measure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.  
In the old copy, Oh! I am fortune's slave. STEEVENS.

There

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's  
child!—

Oh! prince! Oh! husband!—O the blood is spill'd  
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, <sup>8</sup> as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O! cousin, cousin!

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did  
slay;

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bid him bethink

<sup>9</sup> How nice the quarrel was, <sup>1</sup> and urg'd withal

Your high displeasure: all this, uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

Cold death aside, and with the other fends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,

Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his  
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,

And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

But by and by comes back to Romeo,

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

<sup>8</sup> — *as thou art true,*] As thou art just and upright. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *How nice the quarrel—*] How slight, how unimportant, how petty. So in the last act,

The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge

Of dear import. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> The rest of this speech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene. STEEVENS.

And

And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I  
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
 And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montagues,  
<sup>2</sup> Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife;  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.  
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*La. Mont.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's  
 friend;  
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,  
 The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And for that offence,  
 Immediately we do exile him hence:  
<sup>3</sup> I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

<sup>2</sup> *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to shew, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> *I have an interest in your hearts' proceeding,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer saw that this line gave no sense, and therefore put, by a very easy change,

I have an interest in your *heart's* proceeding:  
 which is undoubtedly better than the old reading which Dr. Warburton has followed; but the sense yet seems to be weak, and perhaps a more licentious correction is necessary. I read therefore,

I *had* no interest in your *heart's* proceeding.  
 This, says the prince, is no quarrel of mine, *I had no interest in your former discord*; I suffer merely by your private animosity. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, reads *hate's proceeding*. This renders all emendation unnecessary. I have followed it. STEEVENS.

I will

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;  
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses ;  
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Changes to an apartment in Capulet's house.*

*Enter Juliet alone.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards 'Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner,  
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately <sup>2</sup>.  
<sup>3</sup> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That run-away's eyes may wink ; and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalkt of, and unseen.

Lovers

<sup>1</sup> — *Phœbus' mansion* ;] The first quarto and folio read, *lodging*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*

*That run-away's eyes may wink ;*] What run-away's are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt ? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain,

“ ——— Come, feeling night,

“ *Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,*” &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun* ; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed steeds*, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in the *Merchant of Venice* ;

“ For the close night doth play the *run-away*.” WARB.

I am not satisfied with this explanation, yet have nothing better to propose. JOHNSON.

The

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.—<sup>4</sup> Come, civil night,  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads.  
 Hood my <sup>5</sup> unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,  
 With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,  
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.  
 Come, night !—come, Romeo ! come, thou day in night  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows :

*May that run-away's eyes wink !*

Or, *That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink !*

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world ;

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !  
 next recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakespeare calls *the night* a *run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice* : and Middleton, in his *Family of Love*, speaks of it under the same character ;

“ The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet 'till the sun was gone, and therefore it was not of consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night. The author of the *Revisal* would read,

“ That *rumour's* eyes may wink.”

Yet Shakespeare, who has introduced this personage by way of prologue-speaker to one of his historical plays, has only described her as *painted full of tongues*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Come, civil night,*] *Civil* is *grave, decently solemn*. JOHNS

<sup>5</sup> — *unmann'd blood* —] Blood yet unacquainted with man. JOHNSON.

*Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,*] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*,

“ A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*.” STEEV.

Whiter than snow upon a raven's back :  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd  
 night;  
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world shall be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the <sup>6</sup> gairish sun.  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival,  
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

*Enter Nurse with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.  
 Now, Nurse, what news? what hast thou there? the  
 cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords.

*Jul.* Ah me! what news? Why dost thou wring  
 thy hands?

*Nurse.* Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone! —  
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can,  
 Though heaven cannot. — O Romeo! Romeo!  
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

<sup>6</sup> *The gairish sun.*] Milton had this speech in his thoughts  
 when he wrote *Il Penseroso*.

" — Civil night,

" Thou sober-suited matron." — *Shakespeare.*

" Till civil-suited morn appear." — *Milton.*

" Pay no worship to the gairish sun." — *Shakespeare.*

" Hide me from day's gairish eye." — *Milton.* JOHNSON.



*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but, I,  
And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.  
I am not I, if there be such an I;  
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.  
If he be slain say—I; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,  
God save the mark! here on his manly breast.  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,  
All in gore blood:—I fownded at the sight.

*And that bare vowel, ay, shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.*] I question much  
whether the grammarians will take this new *vowel* on trust  
from Mr. Pope, without suspecting it rather for a *diphthong*.  
In short, we must restore the spelling of the old books, or we  
lose the poet's conceit. At his time of day, the affirmative  
adverb *ay* was generally written *I*: and by this means it both  
becomes a *vowel*, and answers in sound to *eye*, upon which  
the conceit turns in the second line. THEOBALD.

— *death-darting eye of cockatrice.*] The strange lines that  
follow here in the common books are not in the old  
edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these:

I am not I, if there be such an I,  
Or these eyes shot, that makes thee answer I;  
If he be slain, say I; or if not, no;  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper  
to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the  
malice of fortune, the two first of them being evidently  
transposed; we should read,

— That one vowel *I* shall poison more,  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,  
Or those eyes shot, that make thee answer, I.  
I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The  
second line is corrupted. Read *shot* instead of *shot*, and then  
the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible. STEEVENS.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here;  
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?  
Then let the trumpet sound the general doom;  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did. Alas, the day! 't did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
'Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish ravening lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!

\* In old editions,

*Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.*] The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

*Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,*

*Wolfish ravening lamb!*] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and, if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images.

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-rav'ning lamb! THEOB.

84            ROMEO AND JULIET.

O nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?  
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,  
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace !

*Nurse.* There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty, in men ; all perjur'd ;  
All, all forsworn, all naught ; and all dissemblers.—  
Ah, where's my man ? Give me some aqua vitæ :—  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo !

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :  
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him !

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd  
your cousin ?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband ?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it ?  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.  
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband :  
All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?  
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;  
But, oh ! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished :*  
*That banished, that one word, banished,*

\*Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there :

Or, if four woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
Why follow'd not, when she said, *Tybalt's dead*,  
Thy *father* or thy *mother*, nay, or *both*,

<sup>1</sup> Which modern lamentation might have mov'd :

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

*Romeo is banished*——to speak that word,

Is, father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead :———*Romeo is banished* ;

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death ; no words can that woe found.

Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse ?

*Nurse*. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

*Jul*. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall  
be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd ;

Both you and I ; for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a high-way to my bed ;

But I, a maid, die maiden widowed.

Come, Cords ; come, Nurse ; I'll to my wedding-bed :

And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

*Nurse*, Hie to your chamber : I'll find Romeo

To comfort you ;—I wot well, where he is.

Hark ye. Your Romeo will be here at night.

I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

*Jul*. Oh find him ! give this ring to my true knight ;

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt*.

<sup>9</sup> *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Which modern lamentation, &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakespeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight* : I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

## S C E N E III.

*Friar Laurence's cell.**Enter friar Laurence and Romeo.*

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man :

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Rom.* Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not ?

*Fri.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such four company ?  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom ?

*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha ! banishment ! be merciful, say—death ;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death. Do not say—banishment.

*Fri.* Here from Verona art thou banished.  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona's walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence—banished, is banish'd from the world ;  
And world's exile is death. That banishment  
Is death mis-term'd : calling death, banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And fill'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !  
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.  
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her ;  
But Romeo may not.— ' More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;  
Which, even in pure and vestal modesty  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses, sin.  
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;  
They are free men, but I am banish'd.  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?  
But Romeo may not ;——he is banished.  
Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean,  
But, *banished*, to kill me ? *banished* ?  
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell ;  
Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word,—banishment ?

*Fri.* Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet, banished ?—hang up philosophy :  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

' ——— *More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo.]* *Validity* seems here to mean  
*worth or dignity* ; and *courtship* the state of a courtier permitted  
to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;  
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.——

*Fri.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have  
no eyes ?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not  
feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy  
hair,

And fall upon the ground as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Fri.* Arise ; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thy-  
self. [*Knock within.*]

*Rom.* Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knock.*]

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock !—Who's there ?—  
Romeo, arise.

Thou wilt be taken—Stay a while :—stand up :

[*Knocks.*]

Run to my study—By and by :—God's will !

What wilfulness is this ?—I come, I come. [*Knock.*]  
Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's  
your will ?

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall  
know my errand :

I come from lady Juliet.

*Fri.* Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,  
Where is my lady's lord ? where's Romeo ?

*Fri.* There, on the ground, with his own tears  
made drunk.

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case—O woful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament! even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
Stand up, stand up:—Stand, an' you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.  
2 Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*Rom.* Nurse!—

*Nurse.* Ah Sir! ah Sir!—Death is the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth not she think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how does she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our 3 cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, Sir; but weeps and  
weeps;

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,  
And Tybalt cries; and then on Romeo calls,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her, as that name's curf'd hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, Friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand.  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:

4 Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

And

2 So HANMER. The other editions read,  
*Why should you fall into so deep an ob?* JOHNSON.

3 — cancell'd love?] The folio reads *conceal'd love.*  
JOHNSON.

The quarto reads, *cancell'd love.* STEEVENS.

4 *Unseemly woman, &c.*] This strange nonsense Mr. Pope  
threw



And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !  
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?  
 And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,  
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,  
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do  
 meet

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose ?  
 Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;  
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And usest none in that true use indeed,  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man :  
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
 Killing that love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish.  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,  
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
 What, rouse thee, man, thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead :  
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,

threw out of his edition for desperate. But it is easily restored as Shakespeare wrote it into good pertinent sense.

*Unseemly woman in a seeming man !*

*AN ill-beseeming beast in seeming GROTH !*

*i. e.* you have the *ill-beseeming* passions of a brute beast in the well-seeming shape of a rational creature. For having in the *first* line said, he was a woman in the shape of a man, he aggravates the thought in the *second*, and says, he was even a brute in the shape of a rational creature. *Seeming* is used in both places for *seemly*. WARBURTON.

The old reading is probable. *Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons. JOHNSON.

But

But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there too art thou happy.  
 The law, that threatned death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :  
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back ;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,  
 But, like a mis'hav'd and a fullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her :  
 But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set ;  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;  
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
 Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.  
 Romeo is coming <sup>5</sup>.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,

To hear good counsel. Oh, what learning is !  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

*Fri.* <sup>6</sup> Go hence. Good night. And <sup>7</sup> here stands  
 all your state ;——

Either begone before the watch be set,

<sup>5</sup> Much of this last speech has likewise been added since the first edition. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Go hence. Good night, &c.*] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *here stands all your state ;*] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON,

Or by the break of day, disguis'd from hence.  
 Sejourne in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
 And he shall signify from time to time  
 Every good hap to you, that chances here.  
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell. Good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,  
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
 Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

### 8 S C E N E IV.

*A room in Capulet's house.*

*Enter Capulet, lady Capulet, and Paris.*

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,  
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.  
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 And so did I:—Well, we were born to die.—  
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
 I promise you, but for your company,  
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to woo.  
 Madam, good night. Commend me to your daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
 To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Cap.* <sup>9</sup> Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
 Of my child's love. I think, she will be rul'd  
 In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.  
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

<sup>8</sup> SCENE IV. Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. POPE.

These verses are such as will by no means connect with the last and most improved copy of the play. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Sir Paris, I will make a DESPERATE tender*

*Of my child's love.*—] *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.*

JOHNSON.

Acquaint

ROMEO AND JULIET. 93

Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love ;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft ; what day is this ?

*Par.* Monday, my Lord.

*Cap.* Monday ? Ha ! ha ! well, Wednesday is too soon,

On Thursday let it be.—O' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.—

Will you be ready ? Do you like this haste ?

We'll keep no great a do ;—a friend or two :—

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much :

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone :—O' Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, [*To lady Cap.*

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !

'Fore me.—It is so very late, that we

May call it early by and by.—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Juliet's chamber.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree :  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East ;

Night's

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops :  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon' light is not day-light, I know it, I :  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua ;  
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;  
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the 'pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

<sup>2</sup> I have more care to stay, than will to go :—  
Come death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—  
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is ! hie hence, be gone, away :  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us.  
Some say, the lark and loathed toad chang'd eyes ;  
<sup>3</sup> O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !

Since

<sup>1</sup> — *the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *I have more care to stay, than will to go.*] Would it be better thus, *I have more will to stay, than care to go* ? JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !*] The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes. But sure she need not have wished that *they had changed voices too*, The lark appear'd to her untunable enough in all conscience ; as appears by what she said just before,

*It is the lark that sings so out of tune,*

*Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.*

This directs us to the right reading. For how natural was it for her after this to add,

<sup>4</sup> Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

<sup>5</sup> Hunting thee hence with huntſup to the day.

O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light ?——More dark and dark our woes.

*Enter Nurſe.*

*Nurſe.* Madam——

*Jul.* Nurſe ?

*Nurſe.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :

The day is broke, be wary, look about.

*[Exit Nurſe.]*

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell ! one kiſs, and I'll deſcend.

*[Romeo deſcends.]*

*Jul.* Art thou gone ſo ? Love ! lord ! ah huſband ! friend !

*Some ſay the lark and loathed toad change eyes.*

O, now I wot they have chang'd voices too.

*i. e.* the lark ſings ſo harſhly, that I now perceive the toad and ſhe have changed voices as well as eyes. WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expreſſed in a ruſtick rhyme,

—— To heav'n I'd fly,

But the toad beguil'd me of my eye. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Since arm from arm, &c.]* Theſe two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deſerve to be replaced, but as they may ſhew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would to I wot* was ſpecious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The ſenſe is this, *The lark, they ſay, has loſt her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, ſince ſhe uſes it to the diſturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Hunting thee up with huntſup to the day.]* The *huntſup* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So in the play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599.

“ To play him *buntſup* with a point of war

“ I'll be his miſtreſſe with my drum and ſife.”

Again, in *The Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*, a comedy, 1638.

“ —— When Calib's concert plays

“ A *buntſup* to her.” STEEVENS.

I muſt

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days.

<sup>6</sup> O' by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

*Rom.* Farewell! I will omit no opportunity,  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

*Jul.* 'O God! I have an ill-divining soul.  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Romeo.*]

*Jul.* Oh fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*La. Cap.* [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?—  
What unaccustom'd cause<sup>2</sup> procures her hither?

<sup>6</sup> *Ob, by this count I shall be much in years,  
'Ere I again behold my Romeo.*

"Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,

"Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus." *Ovid. Epist. 1.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *O God! I have an ill-divining soul, &c.*] This miserable  
prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance  
particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the  
mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to  
the entertainment at the house of Capulet.

"—— my mind misgives.

"Some consequence yet hanging in the stars

"Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

"From this night's revels." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— procures her hither?] *Procures for brings.* WARB.

*Enter lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with  
tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;  
Therefore, have done. Some grief shews much of  
love;

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the  
friend

Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling to the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, Madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* [*Afide.*] Villain and he are many miles asunder.  
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart:  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor murderer  
lives.

*Jul.* <sup>3</sup> Ay, Madam, from the reach of these my  
hands:

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou  
not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, Madam, from—*] Juliet's equivocations are rather  
too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover.

JOHNSON.



That shall bestow on him so sure a draught <sup>4</sup>,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead——

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext :——

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it ;

That Romeo should upon receipt thereof

Soon sleep in quiet.——O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd—and cannot come to him——

To wreak the love I bore my cousin,

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

*La. Cap.* <sup>5</sup> Find thou the means, and I'll find such  
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful time :

What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child ;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, <sup>6</sup> in happy time, what day is this ?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
morn,

<sup>4</sup> *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quarto 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

“ Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram.”

STEEVENS.

—— *unaccustomed dram.*] In vulgar language, Shall give him a dram which he is not used to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies wonderful, powerful, efficacious. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Find thou, &c.*] This line in the old quarto is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— *in happy time,*——] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris<sup>7</sup>, at St. Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,  
I will not marry yet: and when I do, I swear  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris.—These are news, indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father, tell him so your-  
self,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.——  
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

<sup>7</sup> *The County Paris*.—] It is remarked, that "Paris, though  
" in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie*  
" in this play. Shakespeare seems to have preferred, for some  
" reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps  
" he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said  
" to have taken his plot."—He certainly did so: Paris is there  
" first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterward *Counte*, *Countee*, and  
" *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers;  
particularly in Fairfax:

" As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,  
" Set in a marish or high on a hill,  
" And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,  
" To bring the piece subjected to his will;  
" So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

*Godfrey of Bulloigne.* Book 7. Sect. 90.

FARMER.

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds thy sighs,  
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,  
Without a sudden calm will overset  
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives  
you thanks:

I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you,  
wife.

How! will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you  
have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now! Chop logick? What  
is this?

Proud—and I thank you—and I thank you not—  
And yet not proud—Why, mistress Minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! <sup>8</sup> Out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

<sup>8</sup> ——— Out, you baggage!

*You tallow-face!*] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakespeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas—*Hedge-brat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

STEEVENS.

*La. Cap.*

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees  
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest,  
That God hath sent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her:  
Out on her, hilding!——

*Nurse.* God in heaven blefs her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady Wisdom? hold your  
tongue,  
Good Prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O, God-ye-good-den!

*Nurse.* May not one speak?

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night,  
late, early,  
At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now provided  
A gentleman of princely parentage,  
Of fair demesns, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—I'll not wed—I cannot love—  
I am too young—I pray you, pardon me—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with :  
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the street,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good :  
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief? —  
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !  
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;  
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies ?

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not spe  
 word :

Do as thou wilt ; for I have done with thee. [

*Jul.* O God !—O Nurse ! how shall this be  
 vented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;  
 How shall that faith return again to earth,  
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven,  
 By leaving earth? — Comfort me, counsel me.  
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratag  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself !  
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy  
 Some comfort, Nurse. —

*Nurse.* ' Faith, here 'tis : Romeo  
 Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,

<sup>2</sup> *In that dim monument, &c.*] The modern editors re  
 monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto  
 and the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Faith, here it is:—*] The character of the Nurse  
 bits a just picture of those whose actions have no pri  
 for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the  
 reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any  
 dient that offers to avert the consequences of her first  
 lity. STEEVENS.

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;  
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands, as now it doth,  
I think it best, you married with the County.

Oh ! he's a lovely gentleman !

Romeo's a dish-clout to him ; an eagle, Madam,  
Hath not <sup>2</sup> so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first : or if it did not,

Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,

<sup>3</sup> As living here, and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart ?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too,

Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen.

*Nurse.* What ?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,

So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain :—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;

If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> —*so green*,—] So the first editions. HANMER reads,—*so keen.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *As living here*,—] Sir T. HANMER reads, *as living hence* ; that is, at a distance, in banishment ; but *here* may signify, *in this world.* JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Friar Laurence's cell.**Enter friar Laurence and Paris.*

FRIAR.

ON Thursday, Sir? The time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven in the course, I like it not.*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore little have I talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;  
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society.  
Now do you know the reason of this haste?*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd  
[*Aside*]  
Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.*Enter Juliet.**Par.* Happily met, <sup>2</sup> my lady and my wife!*Jul.* That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.<sup>1</sup> *And I am, &c.] His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.*  
It might be read,And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste:  
that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste. JOHNSON<sup>2</sup> — *my lady and my wife!*] As these four first lines set  
intended to rhyme, perhaps the author wrote thus:

—— my lady and my life! JOHNSON.

P.

*Par.* That may-be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be, shall be.

*Friar.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, were to confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you, that I love him.

*Par.* So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;  
For it was bad enough before their spight.

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

*Jul.* That is no slander, Sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—  
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion!—  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit Paris.*]

*Jul.* O shut the door; and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

*Friar.* O Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear, you must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to the County.

*Jul.* Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wife,

And



And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
 Shall be the label to another deed,  
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,  
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,  
 Which the <sup>4</sup> commission of thy years and art  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Friar.* Hold, daughter; I do 'spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution,  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;  
 Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself, to 'scape from it:  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
<sup>5</sup> Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With

<sup>3</sup> *Shall play the umpire;—*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *— commission of thy years and art*] *Commission* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Or chain me, &c.*]

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,  
 Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,  
Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me  
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night, look, that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.  
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowfy humour, which shall seize  
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat.  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes: thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like death:  
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,  
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;  
Or shut me—— STEEVENS,

Then

Then (as the manner of our country is)

<sup>6</sup> In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave,  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
And hither shall he come; <sup>7</sup> and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

<sup>8</sup> If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, oh give me! Tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the phial.*

*Fri.* Hold; get you gone. Be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength! and strength shall  
help afford.

Farewell, dear father!——

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> *In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,*] Between this line and the next, the quarto, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revision, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

“ At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aëre sepfit;

“ Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu.”

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— and he and I

*Will watch thy waking,*—] These words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *If no unconstant toy,*—] If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

## SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Capulet's house.*

*Enter Capulet, lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.*

*Cap.* So many guests invite, as here are writ.—  
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*Serv.* You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*Serv.* Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, begone.—  
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.—  
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Nurse.* See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my head-strong? where have you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learnt me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, [*She kneels.*  
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the County; go, tell him of this;  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becoming love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well, stand up:  
This is as't should be.—Let me see the County;  
Ay,

Ay, marry——Go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

<sup>1</sup> All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me fort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

*La. Cap.* No, not 'till Thursday; there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, Nurse, go with her:—We'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* <sup>2</sup> We shall be short in our provision;  
'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night.—Let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What; ho!—

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Juliet's chamber.*

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle Nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

<sup>3</sup> For I have need of many orisons

<sup>1</sup> *All our whole city is much bound to him.*] Thus the folio and the quarto, 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *We shall be short—*] That is, we shall be *defective*. JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> *For I have need, &c.*] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakespeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 111

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross, and full of sin.

*Enter lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

*Jul.* No, Madam; we have cull'd such necessaries:  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good-night!

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*

*Jul.* <sup>2</sup> Farewell!—God knows when we shall  
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me:—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come, phial——

What if this mixture do not work at all,

<sup>3</sup> Shall I of force be married to the Count?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it.—Lie thou there——

[*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead;

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

<sup>4</sup> I will not entertain so bad a thought.——

<sup>2</sup> This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Shall I of force be married to the Count?*] Thus the eldest quarto. Succeeding quarto's, and the folio read,

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

How,

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,—  
<sup>5</sup> As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are packt;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night, spirits resort.—  
 Alas, alas! <sup>6</sup> it is not like that I  
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;  
 And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, <sup>7</sup> run mad——  
 Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Invironed with all these hideous fears,  
 And madly play with my fore-fathers' joints,

<sup>5</sup> *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably supplied to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this anecdote by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakespeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many obligations which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *is it not like, that I*] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNS.

<sup>7</sup> — *run mad*—] So in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623.

“ I have this night dig'd up a *mandrake*,

“ And am grown mad with't.”

So in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611.

“ The cries of *mandrakes* never touch'd the ear

“ With more sad horror than that voice does mine.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

“ Ill rather give an ear to the black shrieks

“ Of *mandrakes*,” &c. STEEVENS.

And

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*[She throws herself on the bed.]*

S C E N E IV.

*Capulet's ball.*

*Enter lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more  
 spices, Nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter Capulet.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath  
 crow'd,

'The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—  
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;  
 Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, you cot-quean, go.  
 Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,  
 For this night's watching.

*Cap.* No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere  
 now  
 All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your  
 time,  
 But I will watch you, from such watching, now.  
*[Exeunt lady Capulet and Nurse.]*

<sup>1</sup> *The curfeu bell—*] I know not that the morning-bell is  
 called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.



*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow, What's there?

*Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.*

*Serv.* Things for the cook, Sir; but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste! Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

*Serv.* I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter.

*Cap.* 'Mafs, and well said; a merry whorefon! ha, Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day. The County will be here with musick straight,

[*Play musick.*

For so, he said, he would. I hear him near.—  
Nurse!—wife!—what, ho! what, Nurse, I say!

*Enter Nurse.*

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up,  
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,  
Make haste! the bride-groom he is come already.  
Make haste, I say!

[*Exeunt Capulet and Nurse, severally.*

## S C E N E V.

*Juliet's chamber, Juliet on a bed.*

*Re-enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—Fast,  
I warrant her:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—Fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—Madam!—Sweet-heart!—

why, bride!—

What, not a word!—You take your pennyworths  
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The

The County Paris hath ' set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me—  
Marry, and amen!—How sound is she asleep!  
I must needs wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!  
Ay, let the County take you in your bed;  
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?  
What drest! and in your cloaths!—and down again!  
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!——  
Alas! alas!—help! help! my lady's dead!——  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

*Enter lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What's the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look!—oh heavy day!

*La. Cap.* Oh me, oh me! my child, my only life!  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!——  
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter Capulet.*

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth:—her lord is  
come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead!——Alack  
the day!

' — *set up his rest,*] This expression, which is frequently  
employed by the old dramattick writers, is taken from the  
manner of firing the harquebuss. This was so heavy a gun,  
that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*,  
which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim.  
Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

“ — set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*,

“ that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home

“ you go not.”

The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder  
Bruber*,

“ ——— *My rest is up,*

“ Nor will I go less——” STEEVENS.

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* O woful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me  
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.—

<sup>2</sup> O son, the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath death lain with thy wife.—See, there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.

<sup>3</sup> Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir:  
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,  
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face<sup>4</sup>,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw,

<sup>2</sup> O son, the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath death lain with thy wife.—] Euripides has sported  
with this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* v. 460.

“Τὴν δὲ οὐ ταλαίηναν παρθένον (τὴν παρθένον)?

“Ἀδὴς εἶναι, ὡς ἔοικε θυμωμένη ταχέως.” RAWLINSON.

<sup>3</sup> Death is my son-in-law, &c.] The remaining part of the  
speech I have restored from the quarto, 1609. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The quarto, 1597, continues the speech of Paris thus:

And doth it now present such prodigies?

Accurs'd, unhappy, miserable man,

Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;

Born to the world to be a slave in it:

Distress, remediless, unfortunate.

Oh heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me  
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall? STEEVENS.

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Nurse.* <sup>5</sup> O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!  
Most lamentable day! most woful day!  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.  
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this.  
Oh woful day, oh woful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!  
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!—  
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!—

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!  
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?—  
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
Dead art thou! alack! my child is dead;  
And, with my child, my joys are buried.

*Fri.* <sup>6</sup> Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's cure  
lives not  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all;

<sup>5</sup> O woe! oh woful, &c.] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above cited. Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> In former editions,

*Peace, ho, for shame, confusions: care lives not*

*In these confusions.*] This speech, though it contains good Christian doctrine, though it is perfectly in character for the Friar, Mr. Pope has curtailed to little or nothing, because it has not the sanction of the first old copy. But there was another reason: certain corruptions started, which should have required the *indulging* his *private sense* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreasonable labour. As I have reformed the passage above quoted, I dare warrant I have restored our poet's text; and a fine sensible reproof it contains against immoderate grief. THEOBALD,

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And all the better is it for the maid.  
 Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
 The most, you fought was, her promotion;  
 For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:  
 And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd,  
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
 Oh, in this love you love your child so ill,  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.  
 She's not well married, that lives married long;  
 But she's best married, that dies married young.  
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
 In all her best array, bear her to church:  
 ' For tho' fond nature bids us all lament,  
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival,  
 Turn from their office to black funeral:  
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;  
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad funeral feast;  
 Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;  
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;  
 And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;  
 And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
 The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;  
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*]

*Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;  
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

' For tho' some nature bids us all lament,] Some nature?  
 Sure, it is the general rule of nature, or she could not bid us  
 all lament. I have ventured to substitute an epithet, which, I  
 suspect, was lost in the idle corrupted word *some*; and which  
 admirably quadrates with the verse succeeding this. THEOB.

*Mus.*

*Muf.* Ay, by my troth, the cafe may be amended.

*Enter Peter.*

*Pet.* Musicians, oh, musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease* :

Oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

*Muf.* Why, *heart's ease*.

*Pet.* O musicians, because my heart itself plays,—  
*'My heart itself is full of woe.*    *'O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*

*Muf.* 'Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then?

*Muf.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

*Muf.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith; but the gleek. I will give you the minstrel.

*Muf.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

*Muf.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

*Muf.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—answer me like men:

*'My heart itself is full of woe.*] This, if I mistake not, is the beginning of an old ballad. STEEVENS.

*'O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*] This is not in the folio, but the answer plainly requires it. JOHNSON.

*'A dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *ferrow*. So in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

“ He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,

“ Or a *French brawl*.” STEEVENS.

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,*

<sup>2</sup> *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*

*Then musick with her silver sound——*

Why silver sound! why, musick with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

<sup>1</sup> *Mus.* Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pratest! What say you, <sup>3</sup> Hugh Rebeck?

<sup>2</sup> *Mus.* I say silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pratest too! What say you, James Sound-board?

<sup>3</sup> *Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the *finger*: I will say for you. It is, *musick with her silver sound*, because musicians have no gold for sounding.

<sup>1</sup> *Then musick with her silver sound*

*With speedy help doth lend redress.* [Exit singing.

*Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

<sup>2</sup> *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

<sup>2</sup> This line I have recovered from the old copy, which was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers.—So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“——’Tis present death for these fiders to tune their  
“*rebeks* before the Great Turk’s grace.” STEEV.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

M A N T U A.

A S T R E E T.

*Enter Romeo.*

ROMEO.

<sup>1</sup> IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
<sup>2</sup> My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)

<sup>1</sup> The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,*] The sense is, *If I may only trust the honesty of sleep,* which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise flattery. JOHNSON.

The oldest copy reads, *the flattering eye of sleep*. Whether this reading ought to supersede the more modern one, I shall not pretend to determine: it appears to me, however, the most easily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *My bosom's lord—*] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakespeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to shew the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on.

"How oft, when men are at the point of death,

"Have they been merry? which their keepers call

"A lightning before death." STEEVENS.

And



And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself posselt,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter Balthasar.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? is my father well?  
How doth my Juliet? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Baltb.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
Her body sleeps in Capulets' monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you.  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses: I will hence to-night.

*Baltb.* Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd.  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Baltb.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: get thee gone,  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

*[Exit Balthasar.]*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

\* — I defy you, stars!] The folio reads—*deny* you, stars.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio read,

“ I do beseech you, Sir, have patience.” STEEVENS.

Let's

Let's see for means :——O mischief ! thou art swift  
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !  
 I do remember an apothecary——  
 And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples ; meager were his looks ;  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff, and other skins  
 Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves  
 ' A beggarly account of empty boxes ;  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses  
 Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,  
 An if a man did need a poison now,  
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
 Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need ;  
 And this same needy man must sell it me.  
 As I remember, this should be the house :——  
 Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.  
 —What, ho ! apothecary !

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud ?

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor.  
 Hold ; there is forty ducats. Let me have  
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer,  
 As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;  
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,  
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

\* *A BEGGARLY account of empty boxes ;*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account ; but *beggarly* is probably right : if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

*Ap.*

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes ?

<sup>2</sup> Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :  
The world affords no law to make thee rich ;  
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off ; and if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's  
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.——  
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.——  
Come, cordial, and not poison ; go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter friar John.*

*John.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother ! ho !

<sup>1</sup> *Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,*] The first quarto reads,

“ And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio,

“ Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes.”

The variation in the text has hitherto been merely arbitrary.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have retained it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions.

“ Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.”

STEEVENS,

*Enter*

*Enter friar Laurence.*

*Lau.* This same should be the voice of friar John.—  
Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
‘ One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal’d up the doors, and would not let us forth ;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

*Lau.* Who bore my letter then to Romeo ?

*John.* I could not send it ; here it is again ;  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

*Lau.* Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,  
The letter <sup>a</sup> was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*John.* Brother, I’ll go and bring it thee. *[Exit.*

*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone,  
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake ;  
She will bestrew me much, that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents.  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell ’till Romeo come.  
Poor living corse, clos’d in a dead man’s tomb !

*[Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior whenever he asks leave to go out ; and thus, says Barette, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *—was not nice,—*] i. e. was not written on a trivial subject, or in compliance merely with the laws of ceremony.

STEEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*A church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter Paris and his Page with a torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yon' yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee. Go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I  
strew: [*Strewing flowers.*  
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
The perfect model of eternity,  
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,  
Accept this latest favour at my hand;  
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
With funeral praises doth adorn thy tomb!  
[*The boy whistles.*

<sup>9</sup> *Fair Juliet, that with angels, &c.]* These four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines;

“ Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew;  
“ O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,  
“ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
“ Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.  
“ The obsequies which I for thee will keep,  
“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy at all; but took the first and fourth lines from the first quarto, omitting the two intermediate ones, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

—The

—The boy gives warning ;—something doth approach.——

What curled foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite ?  
What, with a torch ! Muffle me, night, a while.

*Enter Romeo, and Balthasar with a light.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring ; a ring that I must use  
In 'dear employment. Therefore hence. Be gone :—  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
On what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :  
The time and my intents are savage, wild <sup>a</sup> ;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far  
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

*Balth.* I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

*Balth.* For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout.  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit Balth.*]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

<sup>a</sup> — *dear employment.*] That is, *action of importance.* Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> Here the speech concludes in the old copy. STEEVENS.

Thus

Thus I inforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking up the monument.*

And, in despight, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin; with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—  
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague,  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither—  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me.—Think upon these gone,  
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
Pull not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury.—Oh be gone!  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself.  
Stay not, be gone:—Live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* <sup>3</sup> I do defy thy conjuration,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,  
boy. [They fight, Paris falls.]

<sup>3</sup> The old quarto reads, *I do defy thy conjuration,*] Tho' I have rarely pronounced that any word I did not like was an interpolation of the players, yet I cannot help thinking that *commiseration* (the reading of the folio) was inserted by them in the room of *conjurations*, which they might not have understood.

"I do defy thy commiseration," cannot be received as a verse, if harmony is at all essential; and to *defy pity* or *commiseration* is rather an uncommon expression. Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villainous shame* on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. STEVENS.

Page.

Page. Oh Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh, I am slain! if thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face—  
Mercutio's kinsman! noble County Paris!  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in four misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave——  
A grave? O, no; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth;  
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting<sup>4</sup> & presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the monument.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
A lightning before death. <sup>5</sup> O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?—Oh my love, my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

<sup>4</sup> — *presence*—] A *presence* is a public room. JOHNSON.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602.

"The darkest dungeon which spite can devise

"To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes

"Can make as lightsome, as the fairest chamber

"In Paris Louvre."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — O, how may I

Call this a lightning?—] I think we should read,

— O, now may I

Call this a lightning!——

JOHNSON.

This expression occurs frequently in the old dramatic pieces. So in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

"I thought it was a lightning before death,

"Too sudden to be certain."

STEEVENS.



Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,  
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet ?  
 Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,  
 To funder his, that was thy enemy ?  
 Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair ! shall I believe ?—  
 I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour :  
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,  
<sup>6</sup> And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again : here, here will I remain,

With

<sup>6</sup> *And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again :* (Come lie thou in my arms ;  
 Here's to thy health. O true apothecary !

Thy drugs are quick) ] Mr. Pope's, and some other of the worser editions acknowledge absurdly the lines which I have put into parenthesis here ; and which I have expunged from the text, for this reason : Romeo is made to confess the effect of the poison before ever he has tasted it. I suppose, it hardly was so savoury that the patient should choose to make two draughts of it. And, eight lines after these, we find him taking the poison in his hands, and making an apostrophe to it ; inviting it to perform its office at once ; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his lips, or can with any probability speak of its instant force and effects. Besides, Shakespeare would hardly have made Romeo drink to the *health* of his dead mistress. Though the first quarto in 1599, and the two old folios, acknowledge this absurd stuff, I find it left out in several later quarto impressions. I ought to take notice, that though Mr. Pope has thought fit to stick to the old copies in this addition, yet he is no fair transcriber ; for he has sunk upon us an hemistich of most profound absurdity, which possesses all those copies.

— *Come, lie thou in my arms ;  
 Here's to thy health, where e'er thou tumblest in.  
 O true apothecary ! &c.*

THEOBALD.

I have

With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!  
Arms,

I have no edition but the folio, which has all the passage here mentioned. I have followed Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

I am sorry to say, that the foregoing note is an instance of dissingenuousness, as well as inattention in Mr. Theobald, who, relying on the scarcity of the old quartos, very frequently makes them answerable for any thing he thinks proper to assert.

The quarto in 1599, was not the first. It was preceded by one in 1597; and though Mr. Theobald declares, *he found the passage left out in several of the later quarto impressions*, yet in the list of those he pretends to have collated for the use of his edition, he mentions but one of a later date, and had never seen either that published in 1609, or another without any date at all; for in the former of these, the passage in question is preserved (the latter I have no copy of) and he has placed that in 1637, on the single faith of which he rejected it, among those only of middling authority: so that what he so roundly asserts of several, can with justice be said of but one; for there are in reality no later quarto editions of this play than I have here enumerated, and two of those (by his own confession) he had never met with.

The hemistich, which Mr. Theobald pronounces *to be of most profound absurdity*, deserves a much better character; but being misplaced, could not be connected with the part of the speech where he found it; but, being introduced a few lines lower, seems to make very good sense.

“Come bitter conduct! come unfav’ry guide!

“Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

“The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark.

“*Here’s to thy health, where’er thou tumbl’st in.*

“Here’s to my love! oh true apothecary!

“Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.”

*To tumble into port in a storm*, I believe to be a sea-phrase, as is *a tumbling sea*, and agrees with the allusion to the pilot or the tempest beaten bark. *Here’s success*, says he (continuing the allusion) *to the vessel wherever it tumbles in*, or perhaps, *to the pilot who is to conduct, or tumble it in*; meaning, *I wish it may succeed in ridding me of life, whatever may betide me after it, or wherever it may carry me*. He then drinks to the memory of Juliet’s love, adding (as he feels the poison work) a short apostrophe to the apothecary, the effect of whose drugs

Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, oh you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !——  
 Come, bitter conduct ! come, unfavoury guide !  
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark !  
 Here's to thy health where'er thou tumblest in.  
 Here's to my love ! Oh, true apothecary !

[*Drinks the poi*]

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [D]

he can doubt no longer, and turning his thoughts back again to the object most beloved, he dies (like Othello) on a kiss. The other hemistich (not disposed of) may yet be introduced ; how naturally, must be left to the reader to determine. The quarto of 1609, exhibits the passage thus :

“ ——— Ah, dear Juliet !

“ Why art thou yet so fair ! I will believe ;

“ Shall I believe ? that unsubstantial death is amorous :

“ And that the lean,” &c.

If such an idea could have any foundation in nature, or allowed in poetry, and Romeo in consequence of having raised it to his imagination, was jealous of death, it would follow that in the first frenzy of it, he might address himself to mistress, and take her in his arms for the greater security. That being granted, with a slight transposition (one verse already exceeding the measure by two feet) the passage might be read thus :

“ ——— Ah, dear Juliet !

“ Why art thou yet so fair ! *shall* I believe ?

“ I *will* believe (*come lie thou in my arms*)

“ That unsubstantial death is amorous,

“ And that the lean,” &c.

The object of dispute may perhaps be such as hardly to serve this toil of transposition, but one critick has just as good a right to attempt the insertion of what he thinks he understands, as another has to omit a passage, because he can make no use of it at all. The whole of the conjecture is offered with the least degree of confidence, and from no other motive than a desire of preserving every line of Shakespeare, when reason, tolerably plausible, can be given in its favour.

Mr. Theobald has not dealt very fairly in his account of his speech, as the absurdity is apparently owing to the repetition of some of the lines by a blunder of the printer, and had thereby made Romeo confess the effects of the poison before he had tasted it. STEEVENS.

*Enter friar Laurence with lantern, crow, and spade.*

*Fri.* St. Francis be my speed ! How oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?—Who's there ?

*Enter Balthasar.*

*Balb.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you  
well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, my good friend,  
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

*Balb.* It doth so, holy Sir ;—and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*Fri.* Who is it ?

*Balb.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there ?

*Balb.* Full half an hour.

*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.

*Balb.* I dare not, Sir :

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri.* Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me ;  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*Balb.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
'I dreamt, my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

<sup>1</sup> *I dreamt, my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural ; for a man in such a condition, says Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. STEEVENS.

*Fri.* Romeo !

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords,  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

Romeo ! oh pale ! Who else ? what Paris too !  
And steep'd in blood ! ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !

The lady stirs.

*Jul.* [*awaking.*] Oh, comfortable Friar ! where is  
my lord ?

I do remember well, where I should be,  
And there I am :—Where is my Romeo ?

*Fri.* I hear some noise ! Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, <sup>8</sup> and unnatural sleep ;  
A greater Power, than we can contradict,  
Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away :  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,  
And Paris too :—Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.  
Come, go, good Juliet. I dare stay no longer.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.  
What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timely end.—  
Oh, churl ! drink all, and leave no friendly drop  
To help me after ! I will kiss thy lips ;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative.  
Thy lips are warm !

*Enter Boy and Watch.*

*Watch.* Lead, boy :—Which way ?

<sup>8</sup> — and *unnatural sleep* ;] Shakespeare very poetically calls  
the death of those who have fallen prematurely, *unnatural sleep*.

STEEVENS.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Yea, noise!—then I'll be brief.—Oh happy dagger! [*Finding a dagger.*]  
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[*Kills herself.*]

*Boy.* This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

*Watch.* The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;

Go, some of you, whom e'er you find, attach.  
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;—  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—  
Go tell the prince.—Run to the Capulets;—  
'Raise up the Montagues.—Some others; search:—  
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.*

*2 Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

*1 Watch.* Hold him in safety 'till the prince comes hither.

'—*there rust and let me die.*] Is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

"Ay, noise! then must I be resolute.

"Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear,

"Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy sheath."

STEEVENS.

'*Raise up the Montagues.—Some others; search:—*] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored;

"Raise up the Montagues. Some others, go,

"We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

"But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*

"We cannot without circumstance descry."

JOHNSON.

*Enter another Watchman with friar Laurence.*

*3 Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

*1 Watch.* A great suspicion : Stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

*Enter Capulet and lady Capulet.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

*La. Cap.* The people in the street cry, Romeo,  
Some, Juliet, and some, Paris ; and all run  
With open out-cry toward our monument.

*Prince.* <sup>2</sup> What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?

*Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,  
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know, how this foul murder comes.

*Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* Oh, heaven ! oh, wife ! look how our daughter bleeds.

This dagger hath mista'en ; for, <sup>3</sup> lo ! his house  
Lies empty on the back of Montague,  
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*La.*

<sup>2</sup> *What fear is this, which startles in your ears ?* ] Read,

“ What fear is this, which startles in *our* ears ? ” JOHNS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *lo ! his house*, &c.] The modern editors (contrary to the authorities of all the ancient copies, and without attention to the disagreeable assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, which was first introduced by Mr. Pope) read,

“ This

*La. Cap.* Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter Montague and others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,<sup>4</sup>  
To see thy son and heir now early down.

*Mon.*<sup>5</sup> Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopt her breath.  
What further woe conspires against my age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in  
this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

"This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! *the sheath*

"*Lies empty on the back of Montague,*

"*The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.*"

The quarto, 1597, erroneously,

"———this dagger hath mistook,

"For (loe) the backe is empty of yong Montague,

"And it is sheathed in our daughter's breait."

The quarto, 1599, affords the true reading,

"This dagger hath mistane, for, loe! his house

"Is emptie on the back of Mountague,

"And *it* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosome."

If we do not read *it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—  
*The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and  
sheathed in Juliet's bosom.* The construction even then will be  
irregular.

The quartos, 1609, 1637, and the folio 1623, offer the same  
reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— for thou art early up, &c.] This speech (as appears  
from the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall  
of Rob. E. of Huntington*, 1601) has something proverbial in it.

"In you i'faith the proverb's verified,

"*You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;] After this line  
the quarto adds,

"And young BENVOLIO is deceased too."

But this I suppose the poet rejected on his revision of the play,  
as an unnecessary death. STEEVENS.

'Till



'Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;  
 And then will I be general of your woes,  
 And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,  
 And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
 Yet most suspected (as the time and place  
 Doth make against me) of this direful murder ;  
 And here I stand both to impeach and purge  
 Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

<sup>6</sup> *Fri.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;  
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :  
 I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day  
 Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;  
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
 You,—to remove that siege of grief from her,—  
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce  
 To County Paris :—Then comes she to me,  
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
 To rid her from this second marriage,  
 Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.  
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
 A sleeping potion, which so took effect  
 As I intended ; for it wrought on her  
 The form of death. Mean time I writ to Romeo,  
 That he should hither come as this dire night,  
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,  
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight

<sup>6</sup> *Friar.]* It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Return'd

Return'd my letter back : then all alone,  
 At the prefixed hour of her awaking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;  
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
 'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.  
 But when I came (some minute ere the time  
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.  
 She wakes ; and I intreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :—  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me :  
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.  
 All this I know ; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy : and if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,  
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for an holy man.—  
 Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

*Balth.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;  
 And then in post he came from Mantua,  
 To this same place, to this same monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;  
 And threatned me with death, going in the vault,  
 If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.  
 Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch ?—  
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's  
 grave,

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb,  
 And, by and by, my master drew on him ;  
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's  
 words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :

And

And here he writes, that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen.—All are punish'd!

*Cap.* O brother Montague, give me thy hand,  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more,  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such price be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace <sup>7</sup> this morning with it  
brings;

The sun for sorrow will not shew his head:  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

<sup>8</sup> Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet, and her Romeo <sup>9</sup>. [*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>7</sup> *A glooming peace*, &c.] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is the old reading, may be the true one. So in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605.

“Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law? EDWARDS'S MSS.

<sup>9</sup> Shakespeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes and speeches.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says,

“Luscu, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know

“I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow

“Nought but pure JULIET and ROMEO.” STEEVENS.

THIS play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakespeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakespeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him*. Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed*, without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: ~~he~~ she has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit*. JOHNSON.



H A M L E T,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## Persons Represented.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*

Fortinbras, *prince of Norway.*

Hamlet, *son to the former, and nephew to the present king.*

Polonius, *lord chamberlain.*

Horatio, *friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,  
Cornelius,  
Rosencrantz,  
Guildenstern,

} *courtiers.*

Ofrick, *a courtier.*

*Another courtier.*

Marcellus,  
Bernardo,

} *officers.*

Francisco, *a soldier.*

Reynaldo, *servant to Polonius.*

*Ghost of Hamlet's father.*

Gertrude, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *daughter to Polonius.*

*Ladies, players, grave-makers, sailors, messengers, and  
other attendants.*

# H A M L E T<sup>1</sup>, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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## ' A C T I. S C E N E I.

E L S I N O U R.

*A platform before the palace.*

*Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo.*

B E R N A R D O.

**W**H O's there?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.

*Ber.* <sup>3</sup> Long live the king!

<sup>1</sup> The original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Danish historian. From thence Belleforest adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, *The History of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was translated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1605, tho' it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey (the antagonist of Nash) who, in his own hand-writing, has set down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are these: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> This play is printed both in the folio of 1623, and in the quarto of 1637, more correctly, than almost any other of the works of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Long live the king!*] This is the watch-word. STEEVENS.

VOL. X.

K

*Fran.*



*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed,  
Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

\* The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is  
there?

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* Oh, farewell, honest soldier! Who hath re-  
liev'd you?

*Fran.* Bernardo hath my place. Give you good  
night. *[Exit Francisco.]*

\* *The rivals of my watch,*—] *Rivals*, for partners. **WARN.**

By *rivals of the watch* are meant those who were to watch  
on the next adjoining ground. *Rivals*, in the original sense  
of the word, were proprietors of neighbouring lands, parted  
only by a brook, which belonged equally to both. **HANMER.**

I should propose to point and alter this passage thus—

If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus

The rival of my watch—

Horatio is represented throughout the play as a gentleman of  
no profession. Marcellus was an officer, and consequently did  
that through duty, for which Horatio had no motive but cu-  
riosity. Besides, there is but one person on each watch. Ber-  
nardo comes to relieve Francisco, and Marcellus to supply the  
place of some other on the adjoining station. The reason why  
Bernardo as well as the rest expect Horatio, was because he  
knew him to be informed of what had happened the night  
before. **WARNER.**

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Holla ! Bernardo.

*Ber.* Say, what, is Horatio there ?

<sup>5</sup> *Hor.* A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

*Mar.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy ;  
And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded fight, twice seen of us :  
Therefore I have intreated him along  
With us to watch <sup>6</sup> the minutes of this night ;  
That if again this apparition come,  
He may <sup>7</sup> approve our eyes, and speak to it.

*Hor.* Tush ! tush ! 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down a while ;  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story.  
<sup>8</sup> What we two nights have seen.—

*Hor.* Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,  
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,  
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven  
Where now it burns ; Marcellus, and myself,  
The bell then beating one.—

<sup>5</sup> *Hor. A piece of him.*] But why a *piece* ? He says this as he gives his hand. Which direction should be marked. WARR.

*A piece of him*, is, I believe, no more than a cant expression. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the minutes of this night* ;] This seems to have been an expression common in Shakespeare's time. I find in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies*, Act 5.

I promise e'er *the minutes of the night*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *approve our eyes*, —] Add a new testimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *What we two nights have seen.*] This line is by Hanmer given to Marcellus, but without necessity. JOHNSON.

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again!

*Enter the Ghost.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like.—It harrows me with fear and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Speak to it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometime march? By heaven, I charge thee, speak.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay; speak. I charge thee, speak.

*[Exit Ghost.]*

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Ber.* How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than phantasy?

What think you of it?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe,

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on,

When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He

<sup>9</sup> He smote the <sup>1</sup> sledded Polack on the ice.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, <sup>2</sup> and just at this dead hour,

With martial stalk, he hath gone by our watch.

*Hor.* <sup>3</sup> In what particular thought to work, I know not,

But, in the <sup>4</sup> gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subjects of the land ?

<sup>9</sup> *He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.*] *Pole-ax* in the common editions. He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. He uses the word *Polack* again, Act 2. Scene 4.

POPE.

*Polack* was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: *Polaque*, French. As in a translation of Passeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, published by Camden :

"Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,

"Stay, passenger, and wail the best of kings.

"This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,

"Who rul'd the fickle French and *Polacks* bold :

"So frail are even the highest earthly things,

"Go, passenger, and wail the hap of kings." JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *A sled, or sledge*] Is a carriage without wheels, made use of in the cold countries. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— and just at this dead hour,] The old quarto reads *jumpe* : but the following editions discarded it for a more fashionable word. WARBURTON.

The old reading is, *jump at this same hour* ; *same* is a kind of correlative to *jump* ; *just* is in the oldest folio. The correction was probably made by the author. JOHNSON.

*Jump* and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson speaks of verses made on *jump names*, i. e. names that suit exactly. Nash says—"and *jumpe*, imitating a verse in As in presenti." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *In what particular thought to work,*] i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*Gross and scope*—] General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
 And foreign mart for implements of war?  
 Why such impress of shipwrights, whose fore task  
 Does not divide the Sunday from the week?  
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day,  
 Who is't, that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
 Whose image but even now appear'd to us,  
 Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
 Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,  
 Dar'd to the combat: in which, our valiant Hamlet  
 (For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)  
 Did slay this Fortinbras, <sup>s</sup> who by a seal'd compact,  
Well,

<sup>s</sup> ———— *who by a seal'd compact,*

*Well ratified by law AND heraldry,*] The subject spoken of is a duel between two monarchs, who fought for a wager, and entered into articles for the just performance of the terms agreed upon. Two sorts of law then were necessary to regulate the decision of the affair: the *civil law*, and the *law of arms*; as, had there been a wager without a duel, it had been the *civil law only*; or a duel without a wager, the *law of arms only*. Let us see now how our author is made to express this sense,

————— *a seal'd compact,*

*Well ratified by law AND heraldry.*

Now *law*, as distinguished from *heraldry*, signifying the *civil law*; and this seal'd compact being a *civil law* act, it is as much as to say, *An act of law well ratified by law*, which is absurd. For the nature of *ratification* requires that which ratifies; and that which is ratified, should not be one and the same, but different. For these reasons I conclude Shakespeare wrote,

————— *who by seal'd compact*

*Well ratified by law OF heraldry.*

i. e. the execution of the civil compact was ratified by the law of arms; which, in our author's time, was called the *law of heraldry*. So the best and exactest speaker of that age: *In the third kind*, [i. e. of the *Jus gentium*] *the LAW OF HERALDRY in war is positive, &c.* *Heccker's Ecclesiastical Polity.* WARB.

Mr.

Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
 Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,  
 Which he stood seisd of, to the conqueror ;  
 Against the which, a moiety competent  
 Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd  
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
 Had he been vanquisher ; <sup>6</sup> as, by that covenant,  
<sup>7</sup> And carriage of the articles design'd,  
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, Sir, young Fortinbras,  
<sup>8</sup> Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
<sup>9</sup> Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,  
 For food and diet, to some enterprize  
<sup>1</sup> That hath a stomach in't ; which is no other  
 (As it doth well appear unto our state)  
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,

Mr. Upton says, that Shakespeare sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law*. So *Ant. and Cleop.* Act 4.

" Where rather I expect victorious life,  
 " Than death and honour, i. e. honourable death."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ———as, by THAT COV'NANT,  
*And carriage of the articles design'd,*] The old quarto reads,  
 ———as by the same COMART ;

and this is right. *Comart* signifies a bargain, and *carriage of the articles* the *covenants* entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we see the common reading makes a tautology. WARD.

I can find no such word as *comart* in any dictionary.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And carriage of the articles design'd,*] *Carriage*, is import :  
*design'd*, is *formed, drawn up between them*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Of unimproved mettle——*] *Unimproved*, for *unrefined*.

WARBURTON.

*Full of unimproved mettle*, is full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Shark'd up a list, &c.*] I believe to *shark up* means to pick up without distinction, as the *shark-fish* collects his prey.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *That hath a stomach in't ;——*] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for *constancy, resolution*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost : and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations ;  
The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and romage <sup>3</sup> in the land.

*Ber.* [\* I think, it be no other, but even so :  
Well may it fort <sup>4</sup>, that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king  
That was, and is the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.  
In the most high and <sup>5</sup> palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;  
Stars shone with trains of fire ; dewes of blood fell ;  
<sup>6</sup> Disasters veil'd the sun ; and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.  
And <sup>7</sup> even the like <sup>8</sup> precursor of fierce events,  
As harbingers preceding still the fates,

<sup>2</sup> *And terms compulsatory*,—] The old quarto, better, *compulsatory*. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> —*romage*—] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

\* These, and all other lines confin'd within crotchets throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omissions leave the play sometimes better and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Well may it fort*,—] The cause and the effect are proportionate and suitable. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —*palmy state of Rome*,] *Palmy*, for *victorious* ; in the other editions, *flourishing*. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *Disasters veil'd the sun* ;—] *Disasters* is here finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. WARB.

The quarto reads,—

*Disasters in the sun* ;— STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And even*—] Not only such prodigies have been seen in Rome, but the elements have shewn our countrymen like fore-runners and foretokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*precursor of fierce events*,] *Fierce*, for *terrible*. WARB.

And

' And prologue to the omen'd coming on,  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen.]

*Enter Ghost again.*

But soft ; behold ! lo, where it comes again !  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !  
[*Spreading his arms.*

' If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me.  
If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
Oh speak !——  
Or, if 'thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*

Speak of it. Stay, and speak—Stop it, Marcellus.—

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.* 'Tis here !——

*Hor.* 'Tis here !——

*Mar.* 'Tis gone !

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,al,  
To offer it the shew of violence ;

' And prologue to the omen coming on,] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely synonymous here. The poet means, that these strange *phenomena* are prologues and forerunners of the events *presag'd* : and such sense the slight alteration, which I have ventured to make, by changing *omen* to *omen'd*, very aptly gives. THEOBALD.

*Omen, for fate.* WARBURTON.

Hammer follows Theobald.

' If thou hast any sound,—] The speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions. JOHNSON.

For



For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,  
<sup>2</sup> Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
<sup>3</sup> The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine: and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit <sup>4</sup> can walk abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
<sup>5</sup> No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

<sup>2</sup> *Whether in sea, &c.*] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *spirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether *aerial* spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air; return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are *confined*. We might read,

“ ————And at his warning

“ Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies

“ To his confine, whether in sea or air,

“ Or earth, or fire. And of,” &c.

But this change, tho' it would smoothe the construction, is not necessary, and being unnecessary, should not be made against authority. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Th' extravagant*—] i. e. got out of its bounds. WARB.

<sup>4</sup> *Dares stir abroad.* Quarto.

<sup>5</sup> *No fairy takes,*—] No fairy *strikes*, with lameness or discases. This sense of *take* is frequent in this author. JOHNS.  
Walks

Walks o'er the dew of yon <sup>6</sup> high eastern hill.  
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,  
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,  
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:  
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray. And I this morning  
 know  
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*A room of state.*

*Enter the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand,  
 Cornelius, lords and attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's  
 death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted  
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;  
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
 Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,  
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,  
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,  
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
 Taken to wife.—Nor have we herein barr'd  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
 With this affair along. For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;

<sup>6</sup> —*high eastern hill.*] The old quarto has it better *eastward*.

Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,  
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame;  
<sup>7</sup> Co-leagued with this dream of his advantage,  
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
 Importing the surrender of those lands  
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,  
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.  
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:  
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ  
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras  
 (Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 Of this his nephew's purpose) to suppress  
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
 Out of his subjects: and we here dispatch  
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;  
 Giving to you no further personal power  
 To business with the king, more than the scope <sup>8</sup>  
 Of these dilated articles allows.  
 Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.  
*Vol.* In that, and all things, will we shew our  
 duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?  
 You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?  
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg,  
 Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

<sup>7</sup> Co-leagued with this dream of his advantage,] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to support him but a *dream*, with which he is *co-leagued* or confederated. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> —more than the scope] More than is comprised in the general design of these articles, which you may explain in a more diffuse and dilated stile. JOHNSON.

' The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than to the throne of Denmark is thy father.  
What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

*Laer.* My dread lord,  
Your leave and favour to return to France ;  
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark,  
To shew my duty in your coronation ;  
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France :  
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave ? What says  
Polonius ?

*' The HEAD is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.'* This is a  
flagrant instance of the first editor's stupidity, in preferring  
sound to sense. But *head, heart, and hand*, he thought must  
needs go together, where an honest man was the subject of the  
encomium ; tho' what he could mean by the *head's being NATIVE  
to the heart*, I cannot conceive. The mouth indeed of an  
honest man might, perhaps, in some sense, be said to be *native*,  
that is, allied to the heart. But the speaker is here talking  
not of a *moral*, but a *physical* Alliance. And the force of what  
is said is supported only by that distinction. I suppose, then,  
that Shakspeare wrote,

*The BLOOD is not more native to the heart,——*

*Than to the throne of Denmark is thy father.*

This makes the sentiment just and pertinent. As the blood is  
formed and sustained by the labour of the heart, the mouth  
supplied by the office of the hand, so is the throne of Denmark  
by your father, &c. The expression too of the *blood's being  
native to the heart*, is extremely fine. For the heart is the  
laboratory where that vital liquor is digested, distributed, and  
(when weakened and debilitated) again restored to the vigour  
necessary for the discharge of its functions. *WARBURTON.*

Part of this emendation I have received, but cannot discern  
why the *head* is not as much *native to the heart*, as the *blood*,  
that is, *natural and congenial* to it, *born with it*, and co-oper-  
ating with it. The relation is likewise by this reading better  
preserved, the *counsellor* being to the *king* as the *head* to the  
*heart*. *JOHNSON.*

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my flow  
leave,

By laboursome petition ; and, at last,  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent : ]  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* ' Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be  
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son——

*Ham.* ' A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Afide.*

*King.* —How is it, that the clouds still hang on you ?

*Ham.*

' *Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,*

*And thy fair graces ; spend it at thy will.*] This is the pointing in both Mr. Pope's editions ; but the poet's meaning is lost by it, and the close of the sentence miserably flatten'd. The pointing, I have restored, is that of the best copies ; and the sense, this : " You have my leave to go, Laertes ; make " the fairest use you please of your time, and spend it at you " will with the fairest graces you are master of." THEOB.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

——*Time is thine,*

*And my best graces ; spend it at thy will.* JOHNSON.

' *Ham.* *A little more than kin, and less than kind.*] The king had call'd him, *cousin* Hamlet, therefore Hamlet replies,

*A little more than kin,——*

i. e. A little more than cousin ; because, by marrying his mother, he was become the king's son-in-law : so far is easy. But what means the latter part,

——*and less than kind ?*

The king, in the present reading, gives no occasion for this reflection, which is sufficient to shew it to be faulty, and that we should read and point the first line thus,

*But now, my cousin Hamlet——KIND my son——*

i. e. But now let us turn to you, cousin Hamlet. *Kind my son* (or, as we now say, Good my son) lay aside this clouded look. For thus he was going to expostulate gently with him for his melancholy, when Hamlet cut him short by reflecting on the titles he gave him ;

*A little more than kin, and less than kind,*

which we now see is a pertinent reply. WARBURTON.

*A little more than kin, and less than kind.*] It is not unreasonable to suppose that this was a proverbial expression, know  
i

*Ham.* Not so, my lord, I am <sup>3</sup> too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not, for ever, with thy <sup>4</sup> vailed lids,  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :  
Thou know'st, 'tis common ; all, that live, must die ;  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, Madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee ?

*Ham.* Seems, Madam ! nay, it is ; I know not  
*seems.*

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,  
That can denote me truly.—These, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play :  
But I have that within, which passeth shew ;  
These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet,  
To give these mourning duties to your father :

in former times for a relation so confused and blended, that it was hard to define it. HANMER.

*Kind* is the Teutonic word for *child*. Hamlet therefore answers with propriety, to the titles of *cousin* and *son*, which the king had given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ————*too much i' the sun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun.* JOHNSON.

—————*too much i' the sun.*

Meaning probably his being sent far from his studies to be exposed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefest courtier*, &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ————*vailed lids,*] With lowering eyes, cast down eyes.

JOHNSON.

But, you must know, <sup>5</sup> your father lost a father ;  
 That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound  
 In filial obligation, for some term,  
 To do <sup>6</sup> obsequious sorrow. But to persevere  
<sup>7</sup> In obstinate condolence, is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :  
 It shews <sup>8</sup> a will most incorrect to heaven,  
 A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient,  
 An understanding simple, and unschool'd :  
 For, what we know, must be, and is as common  
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *your father lost a father ;*

*That father, his ; and the survivor bound*] Thus Mr. Pope judiciously corrected the faulty copies. On which the editor Mr. Theobald thus descants: *This supposed refinement is from Mr. Pope, but all the editions else, that I have met with, old and modern, read,*

*That father lost, lost his ;—*

*The reduplication of which word here gives an energy and an elegance, WHICH IS MUCH EASIER TO BE CONCEIVED THAN EXPLAINED IN TERMS.* I believe so : for when *explained in terms* it comes to this ; That father after he had lost himself, lost his father. But the reading is *ex fide codicis*, and that is enough. WARBURTON.

I do not admire the repetition of the word, but it has much of our author's manner, that I find no temptation to recede from the old copies. JOHNSON.

——— *your father lost a father ;*

*That father lost, lost his ;—*

The meaning of the passage is no more than this. *Your father lost a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *lost grandfather* also lost his father. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *obsequious sorrow.*—] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies* or funeral ceremonies. JOHNSON.

So in *Titus Andronicus*,

“ To shed *obsequious* tears upon his trunk.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *In obstinate condolence,*—] *Condolence*, for *sorrow*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *a will most incorrect*—] *Incorrec*, for *untutor'd*.

WARBURTON.

T

' To reason most absurd; whose common theme  
Is death of fathers; and who still hath cry'd,  
From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,  
" This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth  
This unprevailing woe; and think of us  
As of a father: for, let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne;  
' And with no less nobility of love,  
Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
' Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
In going back to school to Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:  
And we beseech you, ' bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:  
let :

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;  
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof

' To reason most absurd;—] *Reason*, for *experience*. WARB.  
*Reason* is here used in its common sense, for the *faculty* by  
which we form conclusions from arguments. JOHNSON.

' And with no less nobility of love,] *Nobility*, for *magnitude*.  
WARBURTON.

*Nobility* is rather *generosity*. JOHNSON.

' Do I impart toward you.—] *Impart*, for *propose*. WARB.  
I believe *impart* is, *impart myself*, *communicate* whatever I can  
bestow. JOHNSON.

*Do I impart toward you.—*

The crown of Denmark was elective. The king means, that  
as Hamlet stands the fairest chance to be next elected, he will  
strive with as much love to ensure it to him, as a father would  
shew in the continuance of heirdom to a son. STEEVENS.

' —bend you to remain] i. e. subdue your inclination to go  
from hence, and remain, &c. STEEVENS.



4 No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again  
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exit*]

*Manet Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !

6 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
Fie on't ! oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this !  
But two months dead !—nay, not so much ; not  
two :

7 So excellent a king, that was, to this,

*Hyperion*

4 *No jocund health,—*] The king's intemperance is very strongly impressed ; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink. JOHNSON.

5 *—resolve itself into a dew !*] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Volpone*, and in the same sense.

"Forth the resolved corners of his eyes." STEEVENS.

6 *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*

*His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter !—*] The generality of the editions read thus, as if the poet's thought were, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his artillery, or arms of vengeance, against self-murder*. But the word which I restored (and which was espoused by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, i. e. *that he had not refrained suicide by his express law and peremptory prohibition*. THEOB.

There are yet those who suppose the old reading to be the true one, as they say the word *fixed* seems to decide too strongly in its favour. I would advise such to recollect Virgil's expression.

*—fixit leges pretio, atq; refixit.* STEEVENS.

7 *So excellent a king, that was, to this,*

*Hyperion to a Satyr :—*] This similitude at first sight seems to be a little far-fetch'd ; but it has an exquisite beauty—

By

Hyperion to a Satyr: so loving to my mother,  
 \* That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? ——— Why, she would hang on  
 him,

As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month——  
 Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is Woman!  
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears:—Why she, even she——  
 O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer——married with my  
 uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month——  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes——  
 She married.—Oh, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good:  
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*. *Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers, and the allusion is to the contention between those two gods for the preference in musick. WARBURTON.

\* In former editions,

*That he permitted not the winds of heaven*] This is a sophistical reading, copied from the players in some of the modern editions, for want of understanding the poet, whose text is corrupt in the old impressions: all of which that I have had the fortune to see, concur in reading;

——*So loving to my mother,*

*That he might not betwene the winds of heaven*

*Visit her face too roughly.*

*Betwene* is a corruption without doubt, but not so inveterate as one, but that, by the change of a single letter, and the separation of two words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily persuaded, I have retrieved the poet's reading—*That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven, &c.* THEOBALD.

*Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship !

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,——or I do forget myself ?

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant  
ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name  
with you ?

And ' what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?  
Marcellus !

*Mar.* My good lord———

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you ; <sup>2</sup> good Even, S<sup>r</sup>.  
——But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so ;  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it trust of your own report  
Against yourself. I know, you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinour ?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;  
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral bak'd  
meats

<sup>9</sup> ——*I'll change that name—*] I'll be your servant, you shall  
be my friend. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——*what make you—*] A familiar phrase for *what art  
you doing.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——*good Even, Sir.*] So the copies. Sir Th. Hammer  
and Dr. Warburton put it, *good morning.* The alteration is  
of no importance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need  
of any change. Between the first and eighth scene of this act  
it is apparent, that a natural day must pass, and how much  
of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The  
king has held a council. It may now as well be evening as  
*morning.* JOHNSON.

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.  
 'Would I had met my <sup>3</sup> dearest foe in heaven,  
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!——  
 My father——methinks, I see my father.

*Hor.* Oh where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,

<sup>4</sup> I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think, I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw! who?——

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Hor.* <sup>5</sup> Season your admiration but a while,  
 With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,  
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
 This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For heaven's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
 In the dead waste and middle of the night,

<sup>1</sup> *Dearest*, for *direst*, most dreadful, most dangerous.

JOHNSON.

*Dearest* signifies most *consequential*, *important*. So in *Romeo*  
 and *Juliet*:

"——a ring that I must use

"In *dear* employment." So in *Timon*:

"——In our *dear* peril."

Again in *Twelfth Night*:

"Whom thou in terms so bloody and so *dear*

"Hast made thine enemies."

So in *K. Hen. IV. P. 1.*

"——Which art my nearest and *dearest* enemy."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> I shall not look upon his like again.] Mr. Holt proposes to  
 read from Sir——Samuel's commendation,

"Eye shall not look upon his like again;"

and thinks it is more in the true spirit of Shakspeare than  
 the other. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Season your admiration*——] That is, *temper* it. JOHNSON.

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
 Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé,  
 Appears before them, and with solemn march  
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,  
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,  
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd  
 Almost to jelly <sup>6</sup> with the act of fear,  
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
 And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:  
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
 The apparition comes. I knew your father:  
 These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we  
 watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,  
 It lifted up its head, and did address  
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;  
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
 And vanish'd from our sight.

<sup>6</sup> —with the ACT of fear,] Shakespeare could never write  
 so improperly as to call the *passion of fear*, the *act of fear*.  
 Without doubt the true reading is,

—with TH' EFFECT of fear. WARBURTON.

Here is an assertion of subtilty without accuracy. *Fear* is  
 every day considered as an *agent*. *Fear laid hold on him; fear*  
*drove him away*. If it were proper to be rigorous in examining  
 trifles, it might be replied, that Shakespeare would write more  
 erroneously, if he wrote by the direction of this critic; they  
 were not *distill'd*, whatever the word may mean, *by the effect of*  
*fear*; for that *distillation* was itself *the effect*; *fear* was the  
 cause, the active cause, that *distill'd* them by that force of  
 operation which we strictly call *act* involuntary, and *power* in  
 involuntary agents, but popularly call *act* in both. But of  
 this too much. JOHNSON.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to-night ?

*Both.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you ?

*Both.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe ?

*Both.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then saw you not his face ?

*Hor.* Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly ?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in  
anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red ?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like : staid it long ?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a  
hundred.

*Both.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzl'd ? No ?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I'll watch to-night ; perchance, 'twill walk  
again.

*Hor.* I warrant you, it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

7 Let it be tenable in your silence still :  
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;  
 I will requite your loves. So fare-ye well.  
 Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve  
 I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honour. [Exe]

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.  
 My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;  
 I doubt some foul play. Would the night w  
 come !

'Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,  
 Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.  
 [Ex]

### S C E N E III.

*An apartment in Polonius's house.*

*Enter Laertes and Ophelia.*

*Laer.* My necessaries are embark'd ; farewell :  
 And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
 But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that ?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour  
 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;  
 A violet in the youth of primy nature ;  
 Forward, not permanent ; sweet, not lasting :  
 8 The perfume, and suppliance of a minute :  
 No more.—————

O

7 *Let it be treble in your silence still :* ] If treble be right,  
 propriety it should be read,

*Let it be treble in your silence now :*  
 - But the old quarto reads,

*Let it be TENABLE in your silence still.*  
 And this is right. WARBURTON.

8 *The perfume, and suppliance of a minute :* ] Thus the qual  
 the folio has it,

—————*Sweet, not lasting,*  
*The suppliance of a minute.*

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;  
And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmerch  
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:  
For he himself is subject to his birth:  
He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The sanity and health of the whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

It is plain that *perfume* is necessary to exemplify the idea of *sweet, not lasting*. With the word *suppliance* I am not satisfied, and yet dare hardly offer what I imagine to be right. I suspect that *essence*, or some such word, formed from the Italian, was then used for the act of fumigating with sweet scents. JOHNS.

The perfume, and *suppliance* of a minute; i. e. what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And now no foil, nor cautel, —] From *cautela*, which signifies only a prudent foresight or caution; but, passing thro' French hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies *fraud, deceit*. And so he uses the adjective in *Julius Cæsar*,

*Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous.*

But I believe Shakespeare wrote,

*And now no foil or cautel —*

which the following words confirm,

*— doth besmerch*

*The virtue of his will: —*

For by *virtue* is meant the *simplicity* of his will, not *virtuous will*: and both this and *besmerch* refer only to *foil*, and to the foil of craft and insincerity. WARBURTON.

*Virtue* seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> The *SANCTITY* and *health* of the whole state:] What has the *sanctity* of the state to do with the prince's disproportioned marriage? We should read with the old quarto *SAFETY*.

WARBURTON.

HANMER reads very rightly, *sanity*. *Sanctity* is elsewhere printed for *sanity*, in the old edition of this play. JOHNSON.

Unto



Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says, he lo  
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed ; which is no further,  
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then weigh, what loss your honour may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs ;  
Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open  
To his <sup>2</sup> unmaster'd importunity.  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;  
And <sup>3</sup> keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :  
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :  
The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;  
<sup>4</sup> Whilst, like a puff and reckless libertine,

Him!

<sup>2</sup> —unmaster'd—] i. e. *licentious*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*keep within the rear*, &c.] That is, do not advance far as your affection would lead you. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Whilst, like a puff and careless libertine.*] This read give us a sense to this effect, Do not you be *like* an ungracious preacher, who is *like* a careless libertine. And there we find that he who is so *like* a careless libertine, is the careless libertine himself. This could not come from Shakespeare. The quarto reads,

*Whilst a puff and reckless libertine,*  
which directs us to the right reading,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And 's reckes not his own read.

*Laer.* Oh, fear me not.

*Enter Polonius.*

I stay too long.—But here my father comes :—  
A double blessing is a double grace ;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard for shame ;  
The wind sits in the 's shoulder of your sail,  
And you are staid for. There !—my blessing with  
you : [*Laying his hand on Laertes's head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character, Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,

*Whilst he, a puffed and reckless libertine.*

The first impression of these plays being taken from the play-house copies, and those, for the better direction of the actors, being written as they were pronounced, these circumstances have occasioned innumerable errors. So a for he every where.

—— 'a was a goodly king,

'A was a man take him for all in all.

—— I warn't it will,

for I warrant. This should be well attended to in correcting Shakespeare. WARBURTON.

The emendation is not amiss, but the reason for it is very inconclusive ; we use the same mode of speaking on many occasions. When I say of one, *he squanders like a spendthrift*, of another, *he robbed me like a thief*, the phrase produces no ambiguity ; it is understood that the one is a *spendthrift*, and the other a *thief*. JOHNSON.

's —— reckes not his own read.] That is, heeds not his own lessons. POPE.

Ben Jonson uses the word in his *Catiline*.

" So that thou couldst not move

" Against a public reed."

So in Sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch.

" —— Dispatch, I read you,

" for your enterprize is betray'd." STEEVENS.

\* —— *the shoulder of your sail,*] This is a common sea phrase,  
STEEVENS.

Grapple

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
 7 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,  
 Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment,  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
 And they in France of the best rank and station  
 8 Are most select, and generous, chief in that.  
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all; to thine ownself be true;  
 9 And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou

7 *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.*] The literal sense  
 is, *Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand.*  
 The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiscuous conver-*  
*sation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.*

JOHNSON.

8 *Are most select, and generous, chief in that.*] I think the  
 whole design of the precept shews we should read,

*Are most select, and generous chief, in that.*

*Chief* is an adjective used adverbially, a practice common to  
 our author. Chiefly generous. STEEVENS.

9 *And it must follow, as the NIGHT the day.*] The sense here  
 requires, that the similitude should give an image not of *two*  
*effects of different natures*, that follow one another alternately,  
 but of a *cause and effect*, where the effect follows the cause by  
 a *physical necessity*. For the assertion is, Be true to thyself, and  
 then thou must necessarily be true to others. Truth to himself  
 then was the *cause*, truth to others the *effect*. To illustrate  
 this necessity, the speaker employs a similitude: but no simi-  
 litude can illustrate it, but what presents an image of a *cause*  
 and *effect*; and such a cause as that, where the effect follows  
 by a *physical*, not a *moral necessity*: for if only, by a *moral*  
 necessity the thing *illustrating* would not be more certain than  
 the thing *illustrated*; which would be a great absurdity. This  
 being premised, let us see what the text says,

And

'thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: 'my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. 'The time invites you: go, your servants tend<sup>3</sup>.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
What I have said to you.

Opb. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you & yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[Exit Laer.

Pol.

*And it must follow, as the night the day.*

In this we are so far from being presented with an effect following a cause by a physical necessity, that there is no cause at all: but only two different effects, proceeding from two different causes, and succeeding one another alternately. Shakespear, therefore, without question wrote,

*And it must follow, as the LIGHT the day.*

As much as to say, Truth to thyself, and truth to others, are inseparable, the latter depending necessarily on the former, as *light depends upon the day*; where it is to be observed, that *day* is used figuratively for the *sun*. The ignorance of which, I suppose, contributed to mislead the editors. WARBURTON.

*And it must follow, as the night the day.*

This note is very acute, but the common succession of night to day was, I believe, all that our author meant to make Polonius think of, on the present occasion. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —my blessing season this in thee!] *Season, for infuse.*

WARBURTON.

It is more than to *infuse*, it is to infix it in such a manner as that it never may wear out. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The time invites you:—*] This reading is as old as the first folio; however, I suspect it to have been substituted by the players, who did not understand the term which possesses the elder quartos:

*The time invests you;*

i. e. besieges, presses upon you on every side. To *invest a town*, is the military phrase from which our author borrowed his metaphor. THEOBALD.

Either reading may serve. Macbeth says,

"I go, and it is done, the bell *invites* me." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —your servants tend.] i. e. your servants are waiting for you. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —yourself shall keep the key of it.] That is, By thinking on you, I shall think on your lessons. JOHNSON.

The

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you; and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.  
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly,  
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.  
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late, made many  
tenders

Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,  
5 Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you. Think yourself a  
baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling. 6 Tender yourself more  
dearly;

Or

The meaning is, that your counsels are as sure of remaining  
locked up in my memory, as if you yourself carried the key  
of it. STEEVENS.

5 Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.] Unfitted, for untried.  
Untried signifies either not tempted, or not refined; unfitted,  
signifies the latter only, though the sense requires the former.

WARBURTON.

6 —Tender yourself more dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)

Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.] The parenthesis  
is closed at the wrong place; and we must have likewise a  
slight correction in the last verse. Polonius is racking and  
playing on the word *tender*, till he thinks proper to correct  
himself for the licence; and then he would say—not farther  
to crack the wind of the phrase, by *twisting* and *contorting* it,  
as I have done. WARBURTON.

I believe

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrafe)  
Wrongs it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,  
In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, <sup>7</sup> fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do  
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise as it is a making,  
You must not take for fire. From this time,  
Be somewhat scantier of thy maiden-presence;

<sup>8</sup> Set your intreatments at a higher rate,  
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,  
Believe so much in him, that he is young;  
And with a <sup>9</sup> larger tether may he walk,  
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phrase,  
but to Ophelia; if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you*  
*continue to go on thus wrong*. This is a mode of speaking per-  
haps not very grammatical, but very common, nor have the  
best writers refused it.

*To sinner it or saint it,*  
is in Pope. And Rowe,

— *Thus to coy it,*

*To one who knows you too.*

The folio has it,

— *roaming it thus,*—

That is, *letting yourself loose to such improper liberty*. But  
*wronging* seems to be more proper. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *fashion you may call it:—*] She uses *fashion* for *manner*,  
and he for a *transient practice*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Set your intreatments—*] *Intreatments* here means *company*,  
*conversation*, from the French *entrétien*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *larger tether—*] A string to tie horses. POPE.

*Tether* is that string by which an animal, set to graze in  
grounds uninclosed, is confined within the proper limits.

JOHNSON.

Do

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,  
Not of that dye which their investments shew,  
But meer implorers of unholy fuits,

<sup>1</sup> Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all.

<sup>2</sup> I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth  
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.  
Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. [*Exit*]

<sup>1</sup> *Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,*] On which editor Mr. Theobald remarks, *Tho' all the editions have followed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been surprized how men of genius and learning could let it pass without some suspicion. What ideas can we frame to ourselves of a breathing bond, or of its being sanctified and pious, &c.* he was too hasty in framing ideas before he understood it already framed by the poet, and expressed in very plain words. Do not believe (says Polonius to his daughter) Hamlet's airy vows made to you; which pretend religion in them better to beguile) like those sanctified and pious vows [*or be made to heaven.* And why should not this pass without suspicion? WARBURTON.

Theobald for *bonds* substitutes *barrows*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,*

*Have you so slander any moment's leisure,*] The humor of this is fine. The speaker's character is all affectation. At last he says he will *speak plain*, and yet cannot for his life; plain speech of *slandering a moment's leisure* being of the rustian stuff with the rest. WARBURTON.

Here is another *fine* passage, of which I take the beauty to be only imaginary. Polonius says, *in plain terms*, that is, in language less elevated or embellished than before, but terms that cannot be misunderstood: *I would not have you so grace your most idle moments, as not to find better employment than lord Hamlet's conversation.* JOHNSON.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to a platform.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now ?

*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed ? I heard it not. It then draws near  
the season,  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*[Noise of music within.]*

What does this mean, my lord ?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his  
rouse,

Keeps wassel, and <sup>3</sup> the swaggering up-spring reels ;  
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom ?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't :

But, to my mind—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born—it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.  
[\* This heavy-headed revel, east and west,  
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations :

<sup>3</sup> —the swagg'ring up-spring—] The blustering upstart.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> This heavy-headed revel, east and west,] i. e. This revelling  
that observes no hours, but continues from morning to night,  
&c. WARBURTON.

I should not have suspected this passage of ambiguity or  
obscurity, had I not found my opinion of it differing from that  
of the learned critic. I construe it thus, *This heavy-headed  
revel makes us traduced east and west, and taxed of other nations.*

JOHNSON.



They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phra  
 Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes  
 From our atchievements, though perform'd at heig  
<sup>5</sup> The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
 So, oft it chanches in particular men,  
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
 As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,  
 Since nature cannot chuse his origin)  
 By the o'ergrowth of some <sup>6</sup> complexion,  
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;  
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens  
 The form of plausive manners;—that these men—  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
 Being nature's livery, or <sup>7</sup> fortune's scar,  
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,  
<sup>8</sup> As infinite as man may undergo)  
 Shall in the general censure take corruption  
 From that particular fault.—<sup>9</sup> The dram of ba  
 D

<sup>5</sup> *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The best and most valuable part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —complexion,] *i. e.* humour; as sanguine, melancholic, phlegmatic, &c. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> —fortune's scar,] In the old quarto of 1637, it is  
 —fortune's star:

But I think *scar* is proper. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *As infinite as man may undergo,*] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The dram of ease*

*Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,  
 To his own scandal.*] I do not remember a passage throughout all our poet's works, more intricate and depraved in text, of less meaning to outward appearance, or more likely to baffle the attempts of criticism in its aid. It is certain there is neither sense nor grammar as it now stands: yet with a slight alteration, I'll endeavour to cure those defects, and give a sentiment too, that shall make the poet's thought more nobly. The dram of *base* (as I have corrected the text) means the least alloy of baseness or vice. It is very frequent with our poet to use the adjective of quality instead of the substantive signifying the thing. Besides, I have observed, that e  
 wh

Doth all the noble substance of worth out <sup>1</sup>,  
To his own scandal.]

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes !

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us <sup>2</sup>!—

where, speaking of *worth*, he delights to consider it as quality that adds *weight* to a person, and connects the word with that idea. THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> *Doth all the noble substance of worth out.*] Various conjectures have been employed about this passage. The author of *The Revival* reads,

“ Doth all the noble substance *oft eat out.*”

Or,

“ Doth all the noble substance *soil with doubt.*”

Mr. HOLT reads,

“ Doth all the noble substance *oft adopt.*”

And Mr. Johnson thinks, that Theobald's reading may stand.

I would read,

*Doth all the noble substance* (i. e. the sum of good qualities) *oft do out.* Perhaps we should say, *To its own scandal.* His and its are perpetually confounded in the old copies.

As I understand the passage, there is little difficulty in it. This is one of the low colloquial expressions, which at present are neither employed in writing, nor perhaps are reconcileable to the propriety of language. *To do a thing out, is to efface or obliterate any thing in drawing.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Hamlet's speech to the apparition of his father seems to me to consist of three parts. When first he sees the spectre, he fortifies himself with an invocation.

*Angels and ministers of grace defend us !*

As the spectre approaches, he deliberates with himself, and determines, that whatever it be he will venture to address it.

*Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,*

*Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from bell,*

*Be thy intents wicked or charitable,*

*Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,*

*That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, &c.*

This he says while his father is advancing ; he then, as he had determined, *speaks to him*, and calls him—*Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane : ob ! answer me.* JOHNSON.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd<sup>3</sup>,  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a<sup>4</sup> questionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me;  
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but<sup>5</sup> tell,  
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,  
 Where

<sup>3</sup> *Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, &c.*] So Acolastus his *After-wit*, 1600.

"Art thou a God, a man, or else a ghost?"

"Com'it thou from heaven, where blifs and solace dwell

"Or from the airie cold-engendring coast?"

"Or from the darksome dungeon-hold of hell?"

The first known edition of this play is in 1605. STEEVENS

<sup>4</sup> —*questionable shape*,] By *questionable* is meant provoking question. HANMER.

So in *Macbeth*,

*Live you, or are you aught*

*That man may question?* JOHNSON.

*Questionable*, I believe means only *willing to be questioned* So in *As you like it*. "An *unquestionable* spirit, which you have not." *Unquestionable* in this last instance certainly means *unwilling to be conversed with*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ————tell,

*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in DEATH,*

*Have burst their cearments?*] Hamlet here speaks with wonder, that he who was dead should rise again and walk. But this, according to the vulgar superstition here followed, was no wonder. Their only wonder was, that one, who had the rites of sepulture performed to him, should walk; the wonder of which was supposed to be the reason of walking ghosts. Hamlet's wonder then should have been placed here: and Shakespeare placed it, as we shall see presently. For *hearsed* is used figuratively to signify *reposed*, therefore the place where should be designed: but *death* being no place, but a *privat* only, *hearsed in death* is nonsense. We should read,

—————tell,

*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in EARTH,*

*Have burst their cearments?*

It appears, for the two reasons given above, that *earth* is the true reading. It will further appear for these two other reasons. First, From the words, *canoniz'd bones*; by which is not meant

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again? What may this mean—  
That

(as one would imagine) a compliment for, *made holy* or *sainted*; but for *bones* to which the rites of sepulture have been performed; or which were buried according to the canon. For we are told he was murdered with all his sins fresh upon him, and therefore in no way to be *sainted*. But if this licentious use of the word *canoniz'd* be allowed, then *earth* must be the true reading, for inhuming bodies was one of the essential parts of sepulchral rites. Secondly, From the words, *Have burst their cearments*, which imply the preceding mention of *inhuming*, but no mention is made of it in the common reading. This enabled the Oxford editor to improve upon the emendation; so he reads,

*Why thy bones bears'd in canonized earth.*

I suppose for the sake of harmony, not of sense. For though the rites of sepulture *performed* canonizes the body *buried*; yet it does not canonize the earth in which it is laid, unless every funeral service be a new consecration. WARBURTON.

It were too long to examine this note period by period, though almost every period seems to me to contain something reprehensible. The critic, in his zeal for change, writes with so little consideration, as to say, that Hamlet cannot call his father *canonized*, because *we are told he was murdered with all his sins fresh upon him*. He was not then told it, and had so little the power of knowing it, that he was to be told it by an apparition. The long succession of reasons upon reasons prove nothing, but what every reader discovers, that the king had been buried, which is implied by so many adjuncts of burial, that the direct mention of *earth* is not necessary. Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been considered as the most wonderful and most dreadful operation of supernatural agency, enquires of the spectre, in the most emphatic terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he asks in a very confused circumlocution, confounding in his fright the soul and body. Why, says he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been intombed *in death*, in the common state of departed mortals, *burst* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we saw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and stability, seemed closed for ever? The whole sentence is this: *Why dost thou appear, whom we know to be dead?*

<sup>6</sup> That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and <sup>7</sup> we fools of nature  
 So horribly <sup>8</sup> to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed ground:  
 But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

Had the change of the word removed any obscurity, or added any beauty, it might have been worth a struggle; but either reading leaves the sense the same.

If there be any asperity in this controversial note, it must be imputed to the contagion of peevishness, or some resentment of the incivility shewn to the Oxford editor, who is represented as supposing the ground *canonized* by a funeral, when he only meant to say, that the *body* was deposited in *holy ground*, in ground consecrated according to the *canon*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,*] It is probable that Shakespeare introduced his ghost in armour, that it might appear more solemn by such a discrimination from the other characters; though it was really the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olaus Wormius*, cap. 7.

“Struem regi nec vestibus, nec odoribus cumulant, *sui cuique arma*, quorundam igni et equus adjicitur.”

“— sed postquam magnanimus ille Danorum rex collen sibi magnitudinis conspicuæ extruxisset (cui post obitum regio diademate exornatum, *armis indutum*, inferendum esse cadaver,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *us fools of nature*] The expression is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family to make sport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain searches into her mysteries. WARBURTON

<sup>8</sup> — *to shake our disposition*] *Disposition*, for *frame*.

WARBURTON.

*Ham*

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee<sup>9</sup> :  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that—  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it—

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my  
lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might<sup>1</sup> deprive your sovereignty of reason,  
And draw you into madness? Think of it :  
[<sup>2</sup> The very place<sup>3</sup> puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.]

*Ham.* It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Mar.* Be rul'd, you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—  
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen—

[*Breaking from them.*  
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him<sup>4</sup> that lets me :—  
I say, away :—Go on—I'll follow thee—

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

<sup>9</sup> —*pin's fee* :] The value of a pin. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*deprive* your sovereignty, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *deprave*; but several proofs are given in the notes to *King Lear* of Shakespeare's use of the word *deprive*, which is the true reading. STEEVENS.

I believe *deprive* in this place signifies simply to *take away*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The very place*] The four following lines added from the first edition. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> —*puts toys of desperation*,] *Toys*, for *whims*. WARR.

<sup>4</sup> —*that lets me* :] To *let* among the old authors signifies to prevent, to hinder. STEEVENS.

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow: 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after.—To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E V.

*A more remote part of the platform.*

*Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go  
no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak, I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt  
hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And, for the day, \* confin'd to fast in fires,

'Till

\* —confin'd to fast in fires,] We should read,  
TOO fast in fires.

*i. e.* very closely confined. The particle *too* is used frequently  
for the superlative *most*, or *very*. WARBURTON.

I am rather inclined to read, *confin'd to lasting fires, to fires  
unremitted and unconsumed*. The change is slight. JOHNSON,

*Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,*

Chaucer

'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
 ' Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
 And each particular hair to stand on end  
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
 But this eternal blazon must not be  
 To ears of flesh and blood.—Lift, lift, oh lift!—  
 If thou did'st ever thy dear father love——

*Ham.* O heaven!

*Ghost.* ' Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*Ham.*

Chaucer has a similar passage with regard to the punishments of hell. *Parson's Tale*, p. 193. Mr. Urry's edition.

" And moreover the misse of hell,

" Shall be in defeaute of mete and drinke." SMITH.

Chaucer rather means to drop a stroke of satire on sacerdotal luxury, than to give a regular account of the place of future torment. Chaucer is jocular, Shakespeare serious. STEEVENS.

' *Are burnt and purg'd away.*—] Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into the "punition of Saulis in "purgatory:" and it is observable, that when the ghost informs Hamlet of his doom there,

" Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature

" *Are burnt and purg'd away.*"——

the expression is very similar to the bishop's: I will give you his version as concisely as I can; "It is a nedeful thyng  
 " to suffer panis and torment—Sum in the wyndis, sum under  
 " the watter, and in the fire uthir sum: thus the mony  
 " vices——

" Contrakkit in the corpis be done away

" *And purgit.*"——

*Sixte Book of Eneados*, Fol. p. 191.

FARMER.

' *Revenge, &c.*] As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been asserted by Mr. Holt in Dr. Johnson's appendix, I must borrow, as usual, from Mr. Farmer. "Shakespeare is said to have been no extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was the Ghost in  
 " his



*Ham.* Murder !

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haſte me to know it ; that I, with wings as  
ſwift

7 As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May ſweep to my revenge.

*Ghoſt.* I find thee apt ;

8 And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed

9 That rots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,  
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :

“ his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'œuvre* did not pleaſe : I  
“ will give you an original ſtroke at it. Dr. Lodge published  
“ in the year 1596 a pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the*  
“ *World's Madneſs*, diſcovering the incarnate devils of the  
“ age, quarto. One of theſe devils is, *Hate virtue, or ſorrow*  
“ *for another man's good ſucceſſe*, who, ſays the doctör, is a  
“ *ſoule lubber*, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *Ghoſt*,  
“ which cried ſo miſerably at the theatre, *Hamlet revenge*.”

STEEVENS.

7 *As meditation or the thoughts of love,*] This ſimilitude is  
extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is conſecrated, by  
the *myſtics*, to ſignify that ſtretch and flight of mind which  
aſpires to the enjoyment of the ſupreme good. So that Hamlet,  
conſidering with what to compare the ſwiftness of his revenge,  
chooſes too of the moſt rapid things in nature, the ardency of  
divine and human paſſion, in an *enthuſiaſt* and a *lover*. WARB.

The comment on the word *meditation* is ſo ingenious, that  
I hope it is juſt. JOHNSON.

8 *And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed*

*That rots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf, &c.*] Shakeſpeare,  
apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholicks of  
theſe Pagan Danes ; and here gives a deſcription of purgatory ;  
but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whe-  
ther he did it to inſinuate to the zealous Proteſtants of his  
time, that the Pagan and Popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon  
the ſame footing of credibility, or whether it was by the ſame  
kind of licentious inadvertence that Michael Angelo brought  
Charon's bark into his picture of the Laſt Judgment, is not eaſy  
to decide. WARBURTON.

9 *That rots itſelf, &c.*] The quarto reads—*That roots itſelf*.  
Mr. POPE follows it. OTWAY has the ſame thought :

“ ————like a coarſe and uſeleſs dunghill weed

“ Fix'd to one ſpot, and rot juſt as I grow.” STEEVENS.

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,  
 A serpent stung me : so the whole ear of Denmark  
 Is by a forged process of my death  
 Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,  
 The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,  
 Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* Oh, my prophetick soul ! my uncle !

*Gboſt.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,  
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
 So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust  
 The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.  
 Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there !  
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline  
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
 To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven ;  
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,  
 And prey on garbage.

But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air——  
 Brief let me be—Sleeping within mine orchard,  
 My custom always of the afternoon,  
 Upon my secret hour thy uncle stole,  
 ' With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,

And

<sup>1</sup> *With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,*] The word here used was more probably designed by a *metathesis*, either of a poet or transcriber, for *hebenon*, that is, *heubane*; of which the most common kind (*hyoscyamus niger*) is certainly *narcotic*, and perhaps, if taken in a considerable quantity, might prove poisonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree ; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he seems not to mean an actual coldness, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. Dioscorides ascribes to it the property of producing madness (*νοσηύκμος μανιώδης*.) These qualities have been confirmed by several cases related in modern observations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various

And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
 The leperous distilment; whose effect  
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
 That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through  
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
 All my smooth body.——

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
 Of life, of crown, of queen, <sup>2</sup> at once dispatch'd:

<sup>3</sup> Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

<sup>4</sup> Unhousel'd, <sup>5</sup> disappointed, <sup>6</sup> unaneal'd:

No

various effects of this root upon most of the members of a convent in Germany, who eat of it for supper by mistake, mixed with succory;—heat in the throat, giddiness, dimness of sight, and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic.* c. 18. GRAY.

So in Drayton. *Barons Wars*, p. 51.

“The pois’ning *henbane*, and the mandrake drad.”

In Heywood’s *Jew of Malta*, 1633, the word is written in a different manner,

“——the blood of Hydra, Lerna’s hanc,

“The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus breath.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——at once dispatch’d:] *Dispatch’d*, for *bereft*. WARR.

<sup>3</sup> *Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin*, &c.] The very words of this part of the speech are taken (as I have been informed by a gentleman of undoubted veracity) from an old *Legend of Saints*, where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the same complaint. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Unhousel’d*,] Without the sacrament being taken. POPE.

<sup>5</sup> *Unanoointed*,] Without extreme unction. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *Unanel’d*.] No knell rung. POPE.

In other editions,

*Unhouzzled, unanoointed, unaneal’d*:

The ghost, having recounted the process of his murder, proceeds to exaggerate the inhumanity and unnaturalness of the fact, from the circumstances in which he was surprized. But these, I find, have been stumbling blocks to our editors; and therefore I must amend and explain these three compound adjectives in their order. Instead of *unhouzzel’d*, we must restore,  
*unhousel’d*,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head :

Oh,

*unbousel'd*, i. e. *without the sacrament taken* ; from the old Saxon word for the sacrament, *bousel*. In the next place, *unanoined* is a sophistication of the text : the old copies concur in reading, *disappointed*. I correct,

*Unbousel'd*, unappointed,——

i. e. no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church. *Unaneal'd* I agree to be the poet's genuine word ; but I must take the liberty to dispute Mr. Pope's explication of it, *viz.* no *knell* rung. The adjective formed from *knell*, must have been *unknell'd*, or *unknoll'd*. There is no rule in orthography for sinking the *k* in the deflection of any verb or compound formed from *knell*, and melting into a vowel. What sense does *unaneal'd* then bear ? SKINNER, in his Lexicon of old and obsolete English terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unctus* ; from the Teutonic preposition *an*, and *ole*, i. e. *oil* : so that *unaneal'd* must consequently signify, *unanoined*, not having the *extreme unction*. The poet's reading and explication being ascertained, he very finely makes his *ghost* complain of these four dreadful hardships ; that he had been dispatch'd out of life without receiving the *hoste*, or sacrament ; without being *reconcil'd* to heaven and *absolv'd* ; without the benefit of *extreme unction* ; or without so much as a *confession* made of his sins. The having no *knell* rung, I think, is not a point of equal consequence to any of these ; especially, if we consider, that the Romish church admits the efficacy of *praying* for the *dead*. THEOBALD.

This is a very difficult line. I think Theobald's objection to the sense of *unaneal'd*, for *notified by the bell*, must be owned to be very strong. I have not yet by my enquiry satisfied myself. Hanmer's explication of *unaneal'd* by *unprepar'd*, because to *anneal* metals, is to *prepare* them in manufacture, is too general and vague ; there is no resemblance between any funeral ceremony and the practice of *annealing* metals.

*Disappointed* is the same as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared* ; a man well furnished with things necessary for any enterprize, was said to be well *appointed*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the word *disappointed* may be countenanced by the advice which Isabella gives to her brother in *Measure for Measure*.

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

The hope of gaining a worthless alliteration is all that can tempt an editor to prefer *unappointed* or *unanoined* to *disappointed*.

MILTON

7 Oh, horrible ! oh, horrible ! most horrible !

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

8 A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !

The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire 9.

Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me.

[Exit.

*Ham.* Oh, all you host of heaven ! oh earth ! what else ?

And shall I couple hell ? — Oh fie ! Hold, hold my heart,

MILTON has the following lines, consisting of three words each, in which it is constantly preserved.

*Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd.* Par. Lost. B. 2.

——— *unmov'd,*

*Unboken, uneduc'd, unterrified.* B. 5.

*Unbumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd.* Par. Reg. B. 3.

In the *Textus Rossensis* we meet with two of these words—

“ The monks offering themselves to perform all priestly functions of *houfeling* and *aveyling*.” *Aveyling*, I believe, is misprinted for *anyling*. STEEVENS.

See *Mort d'Arthur*, p. iii. c. 175. “ So when he was *houfeled* “ and *aneled*, and had all that a Christian man ought to have,” &c. T. T.

7 *Oh, horrible ! oh, horrible ! most horrible !*] It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation ; and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech.

JOHNSON.

8 *A couch for luxury*—] i. e. for *lewdness*. So in *K. Lear*.

*To't luxury pell-mell* for, &c.

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607, where the old duke, who is remarkable for his incontinence, is repeatedly called

——— a parch'd and juiceless *luxur*. STEEVENS.

9 — *uneffectual fire*.] i. e. shining without heat. WARB.

*Uneffectual fire*, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. STEEVENS.

And

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up ! Remember thee ?  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there ;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven.  
 O most pernicious woman !  
 Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain !  
 My tables—meet it is, I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;  
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark. [*Writing.*  
 So, uncle, there you are : <sup>1</sup> now to my word ;  
 It is ; Adieu, adieu ! remember me.  
 I have sworn it————

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* My lord, my lord——

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet——

*Hor.* Heaven secure him !

*Ham.* So be it.

*Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! <sup>2</sup> Come, bird, come.

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord ?

*Hor.* What news, my lord ?

<sup>1</sup> ——— *now to my word ;* ] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military service, which at this time he says is, *Adieu, Adieu, remember me.* So *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607.

“ Now to my *watch-word.* ”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Come, bird, come.* ] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. HAMMER.

This expression is used in *Marston's Dutch Courtesan*, and by many others among the old dramatic writers. STEEVENS.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Oh, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good, my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No; you'll reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you then; would heart of man  
once think it?—

But you'll be secret——

*Both.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-  
mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* <sup>3</sup> There needs no ghost, my lord, come from  
the grave

To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why right; you are i' the right:  
And so without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:  
You, as your business and desire shall point you;—  
For every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is;—and, for my own poor part,  
I will go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words, my  
lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you, heartily;  
'Faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, <sup>4</sup> by St. Patrick, but there is, Horatio,  
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

<sup>3</sup> *There needs no ghost, &c.*] This piece of humour is repeated by our author in *Timon*, &c. Act. 5. Sc. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*by St. Patrick,*—] How the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flourished under the auspices of this Saint. But it was, I suppose, only said at random; for he makes Hamlet a student of Wittenberg.

WARBURTON.

For

For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,  
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to-night.

*Both.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear it.

*Hor.* In faith, my lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Gboft.* Swear.

[*Gboft beneath.*

*Ham.* Ah ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art thou there,  
true-penny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.

Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen.

<sup>s</sup> Swear by my sword.

*Gboft.* Swear.

*Ham.*

<sup>s</sup> *Swear by my sword.*] Here the poet has preserved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to swear upon their swords. See *Bartholinus, De causis contempt. mort. apud Dan.* WARBURTON.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewise well defended by Mr. Upton; but Mr. Garrick produced me a passage, I think, in *Brantôme*, from which it appeared, that it was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare, it is more than probable, knew nothing of the ancient Danes, or their manners. Every extract from Mr. Farmer's pamphlet must prove as instructive to the reader as the following.

"In the *Passus Primus* of *Pierce Plowman*,

"David in his daies dubbed knightes,

"And did them *swere en her sword* to serve truth ever."



*Ham.* *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—  
Come hither, gentlemen, and lay your hands  
Again upon my sword: swear by my sword  
Never to speak of this which you have heard.

*Ghost beneath.]* Swear by his sword.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! can't work i'th'ground  
so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wonderou  
strange!

*Ham.* <sup>6</sup> And therefore as a stranger give it welcome  
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come  
Here, as before, never (so help you mercy!)  
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,  
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

"And in *Hieronymo*, the common butt of our author, and  
"the wits of the time, says Lorenzo to Pedringano:—

"Swear on this *cross*, that what thou say'st is true,

"But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,

"This very *sword*, whereon thou took'st thine oath,

"Shall be a worker of thy tragedy."

To the authorities produced by Mr. Farmer, the following  
may be added from *Holinshed*, p. 664. "Warwick kissed the croi

"of K. Edward's sword, as it were a vow to his promise."

Again, p. 1038. it is said, "that Warwick drew out hi  
"sword, which other of the honourable and worshipful tha  
"were then present likewise did, whom he commanded, tha  
"each one should kiss other's sword, according to an ancien  
"custom amongst men of war in time of great danger; an  
"herewith they made a solemn vow," &c. So in Green's *T.  
queque*.

"By the *cross* of these hiltes."

So in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600.

"He has sworn to me on the *cross* of his pure Toledo."

So in the Second Part of *The Downfall of Rob. E. of Hun  
tington*, 1601,

"——by the *cross* of my good blade,

"An excellent mother to bring up a maid."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.]* i. e. receive  
it to yourself; take it under your own roof; as much as to say  
*Keep it secret.* Alluding to the laws of hospitality. WARB.

T



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*An apartment in Polonius's house.**Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.*

P O L O N I U S.

**G**IVE him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.  
*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
 Before you visit him, to make enquiry  
 Of his behaviour.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said. Look you,  
 Sir,

Enquire me first what Danikers are in Paris;  
 And how; and who; what means; and where they  
 keep;

What company; at what expence; and finding,  
 By this encompassment and drift of question,  
 That they do know my son, come you more near;  
 Then your particular demands will touch it.  
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,  
 As thus:—I know his father, and his friends,  
 And in part, him—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol.* And in part, him;—but you may say,—not  
 well:

But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;  
 Addicted so and so;—and there put on him  
 What forgeries you please: marry, none so rank,  
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that;  
 But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,  
 As are companions noted and most known  
 To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord——

*Pol*

*Pol.* Ay, or <sup>3</sup> drinking, fencing, swearing,  
Quarrelling, drabbing:—You may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonour him.

*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.  
You must not put <sup>9</sup> an utter scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency;  
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so  
quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;  
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;  
<sup>1</sup> A savageness in unreclaimed blood  
<sup>2</sup> Of general assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord——

*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?

*Rey.* Ay, my lord, I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, Sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant <sup>3</sup>:

You, laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i' the working,

Mark you, your party in converse, him you would  
found,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,  
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,  
He closes with you in this consequence;

<sup>4</sup> *Good Sir*, or so, or *friend*, or *gentleman*,

According

<sup>3</sup> —*drinking*, [*fencing*,] *swearing*,] *Fencing*, an interpo-  
lation. WARBURTON.

I suppose, by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation  
of the fencing-school, a resort of violent and lawless young  
men. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*an utter*—] In former editions, *another*. The emen-  
dation is Theobald's. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *A savageness*—] *Savageness*, for *wildness*. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Of general assault*.] i. e. such as youth in general is liable  
to. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> So the folio. The quarto reads, a fetch of *wit*. STEEV.

<sup>4</sup> *Good sir*, or so, or *friend*, &c.] We should read,

——— or *SIRE*, i. e. father. WARBURTON.

I know not that *sir* was ever a general word of compliment,  
as distinct from *sir*; nor do I conceive why any alteration

According to the phrase or the addition  
Of man and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Pol.* And then, Sir, does he this;

He does——What was I about to say?

I was about to say something—where did I leave?——

*Rey.* At, closes in the consequence.

*Pol.* At, closes in the consequence——Ay, marry.

He closes with you thus;——I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then; with such and such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming, there o'ertook in his rouse;

There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

(*Videlicet*, a brothel) or so forth.——See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So by my former lecture and advice

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* God b'wi you: fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord——

*Pol.* Observe his inclination <sup>s</sup> in yourself.

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his musick.

*Rey.* Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*

should be made. It is a common mode of colloquial language to use, *or so*, as a slight intimation of more of the same, or a like kind, that might be mentioned. We might read, but we need not,

*Good fir*, forsooth, *or friend*, *or gentleman*.

*Forsooth*, a term of which I do not well know the original meaning, was used to men as well as to women. JOHNSON.

We might read *Good fir*, *or fir*, &c. T. T.

<sup>s</sup> ——— *in yourself*.] HANMER reads, *c'en* yourself, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps *in* yourself means, *in your own person*, not by spies. JOHNSON,

*Enter*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Pol.* Farewell.—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

*Oph.* Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

*Pol.* With what, in the name of heaven?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbrac'd,  
No hat upon his head, ' his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other;  
And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors; he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

\* —his stockings foul'd,

*Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,]* I have restored the reading of the elder quartos—his stockings loose.—The change, I suspect, was first from the players, who saw a contradiction in his stockings being loose, and yet shackled down at ancle. But they, in their ignorance, blundered away our author's word, because they did not understand it;

*Ungarter'd, and down-gyved,*  
i. e. turned down. So, the oldest copies; and, so his stockings were properly loose, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd down* to the ancle. THEOBALD.

Theobald is unfaithful in his account of this elder quarto. I have all the quartos and the folios before me, and they concur in reading,

—his stockings foul'd.

I believe *gyved* to be nothing more than a false print. *Down-gyved* means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. *Gyre* always signifies a circle formed by a top, or any other body when put into motion.

It is so used by Drayton in the Black Prince's letter to Alice countess of Salisbury.

" In little circlets first it doth arise,  
" Then somewhat larger seemeth in mine eyes;  
" And in this *gyring* compass as it goes,  
" So more and more my love in greatness grows."

STEEVENS.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Opb.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And, with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;  
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being. That done he lets me go,  
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their helps,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.  
This is the very ecstasy of love,  
Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven,  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.—  
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

*Opb.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
I did repel his letters, and deny'd  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment  
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,  
And

<sup>7</sup> *I had not QUOTED him.*—] The old quarto reads *coted*.  
It appears Shakespeare wrote *NOTED*. *Quoted* is nonsense.

WARBURTON.

To *quote* is, I believe, to *reckon*, to take an account of, to  
take the *quotient* or result of a computation. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the reading of the quarto may be the true one. The  
folio reads,

“ ——— with better *speed* and judgment,” &c.

To *cote* is to overtake, and agrees very well with *speed*. So  
in *Hen. VI.* P. iii.

“ Whose haughty spirit winged with desire

“ Will *cote* my crown.”

So

**[Exeunt.]**

S C E N E II.

*The palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, and attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern!

**So in this play :**

" —————certain players

"We *coted* them on the way."

The sense then will be—I am sorry that with better judgment and haste I had *come up with, overtaken, or reached his meaning*. The phrase is quaint, and therefore sufficiently characteristic of Polonius. STEEVENS.

—it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,

*As it is common for the younger sort*

*To lack discretion.*—] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life cast commonly *beyond themselves*, let their cunning go further than reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> This must be known; which, being kept close, might move

*More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.*] i. e. This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet. WARBURTON.

HANMER reads,

*More grief to hide hate, than to utter love.* JOHNSON.

**Moreover**



Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
 The need, we have to use you, did provoke  
 Our hasty sending. Something you have heard  
 Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,  
 Since nor the exterior nor the inward man  
 Resembles that it was. What it should be  
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him  
 So much from the understanding of himself,  
 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,  
 That, being of so young days brought up with him,  
 And since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,  
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
 Some little time : so by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleasures ; and to gather,  
 So much as from occasions you may glean,  
 [Whether ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,]  
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of  
 you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,  
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you

<sup>1</sup> To shew us so much gentry and good-will,  
 As to expend your time with us a while,

<sup>2</sup> For the supply and profit of our hope,  
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks,  
 As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ref.* Both your majesties  
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
 Put your dread pleasures more into command  
 Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey,  
 And here give up ourselves, <sup>3</sup> in the full bent,

<sup>1</sup> *To shew us so much gentry—*] *Gentry*, for *complaisance*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *For the supply, &c.*] That the hope which your arrival has  
 raised may be completed by the desired effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *—in the full bent,*] *Bent*, for *endeavour*, *application*.

WARBURTON.

To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.

And, I beseech you, instantly to visit  
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

*Queen.* Ay, Amen.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my good  
lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? assure you, my good  
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:  
And I do think (or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the <sup>4</sup> trail of policy so sure  
As I have us'd to do) that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* Oh, speak of that, that I do long to hear.

*Pol.* Give first admittance to the ambassadors:  
My news shall be <sup>5</sup> the fruit of that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them  
in. [*Exit Pol.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, that he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt, it is no other but the main;  
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

<sup>4</sup> —the trail of policy—] The trail is the course of an animal pursued by the scent. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —the fruit—] The desert after the meat. JOHNSON.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends !

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway ?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness : whereat griev'd—  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand—sends out arrests  
On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief, obeys ;  
Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,  
Makes vow before his uncle, never more  
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.  
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
<sup>6</sup> Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee ;  
And his commission to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the Polack :  
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise ;  
On such regards of safety, and allowance,  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well ;  
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business.  
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.  
Go to your rest ; <sup>7</sup> at night we'll feast together.  
Most welcome home ! *[Exeunt Volt. and Cor.]*

<sup>6</sup> *Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;* ] This reading first obtained in the edition put out by the players. But all the old quartos (from 1605, downwards) read, *as I have reformed the text.* THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *—at night we'll feast—* ] The king's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten. JOHNSON.

*Pol.* This business is well ended.

<sup>8</sup> My liege, and Madam, <sup>9</sup> to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why

<sup>8</sup> *My liege, and Madam, to expostulate*] The strokes of humour in this speech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, minister of state. His declamation is a fine satire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reason in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himself in his wit :

*That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;*

*And pity 'tis, 'tis true: A foolish figure,*

*But farewell it——*

And how exquisitely does the poet ridicule the *reasoning in fashion*, where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madness;

*Though this be madness, yet there's method in't :*

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the most essential quality of a good discourse, would make amends for the madness. It was *madness*; indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himself with this reflection, that at least it was *method*. It is certain Shakespeare excels in nothing more than in the preservation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character* (says our great poet in his admirable preface to Shakespeare) *we must add the wonderful preservation*. We have said what is the character of Polonius; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and spirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by some to be grossly violated in the excellent *precepts and instructions* which Shakespeare makes his statesmen give to his son and servant in the middle of the *first*, and beginning of the *second act*. But I will venture to say, these critics have not entered into the poet's art and address in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his scenes with those fine lessons of social life; but his Polonius was too weak to be the author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and sop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely shewn us was the case, where, in the middle of Polonius's instructions to his servant, he makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his lesson, and say,

*And then, Sir, does he this;*

*He does——What was I about to say?*

*I was about to say something——where did I leave?*

The servant replies,

*At*, closes in the consequence. This sets Polonius right, and he goes on,

*At,*

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
 Therefore—since brevity's the soul of wit,  
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourish—  
 I will be brief: your noble son is mad;  
 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,

*At, closes in the consequence.*

———*Ay marry,*

*He closes thus;——I know the gentleman, &c.*

which shews they were words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwise *closes in the consequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the subject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary instance of the poet's art, and attention to the preservation of character. WARBURTON.

This account of the character of Polonius, though it sufficiently reconciles the seeming inconsistency of so much wisdom with so much folly, does not perhaps correspond exactly to the ideas of our author. The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, discriminated by properties superficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ————*to expostulate*] To *expostulate*, for to enquire or discuss. WARBURTON.

What

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad :  
But let that go.——

*Queen.* More matter, with less art,

*Pol.* Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.——

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;  
And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure,  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
Mad let us grant him then : and now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect ;  
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;  
For this effect, defective, comes by cause :  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.—Perpend.—  
I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this.——Now gather, and surmise.

'*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified*  
*Ophelia*——That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase :

'*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia*—] I have ventur'd at an emendation here, against the authority of all the copies ; but, I hope, upon examination it will appear probable and reasonable. The word *beautified* may carry two distinct ideas, either as applied to a woman made up of artificial beauties, or to one rich in native charms. As Shakespeare has therefore chose to use it in the latter acceptation, to express natural comeliness ; I cannot imagine, that here, he would make Polonius except to the phrase, and call it a *vile one*. But a stronger objection still, in my mind, lies against it. As *celestial* and *soul's idol* are the introductory characteristics of Ophelia, what a dreadful *anticlimax* is it to descend to such an epithet as *beautified* ? On the other hand, *beautified*, as I have conjectured, raises the image : but Polonius might very well, as a Roman Catholic, call it a *vile phrase*, *i. e.* favouring of profanation ; since the epithet is peculiarly made an adjunct to the Virgin Mary's honour, and therefore ought not to be employed in the praise of a mere mortal.

THEOBALD.

Both Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton have followed Theobald, but I am in doubt whether *beautified*, though, as Polonius calls it, a *vile phrase*, be not the proper word. *Beautified* seems to be a *vile phrase*, for the ambiguity of its meaning. JOHNSON.

*beautified*

*beautified* is a vile phrase ; but you shall hear——*These*  
*to her excellent white bosom, these, &c.*——

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her ?

*Pol.* Good Madam, stay a while ; I will be faithful.—

*Doubt thou, the stars are fire,* [Reading.  
*Doubt, that the sun doth move,*  
*Doubt truth to be a liar,*  
*But never doubt, I love.*

*Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not*  
*art to reckon my groans : but that I love thee best, oh*  
*most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst*  
*this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,  
 And, <sup>2</sup> more above, hath his solicitings,  
 As they fell out by time, by means and place,  
 All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she receiv'd his love ?

*Pol.* What do you think of me ?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you  
 think

When I had seen this hot love on the wing  
 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,  
 Before my daughter told me) what might you,  
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think  
<sup>3</sup> If I had play'd the desk or table-book ;

Or

<sup>2</sup> —more above,—] is, moreover, besides. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> If I had play'd the desk or table-book ;

Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb ;

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ;

*What might you think ?—*] i. e. If either I had conveyed  
 intelligence between them, and been the confidant of their  
 amours [play'd the desk or table-book] or had conniv'd at it,  
 only observ'd them in secret, without acquainting my daughter  
 with

4 Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,  
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ?  
 What might you think ? No, I went round to work,  
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak ;  
 5 Lord Hamlet is a prince :—out of thy sphere,  
 This must not be : and then, I precepts gave her,  
 That she should lock herself from his resort,  
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
 6 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;  
 And he, repulsed (7 a short tale to make)  
 Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;  
 Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;  
 Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,  
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
 And all we wail for.

with my discovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working*] ; or lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle sight*] ; what would you have thought of me ? WARBURTON.

4 Or given my heart a working,—] The folio reads a *winking*. STEEVENS.

5 Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere,] All princes were alike out of her sphere. I give it thus :

Lord Hamlet is a prince :—out of thy sphere. STEEVENS.

6 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;

And he, repulsed—] The fruits of advice are the effects of advice. But how could she be said to take them ? The reading is corrupt. Shakespeare wrote,

Which done, see too the fruits of my advice ;

For, he repulsed— WARBURTON.

She took the fruits of advice when she obeyed advice, the advice was then made fruitful. JOHNSON.

7 —a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of Hamlet's disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done ; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find

Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre. WARBURTON.



*King.* Do you think, 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that)

That I have positively said, 'tis so,  
When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder*

If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the center.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks four hours  
together<sup>8</sup>,

Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him  
Be you and I behind an arras then;  
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,  
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm, and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet reading.*

*Queen.* But, look, where, sadly the poor wretch  
comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you, both away:  
I'll board him presently. [*Exeunt King and Queen*]  
Oh, give me leave.—How does my good lord  
Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God-a'-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

<sup>8</sup> —four hours together,] Perhaps it would be better  
we to read indefinitely,

—for hours together. T. T.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* <sup>9</sup> For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,  
Being a god, kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

*Pol.*

<sup>9</sup> *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,*

*Being a good kissing carrion—*

*Have you a daughter?*] The editors seeing Hamlet counterfeit madness, thought they might safely put any nonsense into his mouth. But this strange passage, when set right, will be seen to contain as great and sublime a reflection as any the poet puts into his hero's mouth throughout the whole play. We shall first give the true reading, which is this,

*For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,*

*Being a god, kissing carrion—*

As to the sense we may observe, that the illative particle [for] shews the speaker to be reasoning from something he had said before: what that was we learn in these words, *to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand.* Having said this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring against Providence from the circumstance of abounding evil. In the next speech therefore he endeavours to answer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a supposition of the fact, that almost all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in question is to this purpose, *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, which though a god, yet bedding its heat and influence upon carrion—* Here he stops short, lest talking too consequentially the hearer should suspect his madness to be feigned; and so turns him off from the subject, by enquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpose. If this (says he) be the case, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [carrion] and not the thing operating [a god;] why need we wonder, that the supreme cause of all things diffusing its blessings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in original sin, man, instead of a proper return of duty, should breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of Providence as could come from the schools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun : conception blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive, Friend, look to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that ? [*Aside.*] Still ha-  
on my daughter :——

Yet he knew me not at first ; he said, I was a  
monger.——

He is far gone, far gone : and, truly, in my yo  
I suffered much extremity for love ;  
Very near this.——I'll speak to him again.

——What do you read, my lord ?

*Ham.* Words, words, words !

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord ?

*Ham.* Between whom ?

*Pol.* I mean the matter that you read, my lor

*Ham.* ' Slanders, Sir : for the satirical slave  
here, that old men have grey beards ; that their  
are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thick amber,

F

audience with what his actors *say*, but with what they *think*.  
sentiment too is altogether in character, for Hamlet is  
petually moralizing, and his circumstances make this reff  
very natural. The same *thought*, something diversified,  
a different occasion, he uses again in *Measure for Measure*,  
will serve to confirm these observations :

*The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?*

*Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I*

*That lying by the violet in the sun*

*Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,*

*Corrupt by virtuous season.——*

And the same kind of *expression* in *Cymbeline*,

*Common-kissing Titan.* WARBURTON.

This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the crit  
a level with the author. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Slanders, Sir : for the satirical slave says here, that ol  
&c.*] By the *satirical slave* he means Juvenal in his tenth l

*Da spatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos :*

*Hoc recte vultu, solum hoc & pallidus optas.*

*Sed quàm continuis & quantis longa senectus*

*Plena malis ! deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vu*

*Dilimilemque sui, &c.*

Ne

plum-tree gum ; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit ; together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. *[Aside.*

Will you walk out of the air, my lord ?

*Ham.* Into my grave ? ———

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air : ———

How pregnant sometimes his replies are !  
A happiness that often madness hits on,  
Which sanity and reason could not be  
So prosperously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,  
And suddenly contrive the means of meeting  
Between him and my daughter. ———

My honourable lord, I will most humbly  
Take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that  
I will more willingly part withal, except my life,  
except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools !

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Pol.* You go to seek lord Hamlet ; there he is. *[Exit.*

*Ros.* God save you, Sir.

*Guil.* Mine honour'd lord ! ———

*Ros.* My most dear lord ! ———

*Ham.* My excellent good friends ! How dost thou,  
Guildenstern ?

Oh, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Nothing could be finer imagined for Hamlet, in his circumstances, than the bringing him in reading a description of the evils of long life. WARBURTON.

There was no translation of Juvenal extant so early ; those who have seen Mr. Farmer's pamphlet will hardly believe that Shakespeare was able to have read the original. STEEVENS.

*Rof.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not over-happy :  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe ?

*Rof.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the  
middle of her favours ?

*Guil.* 'Faith, in her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune ? Oh, me  
true ; she is a strumpet. What news ?

*Rof.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown  
honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near : but your news  
not true. Let me question more in particular : what  
have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands  
of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord !

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Rof.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one ; in which there are many  
confiners, wards, and dungeons ; Denmark being one  
of the worst.

*Rof.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why then, 'tis none to you ; for there  
nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so :  
To me, it is a prison.

*Rof.* Why, then your ambition makes it one : 'tis  
too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* Oh God ! I could be bounded in a nutshell  
and count myself a king of infinite space, were  
not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition : for  
the very substance of the ambitious is merely the  
shadow of a dream,

\* — *the shadow of a dream.*] Shakespeare has accidentally  
inverted an expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity  
is but a dream, the dream of a shadow. JOHNSON.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Rof.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.*<sup>3</sup> Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Both.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinour?

*Rof.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Rof.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Rof.* What say you? [To Guilden.

<sup>3</sup> *Then are our beggars, bodies;—* Shakespeare seems here to design a ridicule of these declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty.

JOHNSON.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* <sup>4</sup> Nay, then I have an eye of you : if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. <sup>5</sup> I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me—nor woman neither ; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh when I said man delights not me ?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you ; we coted them on the way <sup>6</sup>, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

*Ham.*

<sup>4</sup> *Nay, then I have an eye of you :—*] *An eye of you* means, I have a glimpse of your meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I have of late, &c.*] This is an admirable description of a rooted melancholy sprung from thicknes of blood ; and artfully imagined to hide the true cause of his disorder from the penetration of these two friends, who were set over him as spies. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *We coted them on the way,—*] To *cote* (as has been already observed) is *to overtake*. I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606.

“ — marry

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome ; his majesty shall have tribute of me : the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target : the lover shall not sigh gratis : the humorous man <sup>7</sup> shall end his part in peace : the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere : and <sup>8</sup> the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt fort.—What players are they ?

*Rof.* Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of this city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel ? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Rof.* <sup>9</sup> I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? are they so follow'd ?

*Rof.* No, indeed, they are not.

“ —marry we presently *coted* and outstript them.”

I have observed the same word to be used in several more of the old plays. So in the Second Part of *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, 1602.

“ ———quick observation fend

“ To *cote* the plot.”—— STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *shall end his part in peace :—*] After these words the folio adds, *the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' sere.* WARBURTON.

This passage I have omitted, for the same reason, I suppose, as the other editors : I do not understand it. JOHNSON.

*The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a' th' sere*, i. e. those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy. This is the case (as I am told) with those whose lungs are tickled by the *sere* or *serum* ; but about this passage I am neither very confident, nor very solicitous. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *the lady shall, &c.*] *The lady shall have no obstruction, unless from the lameness of the verse.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *I think, their inhibition—*] I fancy this is transposed : Hamlet enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation* ; the answer therefore probably was, *I think, their innovation, that is, their new practice of strolling, comes by the means of the late inhibition.*

JOHNSON.

“ *Ham.*



\* "*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

"*Rof.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, Sir, an *Aiery* of children, "<sup>1</sup> little *Eyases*, that "<sup>2</sup> cry out on the top of question, "<sup>3</sup> and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are "<sup>4</sup> now the fashion; and so berattle the common "<sup>5</sup> stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers "<sup>6</sup> are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

"*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains "<sup>7</sup> 'em? how are they "<sup>8</sup> escoted? "<sup>9</sup> Will they pursue quality no longer than they can *sing*? Will they "<sup>10</sup> not *say* afterwards? If they should grow themselves "<sup>11</sup> to common players (as it is most like, if their

\* The lines marked with commas are in the folio of 1623, but not in the quarto of 1637, nor, I suppose, in any of the quartos. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*little Yases, that cry out on the top of question,*—] The poet here steps out of his subject to give a lash at home, and sneer at the prevailing fashion of following plays performed by the children of the chapel, and abandoning the established theatres. But why are they called *little Yases*? As he first calls 'em an *Aiery* of children (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a hawk's or eagle's nest); there is not the least question but we ought to restore—*little Eyases*; i. e. young nestlings, creatures just out of the egg. THEOBALD.

*An Aiery of children,*] Relating to the play-houses then contending, the *Bankside*, the *Fortune*, &c. played by the children of his majesty's chapel. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> —*cry out on the top of the question,*—] The meaning seems to be, they ask a common question in the highest notes of the voice. JOHNSON.

I believe *question*, in this place, as in many others, signifies *conversation*. So in *The Merchant of Venice*: "—*I think you "question with a Jew.*" The meaning of the passage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually speak in the highest notes of voice that can be admitted in speaking.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*escoted?*] Paid. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?*] Will they follow the *profession* of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys? So afterwards he says to the player: *Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.*

JOHNSON.

"mean:

" means are no better) their writers do them wrong,  
" to make them exclaim against their own succession <sup>5</sup>.

" *Rof.* Faith, there has been much to do on both  
" sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them  
" on to controversy <sup>6</sup>. There was, for a while, no  
" money bid for argument, unless the poet and the  
" player went to cuffs in the question.

" *Ham.* Is it possible?

" *Guil.* Oh, there has been much throwing about  
" of brains.

" *Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

" *Rof.* Ay, that they do, my lord, <sup>7</sup> Hercules and  
" his load too."

*Ham.* <sup>8</sup> It is not very strange; for mine uncle is  
king of Denmark; and those that would make  
mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty,  
forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture  
in little. There is something in this more than nat-  
ural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinour.  
Your hands. Come then. The appurtenance of  
welcome is fashion and ceremony: <sup>9</sup> let me comply  
with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players,  
which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should

<sup>5</sup> —*their writers do them wrong, &c.*] I should have been  
very much surprized if I had not found Ben Jonson among the  
writers here alluded to. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*to TARRE them on to controversy.*] To provoke any ani-  
mal to rage, is *to tarre him*. The word is said to come from  
the Greek *tapdrow*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*Hercules and his load too.*] *i. e.* they not only carry  
away the world, but the world bearer too; alluding to the  
story of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous. WARB.

<sup>8</sup> *It is not very strange; for mine uncle—*] I do not wonder  
that the new players have so suddenly risen to reputation, my  
uncle supplies another example of the facility with which  
honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *HANMER* reads, *Let me compliment with you.* JOHNSON.

more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome : but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord ?

*Ham.* I am but mad north—north-west : when the wind is southerly, ' I know a hawk from a hand-faw.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen !

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern ; and you too ; at each ear a hearer. That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* Happily, he's the second time come to them ; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it.—You say right, Sir : on Monday morning ; 'twas then, indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you.  
When Roscius was an actor in Rome——

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* <sup>2</sup> Buz, buz !——

*Pol.* Upon mine honour——

*Ham.* <sup>3</sup> *Then came each actor on his afs*——

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical,

<sup>1</sup> — *I know a hawk from a hand-faw.*] This was a common proverbial speech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from an bernshaw*, as if the other had been a corruption of the players ; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people : so that this critic's alteration only serves to shew us the original of the expression.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Buz, buz !*—] Mere idle talk, the *buz* of the vulgar.

JOHNSON.

*Buz, buz !* are, I believe, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius: B. Jonson uses them often for the same purpose. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Then came, &c.*] This seems to be a line of a ballad.

JOHNSON.

historical-

historical-pastoral, <sup>4</sup> *tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral*, scene undividable, or poem unlimited: <sup>5</sup> Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. <sup>6</sup> For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* Oh, *Jephtha, judge of Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—one fair daughter, and no more,  
*The which he loved passing well.*

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows then, my lord?

*Ham.* <sup>7</sup> Why, as *by lot, God wot*—and then you know, *it came to pass, as most like it was*: <sup>8</sup> the first  
row

<sup>4</sup> The words distinguished by *Italicks* I have recovered from the folio, and see no reason why they were hitherto omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakespeare's, that answer to the description. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] The tragedies of Seneca were translated into English by Tho. Newton, and published in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, viz. the *Menæchmi*, was likewise translated early enough for Shakespeare to have seen it. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.*] All the modern editions have, *the law of wit, and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of writ*, I believe rightly. *Writ*, for *writing, composition*. *Wit* was not, in our author's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteness*, or *both together*, but for *understanding*, for the faculty by which we *apprehend and judge*. Those who wrote of the human mind distinguished its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Ascham distinguishes *boys* of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *slow wits*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Why, as by lot, God wot*—&c.] The old song from which these are quotations are taken, is printed in the 2d edit. of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *the pious chanson*—] It is *pons chansons* in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence called

row of the pious chanſon will ſhew you more. For, look, where <sup>9</sup> my abridgment comes.

*Enter Players.*

You are welcome, maſters; welcome, all. I am glad to ſee thee well:—welcome, good friends.—Oh! old friend! why, thy face is valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and miſtreſs? By-'r-lady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, <sup>1</sup> by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like

called *Pons chanſons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old ſongs. POPE.

It is *pons chanſons* in the quarto too. I know not whence the *rubric* has been brought, yet it has not the appearance of an arbitrary addition. The titles of old ballads were never printed red; but perhaps *rubric* may ſtand for *marginal explanation*. JOHNSON.

There are five large vols. of ballads in Mr. Pepys's collection in Magdalen college library, Cambridge, ſome as ancient as Henry VII's reign, and not one red letter upon any one of the titles. GRAY.

*The firſt row of the RUBRIC will, &c.]* The words, of the *rubric* were firſt inſerted by Mr. Rowe, in his edition in 1709. The old quarto in 1611 reads *pious chanſon*, which gives the ſenſe wanted, and I have accordingly inſerted it in the text.

The *pious chanſons* were a kind of *Chriſtmas carol*, containing ſome ſcriptural hiſtory thrown into looſe rhimes, and ſung about the ſtreets by the common people when they went at that ſeaſon to beg alms. Hamlet is here repeating ſome ſcraps from ſongs of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *firſt row* (*i. e.* diviſion) of one of theſe, to obtain the information he wanted. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —my abridgment—] He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the time*; but I think he now means only *theſe who will ſhorten my talk*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —by the altitude of a *chioppine*.] A *chioppine* is a high ſhoe worn by the Italians, as in Tho. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, Act 5. Song.

The Italian in her high *chopeene*,

Scotch laſs and lovely *free* too;

The Spaniſh Donna, French Madame,

He doth not ſcare to go to.

So in Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*.

“ I do.

like a piece of uncurrent gold, <sup>2</sup> be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't <sup>3</sup> like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

<sup>1</sup> *Play.* What speech, my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once; but it was never acted; or if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas <sup>4</sup> caviare to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others whose judgment in such matters <sup>5</sup> cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in

“ I do wish myself one of my mistress's *Cioppini*. Another demands, why would he be one of his mistress's *Cioppini*? ”  
“ third answers, because he would make her *higher*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*be not crack'd within the ring.*] That is, *crack'd too much for use*. This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

I find the same phrase in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher.

“ Come to be married to my lady's woman

“ After she's *crack'd in the ring*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*:

“ Light gold, and *crack'd within the ring*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*like friendly falconers,*—] HANMER, who has much illustrated the allusions to falconry, reads, *like French falconers*.

JOHNSON.

*French falconers* is not a correction by Hanmer, but the reading of the first folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Caviare to the general*;] *Caviare* is the spawn of sturgeon pickled, and is imported hither from Russia. HAWKINS.

The *Caviare* is not the spawn of the *sturgeon*, but of the *sterlet*, a fish of the sturgeon kind, which seldom grows above 30 inches long. It is found in many of the rivers of Russia, but the Volga produces the best and in the greatest plenty. See *Bell's Journey from Petersburg to Ispahan*.

B. Jonson has ridiculed the introduction of these foreign delicacies in his *Cynthia's Revels*.—“ He doth learn to eat An-  
“ chovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —*cried in the top of mine,*—] *i. e.* whose judgment I had the highest opinion of. WARBURTON.

I think

in the scenes, <sup>5</sup> set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there were no fallets <sup>6</sup> in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, <sup>7</sup> that might indite the author of affection; <sup>8</sup> but called it, an honest method [as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine]. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas's tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see—*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast*—It is not so;—it begins with Pyrrhus.  
*The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arms,  
 Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
 When he lay couched in the ominous horse;—  
 Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd  
 With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,  
 Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd  
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,*

I think it means only that *were higher than mine*. JOHNSON.  
 Whose judgment, in such matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. *Revisal*.

Perhaps it means only—whose judgment was more clamorously delivered than mine. We still say of a bawling actor, that he speaks *on the top of his voice*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —*set down with as much modesty*—] *Modesty*, for *simplicity*.  
 WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> —*there were no fallets, &c.*] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the later editors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read, *no falt, &c.* STEEV.

<sup>7</sup> —*that might indite the author*—] *Indite*, for *convict*. WARB.  
 —*indite the author of affection*:] *i. e.* convict the author of being a fantastical affected writer. Maria calls Malvolio an *affected ass*, *i. e.* an *affected ass*; and in *Love's Labour Lost* Nathaniel tells the Pedant, that his reasons "*have been witty without affection*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —*but call'd it, an honest method*,—] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One said, there was no falt in the lines, &c. but call'd it an honest method*. The author probably gave it, *But I call'd it an honest method*, &c. JOHNSON.

—*an honest method*,—] *Honest*, for *chaste*. WARBURTON.

*Bak'd*

*Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the bellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks :—So proceed you.*

*Pol.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good  
accent, and good discretion.

*1 Play.* *Anon he finds him,  
Striking, too short, at Greeks : his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command : unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage strikes wide ;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword,  
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,  
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base ; and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For, lo, his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :  
So, like a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.  
But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death : anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region : so after Pyrrhus' pause,  
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work ;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam.—  
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune ! all you gods,  
In general synod take away her power :  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bowel the round nave down the bill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends !*



*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's with your beard; Prythee, say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of baw, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

*I Play.* But *who, oh! who had seen* <sup>9</sup> *the mobled queen*——

*Ham.* The mobled queen?

*Pol.* That's good; mobled queen, is good.

*I Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatening flames

*'With biffen rheum; a clout upon that head,  
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe  
About her lank and all-o'er teemed loins,  
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up;  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd.  
But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;  
The instant burst of clamour that she made,  
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)  
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
And passion in the gods.*

<sup>9</sup> —the mobled queen—] *Mobled* or *mabled* signifies *veiled*. So SANDYS, speaking of the Turkish women, says, *their beauty and faces are MABLED in fine linen, that no more is to be seen than their eyes.* TRAVELS. WARBURTON.

*Mobled* signifies *kuddled, grossly covered.* JOHNSON.

—the mobled queen—] The folio reads—the *innobled* queen; and in all probability it is the true reading. <sup>7</sup> A pompous but unmeaning epithet might be introduced *me* to make her Phrygian majesty appear more ridiculous in following lines, where she is represented as wearing a clout her head; or, *innobled* queen may however signify the *queen unnobled*, i. e. divested of her former dignities. Mr. UP- would read *mob-led* queen. *Magna cemitante caterva.*

STEEVEN:

<sup>1</sup> *With biffen rheum;—*] *Biffen* or *beezen*, i. e. blind. A *w* still in use in some parts of the north of England.

So in *Coriolanus*. “What harm can your *biffos* conspectives glean out of this character?” STEEVENS.

*Pol.* Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do ye hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* Odd's bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, Sirs. [Exit Polonius.]

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

*Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

*Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well. Follow that lord; and, look, you mock him not.—My good friends, [*to Ros. and Guild.*] I'll leave you 'till night. You are welcome to Elsinour.

*Ros.* Good, my lord. [Exeunt.]

*Manet Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Ay, so, God be wi' ye.—Now I am alone.  
Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

P 2

That,

That, from her working, <sup>2</sup> all his visage wan'd;  
<sup>3</sup> Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,  
 With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?  
 For Hecuba!

<sup>4</sup> What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
 Had he the motive and <sup>5</sup> the cue for passion,  
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
 And cleave <sup>6</sup> the general ear with horrid speech,  
 Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,  
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,  
 The very faculty of ears and eyes.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

<sup>2</sup> —all his visage WARM'D;] This might do, did not the old quarto lead us to a more exact and pertinent reading, which is,

—————visage WAN'D;

i. e. turn'd pale or wan. For so the visage appears when the mind is thus affectioned, and not warm'd or flush'd. WARB.

<sup>3</sup> "Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect."] The word aspect (as Mr. Farmer very properly observes) was in Shakespeare's time accented on the second syllable. The folio exhibits the passage, as I have printed it. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The expression of Hamlet, *What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba*, is plainly an allusion to a passage in *Plutarch's Life of Pelopidas*, so exquisitely beautiful, and so pertinent, that I wonder it has never yet been taken notice of.

"And another time, being in a theatre where the tragedy of *Troades of Euripides* was played, he went out of the theatre, and sent word to the players notwithstanding, that they should go on with their play, as if he had been still among them; saying, that he came not away for any misliking he had of them or of the play, but because he was ashamed his people should see him weep, to see the miseries of Hecuba and Andromache played, and that they never saw him pity the death of any one man, of so many of his citizens as he had caused to be slain." HAWKINS.

<sup>5</sup> —the cue for passion,] The hint, the direction. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —the general ear——] The ears of all mankind. See before, *Caviars to the general*, that is, to the multitude.

JOHNSON -  
 Like

Like John-a-dreams, <sup>7</sup> unpregnant of my cause,  
 And can say nothing ;—no, not for a king,  
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,  
<sup>8</sup> A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?  
 Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-crofs,  
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?  
 Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lye i'the throat,  
 As deep as to the lungs ? who does me this ?  
 Yet I should take it :—for it cannot be,  
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
 To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,  
 I should have fatted all the region kites  
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !  
 Remorseless, treacherous, letcherous, ' kindless villain !  
<sup>9</sup> Why, what an afs am I ? This is most brave,  
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
 A scullion ! Fie upon't ! foh !  
<sup>3</sup> About, my brain ! Hum ! I have heard,

<sup>7</sup> —unpregnant of my cause,] Unpregnant, for having no due sense of. WARBURTON.

Rather, not quickened with a new desire of vengeance ; not seeming with revenge. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> A damn'd defeat was made.—] Defeat, for destruction. WARBURTON.

Rather, dispossession. JOHNSON.

The word *defeat* is very licentiously used by the old writers. Shakespeare in another play employs it yet more quaintly—*"Defeat my favour with an usurped beard ;"* and Middleton, in his comedy called *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, says—" I have heard of your *defeat* made upon a mercer." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —kindless—] Unnatural. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Why, what an afs am I ? This is most brave,] The folio reads,

" O vengeance !

" Who ? what an afs am I ? Sure this is most brave."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> About, my brain !] Wits, to your work. Brain, go about the present business. JOHNSON.

4 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
 Have by the very cunning of the scene  
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.  
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of my father  
 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;  
 I'll <sup>5</sup> tent him to the quick; <sup>6</sup> if he but blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,  
 May be the devil; and the devil hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
 (As he is very potent with such spirits)  
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
<sup>7</sup> More relative than this: the play's the thing,  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

4 ———— *I've heard,*

*That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,*] A number of these stories are collected together by Tho. Heywood, in his *Acts Vindication*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ———— *tent him*——] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ———— *if he but blench,*] *if he shrink.*

The word is used by B. and Fletcher in the *Wild Goose Chase*.

"Your sister, Sir? Do you *blench* at that?"——

Again, *The Night-walker*.

"*Blench* at no danger, though it be the gallows."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *More relative than this* :——] *Relative*, for *convictive*. WARB.

*Convictive* is only the consequential sense. *Relative* is, *nearly related, closely connected*. JOHNSON.

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The P A L A C E.*

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,  
and Guildenstern.*

K I N G.

AND can you by no drift of conference  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion;  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* <sup>1</sup> Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you assay him to any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We <sup>2</sup> o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;

<sup>1</sup> Niggard of question; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply.] This is given as the description of  
the conversation of a man whom the speaker found not forward  
to be sounded; and who kept aloof when they would bring him  
to confession: but such a description can never pass but at cross-  
purposes. Shakespeare certainly wrote it just the other way.

Most free of question; but, of our demands,

Niggard in his reply.

That this is the true reading, we need but turn back to the  
preceding scene, for Hamlet's conduct, to be satisfied. WARB.

<sup>2</sup> —o'er-raught on the way:—] Over-raught is over-reached,  
that is, over-took. JOHNSON.

And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it. They are about the court;  
And (as I think) they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true :

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much  
tent me

To hear him so inclin'd.——

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ref.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exit*

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too :  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
\* Affront Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful Espials)  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behaved,  
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you :——

And for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtue  
May bring him to his wonted way again  
To both your honours.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Q.*

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here :—Gracious, so please  
ye,

\* *Affront Ophelia.*] To *affront*, is only to meet directly.

JOHNS.

So in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist* :

“ To-day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow

“ Give lords the *affront*.”

i. e. meet them face to face. STEEVENS.

We will bestow ourselves :—Read on this book ;  
[*To Oph.*

That shew of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,  
<sup>5</sup> 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* Oh, 'tis too true !  
How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-  
science ! [Aside.

The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plastring art,  
Is not <sup>6</sup> more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word.  
Oh heavy burden !

*Pol.* I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.  
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* <sup>7</sup> To be, or not to be ? that is the question.—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or

<sup>5</sup> 'Tis too much prov'd,——] It is found by too frequent  
experience. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——more ugly to the thing that helps it,] That is, compared  
with the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> To be, or not to be ?——] Of this celebrated soliloquy,  
which bursting from a man distracted with contrariety of de-  
sires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own pur-  
poses, is connected rather in the speaker's mind, than on his  
tongue, I shall endeavour to discover the train, and to shew  
how one sentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himself injured in the most enormous and  
atrocious degree, and seeing no means of redress, but such  
as must expose him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on  
his situation in this manner : *Before I can form any rational  
scheme of action under this pressure of distress,* it is necessary to  
decide, whether, *after our present state,* we are to be or not to  
be. That is the question, which, as it shall be answered, will  
determine, *whether 'tis nobler,* and more suitable to the dignity  
of reason, *to suffer the outrages of fortune patiently,* or to take arms  
against



<sup>8</sup> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them?—<sup>9</sup> To die—to sleep—  
 No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—  
 To sleep! perchance, to dream:—Ay, there's the  
 rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this <sup>1</sup> mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life:

against *them*, and by opposing end them, *though perhaps* with the loss of life. If *to die*, were *to sleep*, no more, and *by a sleep* to end the miseries of our nature, such a sleep were *dé-voutly* to be wished; but if *to sleep* in death, be *to dream*, to retain our powers of sensibility, we must *pause* to consider, *in that sleep of death what dreams may come*. This consideration *makes calamity* so long endured; for *who* would bear the vexations of life, which might be ended *by a bare bodkin*, but that he is afraid of something in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conscience, which, by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of *resolution*, checks the vigour of *enterprize*, and makes the *current* of desire stagnate in inactivity.

We may suppose that he would have applied these general observations to his own case, but that he discovered Ophelia.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Or to take arms against A SEA of troubles,] Without question Shakespeare wrote,

———against ASSAIL of troubles.

*i. e.* assault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope proposed *siege*. I know not why there should be so much solicitude about this metaphor. Shakespeare *breaks* his metaphors often, and in this desultory speech there was less need of preserving them. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——To die,—to sleep,——] This passage is ridiculed in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher, as follows.

“——be deceas'd, that is, asleep, for so the word is taken.  
 “To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep; a very figure, Sir.” &c. &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——mortal coil,] *i. e.* turmoil, bustle. WARBURTON.

For who would bear <sup>2</sup> the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the whips and scorns OF TIME,*] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration simply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be sure, then, that Shakespeare wrote,

——— *the whips and scorns OF TH' TIME.*

And the description of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the corruption of this passage is not more than the editor has suspected. *Whips and scorns* have no great connexion with one another, or with *time*: *whips and scorns* are evils of very different magnitude, and though at all *times* *scorn* may be endured, yet the *times* that put men ordinarily in danger of *whips*, are very rare. Falstaff has said, that the *counters would whip him with their quick wits*; but I know not that *whip* can be used for a *scoff* or *insult*, unless its meaning be fixed by the whole expression.

I am afraid lest I should venture too far in correcting this passage. If *whips* be retained, we may read,

*For who would bear the whips and scorns of tyrants.*

But I think that *quip*, a *sneer*, a *sarcastism*, a contemptuous jest, is the proper word, as suiting very exactly with *scorn*. What then must be done with *time*? it suits no better with the new reading than with the old, and *tyrant* is an image too bulky and serious. I read, but not confidently,

*For who would bear the quips and scorns of title.*

It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations only are exposed. JOHNSON.

I think we might venture to read the *whips and scorns of times*, i. e. of times satirical as the age of Shakespeare, which probably furnished him with the idea.

In the times of Elizabeth and James (particularly in the former) there was more illiberal private abuse and peevish satire published, than in any others I ever knew of, except the present ones. I have many of these publications, which were almost all pointed at individuals.

*Whips and scorns* are surely as inseparable companions, as public punishment and infamy.

*Quips*, the word which Dr. Johnson would introduce, is derived, by all etymologists, from *whips*.

Hamlet is introduced as reasoning on a question of general concern-

The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes;  
 When he himself <sup>3</sup> might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,  
<sup>4</sup> To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
 No traveller returns; puzzles the will;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
 And thus the native hue of resolution

concernment. He therefore takes in all such evils as could befall mankind in general, without considering himself at present as a prince, or wishing to avail himself of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed. STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> ———might his *Quietus* make

With a bare *bodkin*? ———] This first expression probably alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition, which was called a *Quietus*.

The word is used for the discharge of an account by Webster, in his *Dutcheys of Malfy*, 1623.

“ You had the trick in audit time to be sick

“ Till I had sign'd your *Quietus*.”

A *bodkin* was, I believe, the ancient term for a *small dagger*. Gaſcoigne, speaking of *Julius Cæſar*, ſays,

“ At laſt with *bodkins*, dub'd and doubt to death

“ All, all his glory vaniſh'd with his breath.”

In the margin of *Stowe's Chronicle*, edit. 1614, it is ſaid, that Cæſar was ſlain with *bodkins*; and in *The Muſes Looking-glaſs*, by Randolph, 1638.

“ *Apho*. A rapier's but a *bodkin*,

“ *Deil*. And a *bodkin*

“ Is a moſt dang'rous weapon; ſince I read

“ Of *Julius Cæſar's* death, I durſt not venture

“ Into a taylor's ſhop for fear of *bodkins*.”

Again, in *The Cuſtom of the Country*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ ———Out with your *bodkin*,

“ Your pocket-dagger, your ſtiletto.” — STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *To groan and ſweat* ———] All the old copies have, *to grunt and ſweat*. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can ſcarcely be borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now !

[*Seeing Ophelia.*

The fair Ophelia ?—<sup>5</sup> Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remembred.

*Oph.* Good, my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day ?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you ; well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I ; I never gave you ought.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right well  
you did ;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,  
As made the things more rich : that perfume lost,  
Take these again ; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

—There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

*Oph.* My lord !

*Ham.* Are you fair ?

*Oph.* What means your lordship ?

*Ham.* <sup>6</sup> That if you be honest and fair, you should  
admit no discourse to your beauty.

<sup>5</sup> — *Nymph, in thy orisons, &c.*] This a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.*] This is the reading of all the modern editions, and is copied from the quarto. The folio reads, *your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.* The true reading seems to be this, *If you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty to no discourse with your beauty.* This is the sense evidently required by the process of the conversation. JOHNSON.

*Oph.*

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceiv'd.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences<sup>7</sup> at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows, as I, do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* Oh, help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to

<sup>7</sup> —at my beck,—] That is, *always ready to come about me.*

*With more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.]* What is the meaning of *thoughts to put them in*? A word is dropt out. We should read,

———*thoughts to put them in* NAME.

This was the progress. The offences are first conceived and named, then projected to be put in act, then executed. WARE.

*To put a thing into thought, is to think on it.* JOHNSON.

a nunnery;

a nunnery; farewell: or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

*Opb.* Heavenly powers restore him!

*Ham.* <sup>8</sup> I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and <sup>9</sup> make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

*Opb.* Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

<sup>1</sup> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and <sup>2</sup> the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers! Quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,

<sup>8</sup> *I have heard of your painting too, well enough, &c.*] This is according to the quarto; the folio, for *painting*, has *prattling*, and for *face*, has *pace*, which agrees with what follows, *you jig, you amble*. Probably the author wrote both. I think the common reading best. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*make your wantonness your ignorance.*] You mistake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to mistake by *ignorance*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;*] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus:

*The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword;*  
otherwise the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to the *soldier*, and the *scholar* wears the *sword*. WARNER.

<sup>2</sup> —*the mould of form,*] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. JOHNSON.

Blasted with ecstasy<sup>3</sup>. Oh, woe is me !  
To have seen what I have seen ; see what I see.

*Enter King and Polonius.*

*King.* Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;  
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose  
Will be some danger ; which, how to prevent,  
I have in quick determination  
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute :  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart,  
Whereon his brain still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

*Pol.* It shall do well. But yet do I believe  
The origin and commencement of this grief  
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia ?  
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ;  
We heard it all. *[Exit Ophelia.]*

My lord, do as you please.  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play  
Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him  
To shew his griefs ; let her be round with him ;  
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find him not,  
To England send him ; or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so.  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>3</sup> —with *ecstasy*.] The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind.

So G. Douglas, translating—*stetit acris fixa dolore*.

“ In *ecstasy* she stood, and mad almight.”

So in *Macbeth* :

“ ———on the torture of the mind to lie

“ In restless *ecstasy*.” STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II

*A ball.**Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of <sup>3</sup> the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but

<sup>3</sup> — *the groundlings ;* — ] The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocasta*, translated from *Euripides*, by Geo. Gascoigne and Fra. Kinwelmerth, the order of these dumb shews is very minutely described. This play was presented at Gray's Inn by them in 1566. The dumb shews included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they exhibit a picture of one single scene, which is afterwards performed on the stage. In some other pieces I have observed, that these exhibitions served to introduce such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented. In short, they sometimes supplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the space of time which was necessary to pass while business was supposed to be transacted in foreign parts. With this method of preserving the unity of time, our ancestors appear to have been satisfied. Ben Jonson mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt. "The understanding gentlemen "of the ground here." The *groundling*, in its primitive signification, means a fish which always keeps at the bottom of the water, STEEVENS.



<sup>4</sup> inexplicable dumb shews, and noise : I could ha-  
such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing <sup>5</sup> Termagant ;  
out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

*Play.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither ; but let your o-  
discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the wo-  
the word to the action ; with this special observar-  
that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature ; for :  
thing so overdone is from the purpose of playin-  
whose end, both at the first, and now, was and  
to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature ; to sh-  
virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, :  
the very <sup>6</sup> age and body of the time, his form :  
<sup>7</sup> pressure. Now this over-done, or come tardy :  
though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but ma-  
the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one m-  
in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of oth-  
Oh, there be players that I have seen play, :  
heard others praise, and that highly (<sup>8</sup> not to sp-  
it profanely) that neither having the accent of christi-  
nor the gait of christian, pagan, or man, have

<sup>4</sup> —*inexplicable dumb shews,*—] I believe the meaning  
*shews, without words to explain them.* JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, shews which are too confusedly condu-  
to explain themselves. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —*Termagant ;*—] *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, a  
clamorous and violent in the old moralities. PERCY.

*Termagant* is mentioned by Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*,  
Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas*, and by B. and Fletche-  
*King or no King*, as follows :

“ ‘This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a sol-  
“ like *Termagant*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —*age and body of the time,*—] The *age* of the *time*  
hardly pass. May we not read, the *face* and *body*, or did  
author write, the *page* ? The *page* suits well with *form* :  
*pressure*, but ill with *body*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *pressure.*—] Resemblance, as in a *print*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —(*not to speak it profanely*)—] *Profanely* seems to re-  
not to the praise which he has mentioned, but to the cen-  
which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate langu-  
was called *profane*. JOHNSON.

strut

strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

*Play.* I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* Oh, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]  
Will you two help to hasten them?

*Both.* We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ham.* What, ho, Horatio!

*Enter Horatio to Hamlet.*

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man,  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

*Hor.* Oh my dear lord——

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter:  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?  
No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;  
And crook<sup>9</sup> the pregnant hinges of the knee,

<sup>9</sup> —the pregnant hinges of the knee,] I believe the sense of pregnant in this place is, quick, ready, prompt. JOHNSON.

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou he  
 Since ' my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish, her election  
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are tho  
<sup>a</sup> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-ming'  
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,  
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.—  
 There is a play to-night before the king,  
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,  
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.  
 I prythee, when thou seest that act a foot,  
 Even with the very comment of thy soul  
 Observe my uncle; if his occult guilt  
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen;  
 And my imaginations are as foul  
 As <sup>3</sup> Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;  
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
 And, after, we will both our judgments join  
 In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord.

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,  
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I must be i  
 get you a place.

<sup>1</sup> —my dear soul—] Perhaps, my *clear* soul. JOHNSON

<sup>2</sup> *Whose blood and judgment—*] According to the doct  
 of the four humours, *desire* and *confidence* were seated in  
 blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixtur  
 the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*Vulcan's stithy.*—] *Stithy* is a smith's *anvil*. JOHN

*Danish march. A flourish.*

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.*

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish. I eat the air, promise-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, <sup>4</sup> nor mine now, my lord. — You play'd once i' the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*]

*Pol.* That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; <sup>5</sup> they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come, hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* Oh ho! do you mark that?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* <sup>6</sup> Do you think I meant country matters?

<sup>4</sup> —*nor mine now,*—] A man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer than he keep them unspoken. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —*they stay upon your patience.*] May it not be read more intelligibly, *They stay upon your pleasure.* In *Macbeth* it is,

"Noble Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure." JOHNS.

<sup>6</sup> *Do you think I meant country matters?*] I think we must read, *Do you think I meant country manners?* Do you imagine that I meant to sit in your lap, with such rough gallantry as clowns use to their lasses? JOHNSON.

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Oh! your only jig-maker. What should man do, but be merry? For, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables. Oh heavens die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? there

<sup>7</sup> —*Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables.*—] The conceit of these words is not taken. They are an ironical apology for his mother's cheerful looks: two months was long enough in conscience to make any dear husband forgotten. But the editors, in their nonsensical blunder, have made Hamlet say just the contrary. That the devil and he would both go into mourning, though his mother did not. The true reading is this, *Nay, then let the devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a suit of fable.* 'Fore, i. e. before. As much as to say, Let the devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The *Oxford Editor* despises an emendation so easy, and reads it thus, *Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of ermine.* And you could expect no less, when such a critic had the dressing of him. But the blunder was a pleasant one. The senseless editors had wrote *fables*, the fur called, for *fable*, black. And the critic only changed *the* for *for* that; by a like figure, the common people say, *Je rejice the cackles of my heart, for the muscles of my heart*; unlucky mix of one foolishness for another. WARBURTON

I know not why our editors should, with such implacable anger, persecute our predecessors. Our *respoi pñ d'advers.*, dead, it is true, can make no resistance, they may be attacked with great security; but since they can neither feel nor meet the safety of mauling them seems greater than the pleasure nor perhaps would it much misbecome us to remember, and our triumphs over the *nonsensical* and the *senseless*, that we have

there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer<sup>3</sup> not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

wife are men; that *debemur morti*, and, as Swift observed to Burnet, shall soon be among the dead ourselves.

I cannot find how the common reading is nonsense, nor why Hamlet, when he laid aside his dress of mourning, in a country where it was *bitter cold*, and the air was *nipping and eager*, should not have a *suit of fables*. I suppose it is well enough known, that the fur of fables is not black. JOHNSON.

A *suit of the fables* was the richest dress that could be worn in Denmark. STEEVENS.

—*suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse*;—] Amongst the country may-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

—*oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In a small black letter-book, intitled, *Playes Confuted*, by Stephen Gosson, I find the *hobby-horse* enumerated in the list of dances. "For the devil (says this author) "beside the beautie of the houses, and the "stages, sendeth in gearish apparell, maskes, vaulting, tumbling, dauncing of gigges, galiardes, morisces, *bobbi-horses*," &c. and in Green's *Tu quoque*, this expression occurs,

"The other *hobby-horse* I perceiue is not forgotten."

In *TEXNOFAMIA*, or *The Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following stage-direction.

"Enter a *hobby-horse* dancing the morrice," &c.

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*.

*Solo.* "Shall the hobby-horse be forgot then,

"The hopeful hobby-horse, shall he lie founder'd?"

This scene, in which this passage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has said concerning the *hobby-horse*.

So in Ben Jonson's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Alisborne*.

"But see, *the hobby-horse* is forgot.

"Fool, it must be your lot,

"To supply his want with faces,

"And some other buffoon graces." STEEVENS.

*Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.*

9 *Enter a king and queen very lovingly ; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck ; lays him down upon a bank of flowers ; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him*

9 *Enter a king and queen very lovingly ;—*] Thus have the blundering and inadvertent editors all along given us this stage direction, though we are expressly told by Hamlet anon, that the story of this introduced interlude is the murder of Gonzago duke of Vienna. The source of this mistake is easily to be accounted for, from the stage's *dressing* the characters. *Regal coronets* being at first ordered by the poet for the *duke and dutchess*, the succeeding players, who did not strictly observe the *quality* of the persons, or *circumstances* of the story, mistook 'em for a king and queen ; and so the error was deduced down from thence to the present times. THEOBALD.

*Enter a duke and a dutchess, with regal coronets,—*] *Regal coronets* are improper for any personage below the dignity of king. *Regal*, as a substantive, is the name of a musical instrument now out of use ; but there is an officer of the household, called *Tuner of the Regals*. The cornet is well known to be a musical instrument, and proper for processions.

Might we not then read, *Enter a duke and dutchess, with regals, cornets, &c.* HAWKINS.

The *regal* is not entirely lost in Germany, and is a small portable organ with keys. It appears from an account of the establishment of the household in the first year of the reign of Q. Mary (among the MSS. belonging to the Antiquary Society that the king had a *regal-maker*, who had a salary of 16l. per annum,

Lord Bacon mentions *organs* and *regals* as instruments of a similar construction. The latter are still used in the north parts of Sweden. The word *rigabellum* occurs in Du Cange, who thus defines it.—*Instrumentum musicum, ejus usus in adibus sacris antequam organa, Italis omnino familiaria essent.*

The substance of this note was communicated to the Antiquary Society by the Hon. D. Barrington.

I have copied this order for the dumb shew from the quarto. The folio, nor any other edition that I have ever seen (Theobald's and Warburton's alone excepted) mentions *regal coronets* and to conclude, Theobald seems to have been disputing with himself about the propriety of a circumstance, which does not appear to have had existence. STEEVENS.

*And*

*Anon comes in another man, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison into the sleeper's ears, and exit. The queen returns, finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the queen with gifts; she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts love. [Exeunt.*

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* <sup>1</sup> Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike, this shew imports the argument of play?

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this shew meant?

*Ham.* Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him.

<sup>1</sup> *Marry, this is miching MALICHO; it means mischief.*] The *ford* Editor, imagining that the speaker had here englished his own cant phrase of *miching malicho*, tells us (by his glossary) that it signifies *mischief lying hid*, and that *malicho* is the Spanish *albico*; whereas it signifies, *Lying in wait for the poisoner*. Which, the speaker tells us, was the very purpose of this representation. It should therefore be read *MALHECHOR* Spanish, *poisoner*. So *mich* signified, originally, to keep hid and out of sight; and, as such men generally did it for the purposes of lying in wait, it then signified to rob. And in this use Shakespeare uses the noun, a *micher*, when speaking of the late Henry amongst a gang of robbers. *Shall the blessed sun heaven prove a micher? Shall the son of England prove a thief?* And in this sense it is used by Chaucer, in his translation of *Le Roman de la Rose*, where he turns the word *lierre* which is *larron, voleur*) by *micher*. *WARBURTON.*

I think Hanmer's exposition most likely to be right. Dr. Warburton, to justify his interpretation, must write, *miching malechor*, and even then it will be harsh. *JOHNSON.*

The quarto reads *munching mallico*. *STEEVENS.*



Be not you asham'd to shew <sup>2</sup>, he'll not shame to t  
you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught. I'll ma  
the play.

*Pro.* For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your bearing patiently.

*Ham.* Is this <sup>1</sup> prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a Duke and a Dutchess.*

*Duke.* Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart go  
round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;  
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed <sup>3</sup> sheen  
About the world have times twelve thirty been,  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

*Dutch.* So many journeys may the sun and moon  
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.  
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:  
For women fear too much, <sup>4</sup> even as they love.

<sup>2</sup> — *Be not you asham'd to shew, &c.*] The conversation  
Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to disgust every  
modern reader, is probably such as was peculiar to the young  
fashionable of the age of Shakespeare, which was, by  
means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable  
for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expression,  
the characteristic of madness, at least, of such madness  
should be represented on the scene. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *sheen*] Splendor, lustre. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *even as they love.*] Here seems to be a line lost, wh  
should have rhymed to *love*. JOHNSON.

And women's fear and love hold quantity ;  
In neither ought, or in extremity.  
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;  
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.  
[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]

Duke. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too :

My operant powers their functions leave to do,  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, lov'd ; and, haply, one as kind  
For husband shalt thou——

Dutch. Oh, confound the rest !

Such love must needs be treason in my breast :  
In second husband let me be accurst !  
None wed the second, but who kill the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

Dutch. The instances, that second marriage move,  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe you think what now you speak ;  
But what we do determine, oft we break ;  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity :  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,  
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

<sup>s</sup> And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.] Mr. POME says, I read *fix'd* ; and, indeed, I do so : because, I observe, the quarto of 1605 reads, *fix'd* ; that of 1611, *fixt* ; the folio in 1632, *fix* ; and that in 1623, *fix'd* : and because, besides, the whole tenor of the context demands this reading : for the lady evidently is talking here of the quantity and proportion of her love and fear ; not of their continuance, duration, or stability. Cleopatra expresses herself much in the same manner, with regard to her grief for the loss of Antony.

——our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> The instances,——] The motives. JOHNSON.

Most

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
 To pay ourselves <sup>7</sup> what to ourselves is debt :  
 What to ourselves in passion we propos<sup>c</sup>,  
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose ;  
<sup>8</sup> The violence of either grief or joy,  
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy :  
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;  
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
 This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,  
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change  
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
 Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love.  
 The great man down, you mark, his favorite flies  
 The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.  
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,  
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;  
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
 Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,  
 Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,  
 That our devices still are overthrown ;  
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.  
 So think, thou wilt no second husband wed ;  
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

*Dutch.* Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light  
 Sport and repose, lock from me, day and night !  
 [To desperation turn my trust and hope !

<sup>9</sup> An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !]

<sup>7</sup> —*what to ourselves is debt :*] The performance of a resolution, in which only the *resolver* is interested, is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *The violence of either grief or joy,*

*Their own enactures with themselves destroy :*] What grief or joy enact or determine in their violence, is revoked in the abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto ; all the modern editions have *enactors*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a prison. *Anchor* is for *anchoret*. JOHNSON.

Ea

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,  
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!  
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife!  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now——

*Duke.* 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*]

*Dutch.* Sleep rock thy brain,

And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady protests too much, methinks.

*Ham.* Oh, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest. No offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* *The Mouse-Trap.* Marry, how? tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife's 'Baptista: you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter Lucianus.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

<sup>1</sup> *Baptista* is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man.

<sup>2</sup> *Ham.* *I could interpret, &c.*] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all *motions* or *puppet-shows*, and interpreted to the audience.

*Two Gent. of Verona:*

"Oh excellent *motion*! oh exceeding *puppet*!

"Now will he *interpret* for her." STEEVENS.

*Oph.*

*Hor.* You might have rhym'd.

*Ham.* Oh, good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning?—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha! Come, some music. Come, the recorders.

For if the king like not the comedy;

<sup>1</sup> Why, then, belike—He likes it not, perdy.

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Come, some music.

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, Sir——

*Ham.* Ay, Sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvelous distemper'd—

*Ham.* <sup>2</sup> With drink, Sir?

said, the birds, being weary of their state of anarchy, moved for the setting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with submission, in this passage of our Shakespeare, there is not the least mention made of the *eagle* in antithesis to the *peacock*; and it must be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himself stands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is setting his father's and uncle's characters in contrast to each other: and means to say, that by his father's death the state was stripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his stead reign'd the most despicable poisonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock*, or *toad*. *PAD*, *bufo*, *rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of Hamlet's own substituting. The verses, repeated, seem to be from some old ballad; in which, rhyme being necessary, I doubt not but the last verse ran thus;

*A very, very——as.* THEOBALD.

<sup>1</sup> *Why, then, belike—*] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *With drink, Sir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink shall not be forgotten. JOHNSON.

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, Sir.—Pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseased. But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more but to the matter. My mother, you say——

*Ros.* Then thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any <sup>3</sup> further trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* So I do still, <sup>4</sup> by these pickers and stealers.

<sup>3</sup> —further trade—] Further business; further dealing.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —by these pickers, &c.] By these hands. JOHNSON.

*Rof.* Good my lord, what is your cause of c  
temper? You do, surely, bar the door of your o  
liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Rof.* How, can that be, when you have the vo  
of the king himself for your succession in Denmar

*Ham.* Ay, but *while the grass grows*—the provi  
is something musty.

*Enter one, with a recorder.*

Oh, the recorders; let me see one.—To withdr  
with you—Why do you go about to recover t  
wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* <sup>5</sup> Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, i  
love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will y  
play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these <sup>6</sup> ve  
tages with your fingers and thumb <sup>7</sup>, give it brea  
with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquer  
music. Look you, these are the stops.

<sup>5</sup> *Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly*  
i. e. if my duty to the king makes me press you a little, m  
love to you makes me still more importunate. If that make  
me bold, this makes me even unmannerly. WARRBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *—ventages—*] The holes of a flute. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—and thumb,—*] One of the quartos reads—with you  
fingers and the *umber*. This may probably be the ancient  
name for that piece of moveable brass at the end of a flute  
which is either raised or depressed by the finger. The wo  
*umber* is used by Stowe the chronicler, who, describing a fing  
combat between two knights—says, “ he brast up his *and*  
“ three times.” In this last sense I can give no probable gue  
at its meaning. STEVENS.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ? you would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—God bless you, Sir.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

*Pol.* By the mass, and it's like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weazel<sup>8</sup>.

*Pol.* It is back'd like a weazel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale ?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by and by—  
<sup>9</sup> they fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so.

<sup>8</sup> *Metbinks, &c.*] This passage has been printed in modern editions thus :

Methinks it like *an ouzle*, &c. *Pol.* It is *black* like an *ouzel*.

The first folio reads, *it is like a WEAZEL*.

*Pol.* It is *back'd* like a *weasel* ; and what occasion for alteration there was, I cannot find out. The *weasel* is remarkable for the length of its *back* ; but though I believe a *black weasel* is not easy to be found, yet it is as likely that the cloud should resemble a *weasel* in shape, as an *ouzele* (*i. e.* black-bird) in colour. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *they fool me to the top of my bent.*—] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer. JOHNSON.



*Ham.* By and by is easily said. Leave me, friend  
[*Exit*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself break  
out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink  
blood,

' And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my  
ther—

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :  
Let me be cruel, but not unnatural :  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites ;  
How in my words soever she be shent <sup>2</sup>,  
<sup>3</sup> To give them seals never my soul consent !

<sup>1</sup> *And to do such BITTER business as the day  
Would quake to look on.*—] The expression is almost  
lesque. The old quarto reads,

*And do such business as the BITTER day  
Would quake to look on.*—

This is a little corrupt indeed, but much nearer Shakespeare  
words, who wrote,

—BETTER day,

which gives the sentiment great force and dignity. At  
very time (says he) hell breathes out contagion to the world  
whereby *night* becomes polluted and execrable; the hour  
therefore of this season fits me for a deed, which the *pure* :  
*sacred day* would quake to look on. This is said with great  
classical propriety. According to ancient superstition, *night*  
was prophane and execrable ; and *day*, pure and holy. *WATTS*

And to do such *bitter business*—] This expression *bitter  
business* is still in use, and though at present a vulgar phrase  
might not have been such in the age of Shakespeare.

*WATTS*, in his *Logic*, says : “ Bitter is an equivocal word  
“ there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are  
“ *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning.” It is, in short,  
any thing unpleasant or hurtful. *STEEVENS*.

<sup>2</sup> —be *shent*,] To *shent*, is to treat with injurious language.  
So in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher :

“ —We shall be *shent* soundly.” *STEEVENS*.

<sup>3</sup> To give them seals—] i. e. put them in execution. *WAR*

S C E N E III.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

*King.* I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us  
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you ;  
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,  
And he to England shall along with you.  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow  
+ Out of his lunes.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide :  
Most holy and religious fear it is  
To keep those many, many bodies, safe,  
That live and feed upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more,  
+ That spirit, on whose weal depend and rest

+ *Out of his lunacies.*] The old quartos read,  
*Out of his brows.*

This was from the ignorance of the first editors ; as is this  
unnecessary Alexandrine, which we owe to the players. The  
poet, I am persuaded, wrote,

————as doth hourly grow

*Out of his lunes.*

i.e. his *madness, frenzy.* THEOBALD.

*Lunacies* is the reading of the folio.

I take *brows* to be, properly read, *frowns*, which, I think,  
is a provincial word for *perverse humours* ; which being, I sup-  
pose, not understood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I  
am not confident. JOHNSON.

I would receive THEOBALD's emendation, because Shake-  
speare uses the word *lunes* in the same sense in *The Merry Wives*  
*of Windsor*. From the redundancy of the measure nothing can  
be inferred. STEEVENS.

+ *That spirit, on whose weal—*] So the quarto. The folio  
gives,

On whose *spirit*.

The lives of many. The cease of majesty  
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
 What's near it, with it. It is a massy wheel  
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.  
*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage  
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
 Which now grows too free-footed.

*Both.* We will haste us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;  
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself  
 To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax his  
 home:  
 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
 'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,  
<sup>6</sup> Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear  
 The speech, <sup>7</sup> of vantage. Fare you well, m  
 liege;

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
 And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.  
 Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
 It hath the primal, eldest, curse upon't;  
 A brother's murder!—Pray I cannot,

<sup>6</sup> *Since nature makes them partial, &c.]*

“ ———Matres omnes filias

“ In peccato adjutrices, auxilii in paterna injuria

“ Solent esse.” ——— *Ter. Haut. Act. 5. Sc. 2.*

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ———*of vantage.*] By some opportunity of secret observation. JOHNSON.

Thought

' Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill ;  
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent :  
 And, like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect. What if this curled hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ;  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,  
 But to confront the visage of offence ?  
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,  
 To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;  
 My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer  
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—  
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
 ' May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world,  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :  
 There, is no shuffling ; there, the action lies  
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?  
 Try, what repentance can : what can it not ?  
 ' Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?

\* Dr. WARRURTON would read,

Though inclination be as sharp as *th'* ill.

The old reading is—as sharp as *will*. STEEVENS.

I have followed the easier emendation of THEOBALD received by HANMER. JOHNSON.

' May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his offence. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

' Yet what can it, when one CANNOT repent ?] *What can repentance do for a man that cannot be penitent*, for a man who has only part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment. JOHNSON.

Oh wretched state ! oh bosom, black as death !  
 ° Oh limed soul ; that, struggling to be free,  
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels ! make assay !  
 Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart, with strings of  
                   steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !  
 All may be well. [The King kneels.]

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;  
 And now I'll do't.—And so he goes to heaven.  
 And so am I reveng'd ? that would be scann'd.

A villain kills my father ; and for that  
 ' I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
 To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
 He took my father grossly, full of bread ;  
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;  
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?  
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,  
 To take him in the purging of his soul,  
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?  
 No.——

² Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent ;  
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;

Or

° Oh, *limed* soul ;——] This alludes to *bird-lime*. Shakespeare uses the same again, *Henry VI.* P. ii.

“ Madam, myself have *lim'd* a bush for her.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *I, his sole son, do this same villain send*] The folio reads *scule* son, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his only son*, who am bound to punish his murderer. JOHNSON.

² In the common editions,

*Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid time.*] This is a sophisticated reading, warranted by none of the copies of any authority. Mr. POPE says, I read conjecturally ;

——— *a more horrid bent.*

I do

Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed,  
At gaming, swearing; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't :  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

*The King rises.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain  
below;  
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to the Queen's closet.*

*Enter Queen and Polonius.*

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home  
to him :  
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear  
with;  
And that your grace hath screen'd, and stood between

I do so; and why? the two oldest quartos, as well as the two  
elder folios, read,

————— *a more horrid hent.*

But as there is no such English substantive, it seems very natural to conclude, that with the change of a single letter, our author's genuine word was, *bent*; i. e. *drift, scope, inclination, purpose, &c.* THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by Sir T. HANMER and Dr. WARBURTON; but *bent* is probably the right word. To *bent* is used by Shakespeare for, to *seize*, to *catch*, to *lay hold on*. *Hent* is, therefore, *hold*, or *seizure*. Lay hold on him, sword, at a more horrid time. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *As hell, whereto it goes.*—] This speech, in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered.

JOHNSON.

Much

Much heat and him. \* I'll silence me e'en here :  
Pray you, 'be round 'with him.

*Ham.* [*within.*] Mother, mother, mother !——

*Queen.* I'll warrant you ; fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius bides himself*]

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of  
fended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an idle  
tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet ?

*Ham.* What's the matter now ?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me ?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife.

And, 'would it were not so !—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then I'll fet those to you that can  
speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall  
not budge.

You go not, 'till I fet you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder  
me ?

Help, help, ho !

\* ——*I'll silence me e'en here :*

*Pray you, be round with him.*] Sir T. HANMER, who is  
followed by Dr. WARBURTON, reads,

——*I'll sconce me here.*

*Retire to a place of security.* They forget that the contrivance  
of Polonius to overhear the conference, was no more told to  
the queen than to Hamlet.—*I'll silence me even here,* is, *I'll*  
*use no more words.* JOHNSON.

*Pol*

*Pol.* What ho! help! [*Bebind.*]

*Ham.* How now, a rat <sup>5</sup>? Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet strikes at Polonius through the arras.*]

*Pol.* Oh, I am slain.

*Queen.* Oh me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not: is it the king?

*Queen.* Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king?

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*When he sees it is Polonius.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; <sup>6</sup> takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' oaths: Oh, such a deed,

As <sup>7</sup> from the body of contraction plucks

<sup>5</sup> *How now, a rat?*—] This (as Mr. FARMER has observed) is an expression borrowed from *The History of Hamlet*, a translation from the French of Belleforest. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *—takes off the rose*] Alluding to the custom of wearing roses on the side of the face. See a note on a passage in *King*

*John*. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *—from the body of contraction*—] *Contraction*, for marriage-contraction. WARBURTON.



The very soul; and sweet religion makes  
 A rhapsody of words. <sup>8</sup> Heaven's face doth glow;  
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
 Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ay me! what act,

<sup>9</sup> That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

*Ham.*

<sup>8</sup> — *Heaven's face doth glow;*

*Yea, this solidity and compound mass,*

*With tristful visage, as against the doom,*

*Is thought-sick at the act.*] If any sense can be found here, it is this. The sun glows [and does it not always] and the very solid mass of earth has a tristful visage, and is thought-sick. All this is sad stuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's sense,

*Heaven's face does glow,*

*O'er this solidity and compound mass,*

*With heated visage, as against the doom,*

*Is thought-sick at the act.*

From whence it appears, that Shakespeare wrote,

*Heaven's face doth glow,*

*O'er this solidity and compound mass,*

*With tristful visage; AND, as 'gainst the doom,*

*Is thought-sick at the act.*

This makes a fine sense, and to this effect. The sun looks upon our globe, the scene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipse, as at the day of doom. *WARBURTON.*

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not so striking as *tristful*, which was, I suppose, chosen at the revival. I believe the whole passage now stands as the author gave it. *Dr. WARBURTON's* reading restores two improprieties, which Shakespeare, by his alteration, had removed. In the first, and in the new reading: *Heaven's face glows with tristful visage*; and, *Heaven's face is thought-sick*. To the common reading there is no just objection. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>9</sup> *That roars so loud, &c.*] The meaning is, *What is this act*, of which the *discovery*, or *mention*, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour? *JOHNSON.*

— *and thunders in the index?*] *Mr. EDWARDS*, I think, says, that the *indexes* of many old books were at that time inserted at the beginning, instead of the end, as is now the custom. This observation I have often seen confirmed.

So



Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice  
 To serve in such a difference.]——What devil was't,  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind ?  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.  
 O shame ! where is thy blush ? <sup>5</sup> Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,

To

the universe, is amongst bodies devoid of *sensu*. We should read,

*Else, could you not have NOTION,*  
 i. e. intellect, reason, &c. This alludes to the famous peripatetic principle of, *Nil fit in INTELLECTU, quod non fuerit in SENSU*. And how fond our author was of applying, and alluding to, the principles of this philosophy, we have given several instances. The principle in particular has been since taken for the foundation of one of the noblest works that these latter ages have produced. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> ——at hoodmand blind ?] This is, I suppose, the same as *blindman's buff*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——Rebellious hell,

*If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones, &c.*] Alluding to what he had told her before, that her enormous conduct shewed a kind of possession.

——What devil was't,

*That thus hath, &c.*——

And again afterwards,

*For us can almost change the stamp of nature,*

*And master even the devil, or throw him out*

*With wondrous potency*——

But the Oxford Editor, not apprehending the meaning, alters it to

——rebellious heat,

*If thou canst, &c.*

And so makes nonsense of it. For must not *rebellious lust* mutiny wherever it is quartered ? That it should get there might seem strange, but that it should do its kind when it was there seems to be natural enough. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading right, but cannot admit that HANMER's emendation produces nonsense. May not what is said

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire :—Proclaim no shame,  
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And <sup>6</sup> reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more :  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,  
And there I see such black and <sup>7</sup> grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
In the rank sweat of an <sup>8</sup> incestuous bed ;  
Stew'd in corruption ; honying, and making love  
Over the nasty tye!——

*Queen.* Oh, speak to me no more ;  
These words like daggers enter in mine ears :——  
No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain!——  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord!—a <sup>9</sup> vice of kings!——  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;  
' That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more.——

said of *heat*, be said of *hell*, that it will mutiny wherever it is quartered? Though the emendation be elegant, it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*reason panders will.*] So the folio, I think rightly ; but the reading of the quarto is defensible ;

——*reason pardons will.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*grained—*] Dyed in grain. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*incestuous bed* ;] The folio has *enseamed*, that is, *greasy* bed. JOHNSON.

*Incestuous* is the reading of the quarto, 1611. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*vice of kings* !] a low mimick of kings. The vice is the fool of a farce ; from whom the modern *punch* is descended.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *That from a shelf, &c.*] This is said not unmeaningly, but to shew, that the usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villainy that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARBURTON.

*Enter*

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* <sup>2</sup> A king of shreds and patches.—  
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
[*Starting up.*  
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious  
figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, <sup>3</sup> laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;  
O, step between her and her fighting soul:  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.—  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you;  
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, <sup>4</sup> like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you, how pale  
he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

<sup>2</sup> *A king of shreds and patches.*] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *vice of kings*. The *vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*laps'd in time and passion.*—] That, having suffered time to slip, and passion to cool, lets go, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —*like life in excrements.*] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation; yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c. POPE.

Would

Would make them capable.—Do not look on me ;  
 Rest with this piteous action you convert  
 My stern effects : then what I have to do  
 Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! Look, how it steals  
 away !

My father, in his habit as he liv'd !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :  
 This bodiless creation, ecstasy  
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
 And makes as healthful music. It is not madness  
 That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,  
 And I the matter will re-word ; which madness  
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :  
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;  
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;

*My father, in his habit as he liv'd !* If the poet means  
 by this expression, that his father appeared in his own *familiar*  
*habit*, he has either forgot that he had originally introduced  
 him in *armour*, or must have meant to vary his dress at this  
 his last appearance. The father of Hamlet, though a warlike  
 prince, was hardly always dressed in armour, or slept (as is re-  
 ported of Hacho king of Norway) with his battle-axe in his  
 hand.

This difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing  
 the line thus :

*My father—in his habit—as he liv'd.* STEEVENS.

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
 And <sup>6</sup> do not spread the compost on the weeds  
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue  
 For, in the fatness of these purfy times,  
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
 Yea, <sup>7</sup> curb and wooe, for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart i  
 twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
 And live the purer with the other half.  
 Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;  
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
 [<sup>8</sup> That monster custom, who all sense doth eat  
 Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;  
 That to the use of actions fair and good  
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;]  
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
 To the next abstinence: [the next, more easy;  
 For use can almost change the stamp of nature,  
 And master the devil, or throw him out  
 With wondrous potency.] Once more, good night  
 And when you are desirous to be blest,  
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,  
 [*Pointing to Polonius*

<sup>6</sup> —do not spread the compost, &c.] Do not, by any new  
 indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —curb—] That is, bend and truckle. FR. COURBER.

<sup>8</sup> That monster custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;] This passage is let  
 out in the two elder folios: it is certainly corrupt, and the  
 players did the discreet part to stifle what they did not under-  
 stand. *Habit's devil* certainly arose from some conceited tam-  
 perer with the text, who thought it was necessary, in contra-  
 dict to *angel*. The emendation of the text I owe to the sagacity of  
 Dr. THIRLBY.

That monster custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habits evil, is angel, &c. THEOBALD.

I think THIRLBY's conjecture wrong, though the succeeding  
 editors have followed it; *angel* and *devil* are evidently op-  
 posed. JOHNSON.

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
 ' To punish this with me, and me with this,  
 That I must be their scourge and minister.  
 I will bestow him, and will answer well  
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—  
 I must be cruel, only to be kind;  
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
 One word more, good lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid you do.  
 ' Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse;  
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
 Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
 Make you to ravel all this matter out.  
 ' That I essentially am not in madness,  
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.  
 For

<sup>a</sup> *To punish this with me, &c.*] This is HANMER's reading;  
 the other editions have it,

*To punish me with this, and this with me.* JOHNSON.

*Let the fond king—*] The old quarto reads,

*Let the bloat king—*

i. e. bloated, which is better, as more expressive of the speaker's  
 contempt. WARBURTON.

<sup>a</sup> *That I essentially am not in madness,*

*But mad in craft.*—] The reader will be pleased to see  
 Mr. FARMER's extract from the old quarto *Historie of Hamblet*,  
 of which he had a fragment only in his possession.—“ It was  
 “ not without cause, and juste occasion, that my gestures,  
 “ countenances, and words, seeme to proceed from a madman,  
 “ and that I desire to haue all men esteeme mee wholly depriued  
 “ of sence and reasonable understanding, bycause I am well  
 “ assured, that he that hath made no conscience to kill his  
 “ owne brother (accustomed to murders, and allured with  
 “ desire of gouernement without controll in his treasons) will  
 “ not spare to faue himselfe with the like crueltie, in the blood,  
 “ and flesh of the loyns of his brother, by him massacred: and  
 “ therefore it is better for me to sayne madnesse, then to use  
 “ my right senses as nature hath bestowed them upon me.  
 “ The bright shining clearnes therof I am forced to hide vnder  
 “ this shadow of dissimulation, as the sun doth hir beams  
 “ vnder



For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
 Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?  
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
<sup>3</sup> Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
 Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,  
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
 And break your neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of  
 breath,  
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
 What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England; you know that?

*Queen.* Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* [<sup>4</sup> There's letters seal'd: and my two school-  
 fellows,

" vnder some great cloud, when the wether in summer time  
 " ouercasteth: the face of a madman serueth to couer my gal-  
 " lant countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for me,  
 " to the end that, guiding myself wisely therin, I may pre-  
 " serue my life for the Danes and the memory of my late de-  
 " ceased father, for that the desire of reuenging his death is  
 " so ingrauen in my heart, that if I dye not shortly, I hope to  
 " take such and so great vengeance, that these countryes shall  
 " for euer speake thereof. Neuerthelesse I must stay the time,  
 " meanes, and occasion, lest by making ouer great hast, I be  
 " now the cause of mine owne sodaine ruine and ouerthrow,  
 " and by that meanes end, before I beginne to effect my hearts  
 " desire: hee that hath to doe with a wicked, disloyall, cruell,  
 " and discourteous man, must vse craft, and politike inuen-  
 " tions, such as a fine witte can best imagine, not to discouer  
 " his interprise: for seeing that by force I cannot effect my  
 " desire, reason alloweth me by dissimulation, subtiltie, and  
 " secret practises to proceed therin." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Unpeg the basket on the house's top,*

*Let the birds fly;—*] Sir John Suckling, in one of his  
 letters, may possibly allude to the same story. " It is the  
 " story of the jackanapes and the partridges; thou starest after  
 " beauty till it is lost to thee, and then let's it out another, and  
 " starest after that till it is gone too." WARNER.

<sup>4</sup> *There's letters seal'd, &c.*] The ten following verses are  
 added out of the old edition. POPE.

Who

Whom I will trust, as I will <sup>5</sup> adders fang'd,  
 They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,  
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work :  
 For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer  
 Hoist with his own petard ; and it shall go hard,  
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
 And blow them at the moon. <sup>6</sup> O, 'tis most sweet,  
 When in one line two crafts directly meet !]  
 This man shall set me packing.  
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—  
 Mother, good night.—Indeed this counsellor  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
 ' Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
 Good night, mother.

[*Exit the Queen, and Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

<sup>5</sup> —adders fang'd,] That is, adders with their *fangs*, or *poisonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boast the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they first disabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —O, 'tis most sweet,

*When in one line two crafts directly meet !*] I heartily wish any of the copies would have authorized me to leave out the seven following lines. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Shakespeare has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a conclusion suitable to the magnificence of its beginning. After this last interview with the *Ghost*, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence. STEEVENS.

## 'A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*A royal apartment.**Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

K I N G.

THERE's matter in these sighs, these profound  
heaves ;  
You must translate ; 'tis fit we understand them :  
Where is your son ?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while.

*[To Ros. and Guild. who go out.]*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night ?

*King.* What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

*Queen.* Mad as the seas and wind, when both con-  
tend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat ! a rat !  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there.

His liberty is full of threats to all ;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of  
haunt,

Th i :

\* This play is printed in the old editions without any sep-  
aration of the acts. The division is modern and arbitrary ; and  
is here not very happy, for the pause is made at a time when  
there is more continuity of action than in almost any other  
of the scenes. JOHNSON.

\* ———— *out of haunt,*] I would rather read, *out of harm.*

JOHNSON  
O u

This mad young man. But, so much was our love,  
We would not understand what was most fit,  
But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,  
O'er whom his very madness, <sup>3</sup> like some ore  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shews itself pure:—he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O Gertrude, come away!  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,  
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.  
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. Pray you, haste in this.

*[Exeunt Ros. and Guild.]*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,  
And let them know both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done. *[For haply, slander,*  
✧ *Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,*

As

*Out of haunt*, means *out of company*; the place where men  
assemble, is often poetically called the *haunt of men*. So in  
*Romeo and Juliet*:

“We talk here in the public *haunt of men*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*like some ore*] Shakespeare seems to think *ore* to be *cr*,  
that is, gold. Base metals have *ore* no less than precious.

JOHNSON.

✧ *Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,*

*As level as the cannon to his blank,*

*Transports its poison'd shot, may miss our name,*

*And hit the woundless air.*—O, come away!] Mr. POPE

takes notice, that I replace some verses that were imperfect,  
(and, though of a modern date, seem to be genuine) by insert-

As level as the cannon to his blank,  
 Transports its poison'd shot, may miss our name,  
 And hit the woundless air.]—O, come away!  
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Another room.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.—But, soft—

*Ref. &c. within.* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet?  
 Oh, here they come.

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Ref.* What have you done, my lord, with the  
 dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ing two words. But to see what an accurate and faithful collator he is, I produced these verses in my *Shakespeare Restored*, from a quarto edition of *Hamlet*, printed in 1637, and happened to say, that they had not the authority of any earlier date in print, than that quarto. Upon the strength of this Mr. POPE comes and calls the lines *modern*, though they are in the quartos of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then seen, but both of which Mr. POPE pretends to have collated. The verses carry the very stamp of Shakespeare upon them. The coin, indeed, has been clipt from our first receiving it; but it is not so diminished, but that with a small assistance we may hope to make it pass current. I am far from affirming, that, by inserting the words, *For baply, slander*, I have given the poet's very words; but the supplement is such as the sentiment naturally seems to demand. The poet has the same thought, concerning the diffusive powers of *slander*, in another of his plays:

“———No, 'tis *slander*;

“ Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

“ Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath

“ Rides on the poisoning winds, and doth bely

“ All corners of the world.” *Cymbeline.* THEOBALD.

Rof. Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it  
thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Rof. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counfel, and not mine  
own. Besides, to be demanded of a fponge ! what  
replication fhould be made by the fon of a king ?

Rof. Take you me for a fponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that foaks up the king's counte-  
nance, his rewards, his authorities. But fuch officers  
do the king beft fervice in the end : he keeps them,  
like an ape, in the corner of his jaw ; firft mouth'd,  
to be laft fwallow'd. When he needs what you have  
glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, fponge, you  
fhall be dry again.

Rof. I underftand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavifh fpeech fleeps in  
a foolifh ear.

Rof. My lord, you muft tell us where the body is,  
and go with us to the king.

Ham. <sup>6</sup> The body is with the king, but the king  
is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord ?

<sup>5</sup> —like an apple,—] The quarto has *apple*, which is gene-  
rally followed. The folio has *ape*, which HANMER has re-  
ceived, and illuftrated with the following note.

“ It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of  
“ their food, which they take up firft, into a pouch they are  
“ provided with on the fide of their jaw, and then they keep  
“ it, till they have done with the reft.” JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *The body is with the king,—*] This answer I do not com-  
prehend. Perhaps it fhould be, *The body is not with the king,*  
*for the king is not with the body.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the king's houfe  
(i. e. the prefent king's) yet the king (i. e. he who fhould have  
been king) is not with the body. Intimating that the ufurper  
is here, the true king in a better place. STEEVENS.

Ham.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother.—Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and, so, my mother. Come. For England. *[Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:

Away; for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste.

*[Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*

And, England! if my love thou hold'st at aught,

(As my great power thereof may give the sense;

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

<sup>2</sup> By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: 'till I know 'tis done,

<sup>3</sup> Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. *[Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> ———— *set by*

*Our sov'reign process,—*] So HANMER. The others have only *set*. JOHNSON.

————— *set*

*Our sovereign process,—*] I adhere to the reading of the quarto and folio. *To set*, is an expression taken from the gaming-table. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *By letters conjuring—*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

"By letters *congruing*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.*] This being the termination of a scene, should, according to our author's custom, be rhymed. Perhaps he wrote,

*Howe'er my hopes, my joys are not begun.*

If *haps* be retained, the meaning will be, *'till I know 'tis done, I shall be miserable, whatever befall me.* JOHNSON.

S C E N E IV.

*The frontiers of Denmark.*

*Enter Fortinbras with an army.*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;  
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras  
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye,  
And let him know so.

*Capt.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly on. *[Exit Fortinbras, &c.]*

*Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.*

*Ham.* [Good Sir, whose powers are these ?

*Capt.* They are of Norway, Sir.

*Ham.* How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you ?

*Capt.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who commands them, Sir ?

*Capt.* The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,  
Or for some frontier ?

*Capt.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Capt.* Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand  
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;

That inward breaks, and shews no cause without

Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

*Capt.*



*Capt.* God b'wi'ye, Sir.

*Rof.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I'll be with you strait. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his <sup>4</sup> chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he that made us with such <sup>5</sup> large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,  
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part  
wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward) I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, this thing's to do;  
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means  
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:  
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. <sup>6</sup> Rightly to be great,

Is

<sup>4</sup> —chief good and market—] If his highest good, and *that* for which he sells his time, be to sleep and feed. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —large discourse,] Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —Rightly to be great,  
*Is not to stir without, &c.*] This passage I have printed according to the copy. Mr. THEOBALD had regulated it thus:  
—'Tis not to be great,  
*Never to stir without great argument;  
But greatly, &c.*

The

Is not to stir without great argument ;  
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
 ' Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
 And let all sleep ? while, to my shame, I see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
 That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
 Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot,  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause ;  
 Which is not tomb enough and continent  
 To hide the slain ?——O, from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

*Elfinour. A room in the palace.*

*Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Gen.* She is importunate ; indeed, distract.  
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.* What would she have ?

*Gen.* She speaks much of her father ; says, she  
 hears,

The sentiment of Shakespeare is partly just, and partly romantic.

———*Rightly to be great,*

*Is not to stir without great argument ;*  
 is exactly philosophical.

*But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,*

*When honour is at stake,*

is the idea of a modern hero. But then, says he, honour is an argument, or subject of debate, sufficiently great, and when honour is at stake, we must find cause of quarrel in a straw.

JOHNSON.

7 Excitements of my reason and my blood,] Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance.

JOHNSON.

There's

There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats her heart ;

\* Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,  
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;  
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield

them,  
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,

9 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken with ; for she may throw

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in.

[*Exit Gent.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Oph.* Where is the Beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia ?

\* *Spurns enviously at straws ;—*] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet (and those of his time) for direct *hatred*, than strictly for the particular passion so called.

So *Hen. VIII.* Act 1.

“ ————No black

“ *Envy* shall make my grave.”——

So Act 3.

“ You turn the good we offer into *envy*.” STEEVENS.

9 *Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.*] i. e. though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. WAREBURTON.

1 *'Twere good she were spoken with ;—*] These lines are given to the Queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

*Oph.*

PRINCE OF DENMARK. 289

Oph. <sup>2</sup> *How should I your true love know,  
From another one?*

<sup>3</sup> *By his cockle hat and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon.* [Singing.]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.*

O, o!

*Enter King.*

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain snow.*

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. <sup>4</sup> *Larded all with sweet flowers:  
Which bewept to the grave did go,  
With true love showers.*

<sup>2</sup> *How should I your true love, &c.*] There is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, is more pathetic than this scene, which I suppose proceeds from the utter insensibility she has to her own misfortunes.

A great sensibility, or none at all, seem to produce the same effect. In the latter the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

<sup>3</sup> *By his cockle hat and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon.*] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Larded all with sweet flowers:*] The expression is taken from cookery. JOHNSON.

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Opb.* Well, God 'ield you! They say, <sup>5</sup> the-  
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what  
are, but we know not what we may be. God be  
your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Opb.* Pray, let us have no words of this; b  
when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,  
All in the morn betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths,  
<sup>6</sup> And dupt the chamber-door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.*

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Opb.* Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an e  
on't.

*<sup>7</sup> By Gis, and by St. Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't, if they come to't;  
By cock, they are to blame.  
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promis'd me to wed:  
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
And thou badst not come to my bed.*

*Ki*

<sup>5</sup> —the owl was a baker's daughter.] This was a metamorphosis of the common people, arising from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>6</sup> And dupt the chamber-door;] To dup, is to do up; to latch the latch. It were easy to write,

And op'd—— *JOHNSON.*

<sup>7</sup> By Gis,—] I rather imagine it should be read,

By Cis,——

That is, by St. Cecily. *JOHNSON.*

*King.* How long has she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*]

Oh! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions. First, her father slain;  
Next your son gone; and he most violent author  
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,  
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers,  
For good Polonius' death; we have done <sup>8</sup> but greenly,  
<sup>9</sup> In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia,  
Divided

—by *Saint Charity*.] *Saint Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholics. Spenser mentions her, *Eclog.* 5. 255.

"Ah dear lord, and sweet *Saint Charity*!" I find, by *Gisse*, used as an adjuration, both by Gascoigne in his *Poems*, by Preston in his *Cambyzes*, and in the comedy of *See me, and See me not*, 1618.

"By *Gisse* I swear, were I so fairly wed," &c. Again, in *The Downfall of Rob. E. of Huntington*, 1601.

"Therefore, sweet master, for *Saint Charity*."

STEEVENS.

By *Gis*——

There is not the least mention of any saint whose name corresponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar*, the service in *Usum Sarum*, or in the benedictionary of Bishop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jesus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to denote that sacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c.

DR. RIDLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — but greenly,] But *unkilfully*; with *greenness*; that is, without maturity of judgment. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> In *bugger-mugger* to inter him;—] All the modern editions that I have consulted give it,

In private to inter him;——

T 2

That

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment ;  
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts :  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France :

<sup>1</sup> Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;

<sup>2</sup> Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

<sup>3</sup> Like to a murdering piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death ! [A noise within.

Queen. Alack ! what noise is this ?

Enter

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove ; it is sufficient that they are Shakespeare's : if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost ; we shall no longer have the words of any author ; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

This expression is used in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609.

“ ———he died like a politician

“ In *bugger-mugger*.”

Shakespeare probably took the expression from the following passage in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch.——“ Antoinus thinking that his body should be honourably buried,  
“ and not in *bugger-mugger*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Feeds on his wonder,——] The folio reads,

Keeps on his wonder,——

The quarto,

Feeds on this wonder.——

Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. HAMMER reads unnecessarily,

Feeds on his anger.—— JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Wherein necessity, &c.] HAMMER reads,

Whence animosity, of matter beggar'd.

He seems not to have understood the connection. *Wherein*, that is, *in which pestilent speeches, necessity, or, the obligation of an accuser to support his charge, will nothing stick, &c.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Like to a murdering piece,——] Such a piece as assassin use, with many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude. WARBURTON.

Like

*Enter a Gentleman.*

**King.** Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

**Gen.** Save yourself, my lord.

\* The ocean, over-peering of his list,  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,  
O'er-bears your officers. The rabble call him lord:  
And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every ward;  
They cry, "Chuse we Laertes for our king!"  
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds;  
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

*Queen.*

*Like a murdering piece,—*] This explanation of Dr. WARBURTON's is right, and a passage in *The Double Marriage* of Beaumont and Fletcher will justify it:

"And, like a murdering piece, aims not at one,

"But all that stand within the dangerous level." STEEV.

\* *The ocean, over-peering of his list,*] The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass.

JOHNSON.

\* *The ratifiers and props of every word;*] The whole tenor of the context is sufficient to shew, that this is a mistaken reading. What can antiquity and custom, being the props of words, have to do with the business in hand? Or what idea is conveyed by it? Certainly the poet wrote:

*The ratifiers and props of every ward;*

The messenger is complaining that the riotous head had overborne the king's officers, and then subjoins, that antiquity and custom were forgot, which were the ratifiers and props of every ward, i. e. of every one of those *securities* that nature and law place about the person of a king. All this is rational and consequential. WARBURTON.

With this emendation, which was in Theobald's edition, Hammer was not satisfied. It is indeed harsh. HAMMER transposes the lines, and reads,

*They cry, "Chuse we Laertes for our king;"*

*The ratifiers and props of every word,*

*Caps, bands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds.*

T 3

I think



*Queen.* How chearfully on the false trail they cry!  
 6 Oh, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

[*Noise within.*

*Enter Laertes armed, with Followers.*

*King.* The doors are broke.

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sirs! stand you all without.

*Foll.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Foll.* We will, we will.

[*Exeunt.*

*Laer.* I thank you:—keep the door. O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims  
 me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste 7 unsmirched brow

Of my true mother.

I think the fault may be mended at less expence, by reading,

*Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
 The ratifiers and props of every weal.*

That is, of every government. JOHNSON.

*The ratifiers and props of every word.*] By *word* is here meant a declaration, or proposal; it is determined to this sense, by the inference it hath to what had just preceded,

*The rabble call him lord, &c.*

This acclamation, which is the *word* here spoken of, was made without regard to antiquity, or received custom, whose concurrence, however, is necessarily required to confer validity and stability in every proposal of this kind. REVISAL.

Sir T. HAMMER would transpose the two last lines. Dr. WARBURTON proposes to read, *ward*; and Mr. JOHNSON, *weal*, instead of *word*. I should be rather for reading, *work*. *Observations and Conjectures, &c.* printed at Oxford 1766.

6 Oh, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.] Hounds run counter when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

7 ——— unsmirched brow,] i.e. clean, not defiled. To *be-smirch*, our author uses Act 1. Sc. 5. STEVENS.

*King.*

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?  
—Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person :  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of its will.—Tell me, Laertes,  
Why are you thus incens'd ?—Let him go, Gertrude.—  
Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father ?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead ? I'll not be juggled  
with :

To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil !  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit !  
I dare damnation : to this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come, what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you ?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world's :  
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,  
If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,  
That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser ?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then ?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my  
arms,  
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak  
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensible in grief for it,  
It shall as level <sup>8</sup> to your judgment 'pear,  
As day does to your eye.

*Crowd within.* Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears, seven times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—  
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
“<sup>9</sup> Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,  
“It sends some precious instance of itself  
“After the thing it loves.”

*Oph.* *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,  
And on his grave rain'd many a tear.*

Fare you well, my dove.

<sup>8</sup> —to your judgment 'pear,] So the quarto; the folio, and all the later editions, read,

——to your judgment pierce,  
less intelligibly. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> Nature is FINE in love: and, where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself

*After the thing it loves.*] These lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loss, for they are obscure and affected; but, I think, they require no emendation. *Love* (says Laertes) is the passion by which *nature* is most exalted and *refined*; and as substances *refined* and subtilised, easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.

*As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And separate from their kindred dregs below,  
So flew her soul.*—— JOHNSON.

*Laer.*

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Oph.* *You must sing, down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*

<sup>1</sup> O how the wheel becomes it ! it is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* <sup>2</sup> There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember. And there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

<sup>1</sup> *O how the wheel becomes it !* —] We should read *weal*. She is now rambling on the ballad of the steward and his lord's daughter. And in these words speaks of the state he assumed.

WARBURTON.

I do not see why *weal* is better than *wheel*. The story alluded to I do not know ; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was reduced to *spin*. JOHNSON.

*You must sing, down-a-down, &c.*

“ O how the wheel becomes it ! ” —] The *wheel* may mean no more than *the burthen of the song*, which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used. I met with the following observation in an old quarto black letter book, published before the time of Shakespeare.

“ The song was accounted a good one, though it was not moche graced by the *wheele*, which in no wise accorded with the subject matter thereof.”

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date ; but the passage was in a preface to some songs or sonnets. I well remember to have met with the word in the same sense in several other old books.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably some mythology in the choice of these herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Pansies* is for *thoughts*, because of its name, *Pensées* ; but why *rosemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not discovered. JOHNSON.

*Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a passage in B. and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act 3. Sc. 3. STEEVENS,

*Laer.*

*Laer.* A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines:  
 3 there's rue for you, and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. 4 You may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end——

5 *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,——*

3 *There's rue for you, and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.*] *Herb of grace* is the name the country people give to *rue*. And the reason is, because that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the Romish priests used to force the possessed to swallow down when they exorcised them. Now these exorcisms being performed generally on a Sunday, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reason why she says, we call it *herb of grace o' Sundays*. Sandys tells us, that at Grand Cairo there is a species of *rue* much in request, with which the inhabitants perfume themselves, not only as a preservative against infection, but as very powerful against evil spirits. And the cabalistic Gaffarel pretends to have discovered the reason of its virtue, *La semence de rue est faite comme une croix, & c'est par aventure la cause qu'elle a tant de vertu contre les possédés, & que l'Eglise s'en sert en les exorcisant*. It was on the same principle that the Greeks called *sulphur, δαίς*, because of its use in their superstitious purgations by fire. Which too the Romish priests employ to fumigate in their exorcisms; and on that account hallow or consecrate it. WARBURTON.

*There's rue for you, and here's some for me, &c.*] I believe there is a quibble meant in the passage; *rue* anciently signifying the same as *Ruth*, i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a proportion of it for herself. There is the same kind of play with the same word in *Richard the Second*.

STEEVENS.

4 *You may wear your rue with a difference.*] This seems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the same arms *with a difference*, or mark of distinction. STEEVENS.

5 *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,——*] This is part of an old song, mentioned likewise by B. and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act 4. Sc. 1.

“——— I can sing the broom,

“And Bonny Robin.”—— STEEVENS.

*Laer.*

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
 she turns to favour, and to prettiness.

*Oph.* *And will he not come again ?  
 And will he not come again ?  
 No, no, he is dead,  
 Go to thy death-bed,  
 He never will come again.  
 ' His beard was white as snow,  
 All flaxen was his poll :  
 He is gone, he is gone,  
 And we cast away moan,  
 Gramercy on his soul !*

And on all christian souls ! God b'wi'you.

[*Exit Oph.*]

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God !

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,  
 Or you deny me right. Go but a-part.  
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.  
 If by direct or by collateral hand  
 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,  
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
 To you in satisfaction :—but if not,  
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul,  
 To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,

\* *His beard was white as snow, &c.*] This seems to have  
 been ridiculed in *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy written by Ben  
 Jonson, Chapman, and Mariton, printed 1605. Act 3.

*His head as white as milk,  
 All flaxen was his chin ;  
 But now he's dead,  
 And laid in his bed,  
 And never will come again.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,  
 No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,  
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,  
 That I must call't in question.

*King.* So you shall :

<sup>8</sup> And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.  
 I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Another room.*

*Enter Horatio with a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they that would speak with me?

*Serv.* Sailors, Sir. They say, they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the world  
 I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

*Sail.* God blefs you, Sir.

*Hor.* Let him blefs thee too.

*Sail.* He shall, Sir, an't please him.—There's a letter for you, Sir : it comes from the ambassador

<sup>7</sup> *No trophy, sword, or hatchment—*] It was the custom, in the times of our author, to hang a sword over the grave of a knight. JOHNSON.

*No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,*] This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard (*i. e.* a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.

HAWKINS.

<sup>8</sup> *And where the offence is, let the great AXE fall.*] We should read,

——let the great TAX fall.

*i. e.* penalty, punishment. WARBURTON.

*Fall* corresponds better to *axe*. JOHNSON,

that

PRINCE OF DENMARK. 301

that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

*HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light<sup>9</sup> for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

*He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.*

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance  
    seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend;  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he, which hath your noble father slain,  
Pursued my life.

<sup>9</sup> —for the bore of the matter.] The bore is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. The matter (says Hamlet) would carry heavier words. JOHNSON.

*Laer.*



*Laer.* It well appears.—But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up?

*King.* O, for two special reasons;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,  
And yet to me are strong. The queen, his mother,  
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,  
(My virtue or my plague, be it either which)  
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go,  
Is, the great love <sup>1</sup> the general gender bear him;  
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
<sup>2</sup> Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,  
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim'd them.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost;  
A sister driven into desperate terms;  
Who has, <sup>3</sup> if praises may go back again,  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that. You must  
not think,  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.

<sup>1</sup> —the general gender—] The common race of the people.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Would, like the spring—*] This simile is neither very seasonable in the deep interest of this conversation, nor very accurately applied. If the *spring* had changed base metals to gold, the thought had been more proper. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —if praises may go back again,] If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

I lov'd

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—  
How now? what news?

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.  
These to your majesty:—this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! Who brought them?

*Gent.* Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.  
They were given me by Claudio; he received them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them:—leave us.

[*Exit Gent.*]

*HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked  
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to  
see your kingly eyes. When I shall, first asking your  
pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden re-  
turn.*  
Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked!*

And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone*:  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
*Thus diddest thou.*

*King.* If it be so, Laertes—  
As how should it be so?—how, otherwise?—  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;—  
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,  
\* As liking not his voyage, and that he means

\* *As liking not his voyage,—*] The folio,  
*As checking at his voyage.*—STEEVENS.

No

No more to undertake it, I will work him  
 To an exploit now ripe in my device,  
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall :  
 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;  
 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
 And call it, accident.

*Laer.* [My lord, I will be rul'd,  
 The rather, if you could devise it so,  
 That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
 Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts  
 Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
 As did that one ; and that in my regard  
<sup>5</sup> Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord ?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
 Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes  
 The light and careless livery that it wears,  
 Than settled age his fables, and his weeds,  
<sup>6</sup> Importing health and graveness.]—Two months  
 since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy.—  
 I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,  
 And they can well on horseback : but this gallant  
 Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;  
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
 As he had been incorp'd and demy-natur'd  
 With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought,

<sup>5</sup> *Of the unworthiest siege.*] Of the lowest rank. *Siege*, for *seat, place*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Importing health and graveness.*—] But a warm furr'd gown rather implies sickness than *health*. Shakespeare wrote,

*Importing WEALTH and graveness.*—

*i. e.* that the wearers are rich burghers and magistrates. WARD.  
*Importing* here may be, not *inferring* by logical consequence,  
 but *producing* by physical effect. A young man regards *show*  
 in his dress, an old man, *beault*. JOHNSON.

That

That I, <sup>7</sup> in forgery of shapes and tricks  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was't ?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamord.

*King.* The same.

*Laer.* I know him well. He is the brooch, indeed,  
And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you ;  
And gave you such a masterly report,  
For art and exercise <sup>8</sup> in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especial,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you. <sup>9</sup> The scrimers of their  
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd 'em.—Sir, this report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg,  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
Now out of this,——

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord ?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you ?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart ?

*Laer.* Why ask you this ?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your  
father ;

But that I know <sup>1</sup> love is begun by time ;

<sup>7</sup> —*in forgery of shapes and tricks*] I could not contrive so many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*in your defence*,] That is, in the *science* of defence. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*The scrimers*—] The *fencers*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*love is begun by time* ;] This is obscure. The meaning may be, *love* is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution. JOHNSON.

And that I see, <sup>2</sup> in passages of proof,  
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
 [There lives 'within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;  
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;  
<sup>3</sup> For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
 Dies in his own too much. That we would do,  
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,  
 And hath abatements and delays as many  
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;  
<sup>4</sup> And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh  
 That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the ulcer—]  
 Hamlet comes back ; what would you undertake

<sup>2</sup> —in *passages of proof*.] In transactions of daily experience.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> For *goodness, growing to a pleurisy*.] I would believe, for the honour of Shakespeare, that he wrote *plethory*. But I observe the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *pleurisy*, as if it came, not from *αλεψα*, but from *plus, pluris*.  
 WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> And then this *should* is like a *spendthrift's* SIGH

*That hurts by easing.*—] This nonsense should be read thus,

*And then this should is like a spendthrift's SIGH*

*That hurts by easing ;*—

*i. e.* though a spendthrift's entering into bonds or mortgages gives him a present relief from his straits, yet it ends in much greater distresses. The application is, If you neglect a fair opportunity now, when it may be done with ease and safety, time may throw so many difficulties in your way, that, in order to surmount them, you must put your whole fortune into hazard.  
 WARBURTON.

This conjecture is so ingenious, that it can hardly be opposed, but with the same reluctance as the bow is drawn against a hero, whose virtues the archer holds in veneration. Here may be applied what Voltaire writes to the empress :

*Le genereux François—*

*Te combat & t'admire.*

Yet this emendation, however specious, is mistaken. The original reading is, not a *spendthrift's* sigh, but a *spendthrift's* sigh ; a *sigh* that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame—It is a notion very prevalent, that *sighs* impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers.  
 JOHNSON.

To shew yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctua-  
rize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,  
Will you do this? keep close within your chamber:  
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
*The Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine to-  
gether,

And wager on your heads. <sup>5</sup> He being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
<sup>6</sup> A sword unbated, and in <sup>7</sup> a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't:

And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.* Let's farther think of this;  
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means

<sup>5</sup> —*He being remiss,*] He being not vigilant or cautious.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *A sword unbated,*—] i. e. not blunted as foils are. Or,  
as one edition has it, *embaited* or *envenomed*. POPE.

<sup>7</sup> —*a pass of practice*] Practice is often by Shakespeare,  
and other writers, taken for an *insidious stratagem*, or *privy*  
treason, a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet I  
rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thrust for*  
*exercise*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad performance,

'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore this project  
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,  
If this should <sup>9</sup> blast in proof. Soft ;—let me see :—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.—  
I ha't :——

When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)  
And that he calls for drink, ' I'll have prepar'd him  
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise !

*Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet queen ?

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow :—your sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

*Lacr.* Drown'd ! oh where ?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :  
There with fantastic garlands did she come,  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, <sup>2</sup> and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name ;  
But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call them :  
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke ;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself

<sup>8</sup> *May fit us to our shape.*—] *May enable us to assume proper characters,* and to act our part. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*blast in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, sometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blast*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*I'll have prepar'd him*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,

*I'll have prefer'd him.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*and long purples,*] *Long purples* mean the plant called *Arum*. STEEVENS.

Fell in the weeping brook ; her cloaths spread wide,  
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up :  
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native, and indued  
Unto that element : but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas then, she is drown'd ?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd !

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet  
It is our trick : nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.]

*King.* Follow, Gertrude :

How much had I to do to calm his rage !

Now fear I, this will give it start again ;

Therefore let's follow. [Excunt.]

<sup>1</sup> *Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,]* Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very invidiously ridicules this incident :

“ I will run mad first, and if that get not pity,

“ I'll drown myself to a most dismal ditty.” WARB.



## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*A church-yard.**Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

I C L O W N.

**I**S she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

*2 Clown.* I tell thee, she is; therefore ' make her grave straight. The crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian burial.

*1 Clown.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

*2 Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

*1 Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and <sup>2</sup> an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

*2 Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman Delver.

*1 Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

<sup>1</sup> —*make her grave straight.*] Make her grave from east to west in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to south, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant.

JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than *make her grave immediately*. She is to be buried in *christian burial*, and consequently the grave is to be made as usual. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*on act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform.*] Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

*2 Clown.* — ss.

2 *Clown*. But is this law?

1 *Clown*. Ay, marry is't, <sup>3</sup> crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clown*. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clown*. Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than <sup>4</sup> their even christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the first that ever bore arms.

" 2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

" 1 *Clown*. What, art a heathen? How dost thou " understand the scripture? the scripture says, Adam " digg'd; could he dig without arms?" I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

<sup>3</sup> —*crowner's quest-law*.] I strongly suspect that this is a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It seems her husband Sir James Hales had drowned himself in a river, and the question was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a lease from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was possessed of, did not accrue to the crown; an inquisition was found before the coroner, which found him *seu de se*. The legal and logical subtilties, arising in the course of the argument of this case, gave a very fair opportunity for a sneer at *crowner's quest-law*. The expression, a little before, that *an act hath three branches*, &c. is so pointed an allusion to the case I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakespeare was acquainted with and meant to laugh at it. HAWKINS.

<sup>4</sup> —*their even christian*.] So all the old books, and rightly. An old English expression for fellow-christians. THIRLBY.

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?—

1 *Clown*. 5 Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To't.

2 *Clown*. Mafs, I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.*

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker. The houses he makes, last 'till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

He digs, and sings.

6 *In youth when I did love, did love,  
Methought, it was very sweet;  
To contract, oh, the time for, ah, my beloved,  
Oh, methought, there was 7 nothing so meet.*

5 *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*] *i. e.* when you have done that, I'll trouble you no more with these riddles. The phrase taken from husbandry. WARBURTON.

If it be not sufficient to say, with Dr. Warburton, that the phrase might be taken from husbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a ditty of the workmen of Dover, preserved in the additions to Holinshed, p. 1546.

“ My bow is broke, I would *unyoke*,

“ My foot is sore, I can worke no more.” FARMER.

6 *In youth when I did love, &c.*] The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a list of poems, called *The Avid Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of king Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a supposed accusation of treason. THEOBALD.

7 *—nothing so meet.*] HANMER. The other editions have,  
*—nothing meet.* JOHNSON.

*The*

PRINCE OF DENMARK. 313

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch :  
And hath shipped me into the land,  
As if I had never been such <sup>8</sup>.*

*Ham.* That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of <sup>9</sup> a politician, <sup>1</sup> which this

The original poem from which this stanza, like the other succeeding ones, is taken, is preserved among lord Surrey's poems, though, as Dr. Percy has observed, it is attributed to lord Vaux by George Gascoigne. See an epistle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the rest of his works, 1575.

*I lothe that I did love;  
In youth that I thought sweet :  
As time requires for my bebove,  
Metbinks they are not meet.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Thus, in the original.

*For age with stealing steps  
Hath claw'd me with his crouch;  
And lusty youth away he leaps,  
As there had been none such.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —a politician,—one that would circumvent God;] This character is finely touched. Our great historian has well explained it in an example, where, speaking of the death of cardinal Mazarine, at the time of the Restoration, he says, "The cardinal was probably struck with the wonder, if not the agony of that undream'd-of prosperity of our king's affairs; as if he had taken it ill, and laid it to heart, the God Almighty would bring such a work to pass in Europe without his concurrence, and even against all his machinations." *Hist. of Rebellion*, Book 16. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> —which this ass o'er-offices;—] The meaning is this. People in office, at that time, were so over-bearing, that Shake-

spere,

this as now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God; might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! how dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one's, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so: <sup>2</sup> and now my lady Worm's; chaplains, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to <sup>3</sup> play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

Clown

speare, speaking of insolence at the height, calls it, *Insolence in office*. And Donne says,

*Who is he,*

*Who officers' rage and suitors' misery*

*Can write in jest.*—— Sat.

Alluding to this character of ministers and politicians, the speaker observes, that this insolent officer is now *o'er-officer'd* by the sexton, who, knocking his skull about with his spade, appears to be as insolent in his office as they were in theirs. This is said with much humour. WARBURTON.

In the quarto, for *over-offices* is, *over-reaches*, which agrees better with the sentence: it is a strong exaggeration to remark, that an *as* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*.—I believe both the words were Shakespeare's. An author in revising his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new observations have produced new sentiments, easily introduces images which have been more newly impressed upon him, without observing their want of congruity to the general texture of his original design.

JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*o'er-offices*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —and now my lady Worm's;] The skull that was my lord Such-a-one's, is now my lady Worm's. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —play at loggats—] A play, in which pins are set up to be beaten down with a bowl. JOHNSON.

—to play at loggats with 'em?—] This is a game played in several parts of England even at this time. A stake is fixed into

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,  
For—and a shrowding sheet !  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet †.*

*Ham.* There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Hum ! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha ?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

into the ground ; those who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake, wins : I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep-sheering feasts, where the winner was entitled to a fleece.

So Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, Act 4. Sc. 6.

“ Now are they tossing his legs and arms,

“ Like *loggats* at a pear-tree.”

So in an old collection of epigrams, satires, &c.”

“ To play at *loggats*, nine holes, or ten pinnes.”

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the statute of 33 of Hen. VIII. STEEVENS.

† Thus in the original.

*A pick-axe and a spade,  
And eke a shrowding sheet ;  
A bouse of clay for to be made,  
For such a guest most meet. STEEVENS.*

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calve-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*Clown.* Mine, Sir——

*O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

*Ham.* I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

*Clown.* You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

*Clown.* 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*Clown.* For no man, Sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clown.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*Clown.* One that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is? We must speak  
by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the  
lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note  
of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of  
the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier,  
he

<sup>5</sup> —by the card,—] The card is the paper on which the different points of the compass were described. *To do any thing by the card*, is, *to do it with nice observation*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —the age is grown so picked,—] So smart, so sharp, says HANMER, very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a picked shoe, that is, a shoe with a long pointed toe, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise to be made. *Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion*.

JOHNSON.  
This

he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

*Clown.* Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since ?

*Clown.* Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born, he that was mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England ?

*Clown.* Why, because he was mad ; he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why ?

*Clown.* 'Twill not be seen in him ; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad ?

*Clown.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely ?

*Clown.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground ?

*Clown.* Why, here, in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot ?

*Clown.* I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corfes now-a-days that will

This fashion of wearing shoes with long pointed toes was carried to such excess in England, that it was restrained at last by proclamation so long ago as the fifth year of Edward IV. when it was ordered, " that the beaks or pykes of shoes and " boots should not pass two inches, upon pain of cursing by " the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings, to be paid one " noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, " and the third to the chamber of London ;—and for other " countries and towns the like order was taken.—Before this " time, and since the year 1382, the pykes of shoes and boots " were of such length, that they were fain to be tied up to " the knees with chains of silver, and gilt, or at least with " filken laces." STEEVENS.

scarce



scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*Clown.* Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*Clown.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*Clown.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

*Clown.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? puh!

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! why may not the imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.*

*Her.* 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ham.* No, 'faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the <sup>7</sup> winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft, awhile—Here comes the king,

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, the corpse of Ophelia,  
with Lords and Priests attending.*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,  
And with such <sup>8</sup> maimed rites! This doth betoken,  
The coarse, they follow, did with desperate hand  
Foredo its own life. It was of <sup>9</sup> some estate:

Couch we a while, and mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark—

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

<sup>1</sup> *Priest.* Her obsequies have been so far enlarg'd  
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;  
Yet here she is <sup>2</sup> allow'd her virgin crants,

*Her*

<sup>7</sup> —*winter's flaw!*] Winter's blast. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*maimed rites!*—] Imperfect obsequies. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*some estate:*] Some person of high rank. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> This *Priest* in the old quarto is called *Docter*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —*allow'd her virgin RITES,*] The old quarto reads *virgin CRANTS*, evidently corrupted from *CHANTS*, which is the true word. A *specific* rather than a *generic* term being here required to answer to *maiden-freewments*. WARBURTON.

I have

Her maiden-strewments, and the bringing home  
 3 Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done ?

*Priest.* No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,  
 4 To sing a Requiem, and such rest to her  
 As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth ;  
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
 May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,  
 A ministring angel shall my sister be,  
 When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia !

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell !

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ;  
 I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O treble woe  
 Fall ten times treble on that curst head,  
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
 Depriv'd thee of ! Hold off the earth a while,

I have been informed by an anonymous correspondent, that *crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and I suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes.

*Crants* therefore was the original word, which the author, discovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not understood, changed to a term more intelligible, but less proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definite image. He might have put *maiden coreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps bestowed no thought upon it, and neither genius nor practice will always supply a hasty writer with the most proper diction.

JOHNSON.

3 *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here, signifies interment in consecrated ground. WARBURTON.

4 *To sing a Requiem.*—] A *Requiem* is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased.

STEEVENS.

Till

'Till I have caught her once more in my arms.

[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,

To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*discovering himself.*] What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*]

Hamlet the Dane.

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*]

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.

I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat——

For, though I am not spleenitive and rash;

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them afunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet.

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*]

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,  
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* Oh my son! what theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* Come, shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear  
thyself?

Woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll

<sup>s</sup> *Would drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?* This word has  
through all the editions been distinguished by Italick characters,  
as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say,  
Vol. X. X all

I'll do't.—Do'st thou come here to whine?  
 To out-face me with leaping in her grave?  
 Be buried quick with her; and so will I:  
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
 Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yffel*, from which the province of Overysfel derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather seems to mean, Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature? and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded the poet wrote,

*Wilt drink up Eifel? eat a crocodile?*

*i. e.* Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar*? The proposition, indeed, is not very grand: but the doing it might be as distasteful and unfavoury, as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an anticlimax: and the lowness of the idea is in some measure removed by the uncommon term. THEOBALD.

HANMER has,

*Wilt drink up Nile? or eat a crocodile?*

Hamlet certainly meant (for he declares he will rant) to dare Laertes to attempt any thing, however difficult or unnatural; and might safely promise to follow the example his antagonist was to set, in draining the channel of a river, or trying his teeth on an animal, whose scales are supposed to be impenetrable. Had Shakespeare meant to make Hamlet say—*Wilt thou drink vinegar?* he probably would not have used the term *drink up*; which means, *totally to exhaust*; neither is that challenge very magnificent, which only provokes an adversary to hazard a fit of the heart-burn or the cholic.

The commentators *Yffel* would serve Hamlet's turn or mine; but in an old Latin account of Denmark and the neighbouring provinces, I find the names of several rivers little differing from *Esil*, or *Elfill*, in spelling or pronunciation. Such are the *Essa*, the *Oesil*, and some others. The word, like many more, may indeed be irrecoverably corrupted; but, I must add, that no authors later than Chaucer or Skelton make use of *eyfel* for *vinegar*: nor has Shakespeare employed it in any other of his plays. The poet might have written the *Weifel*, a considerable river which falls into the Baltic ocean, and could not be unknown to any prince of Denmark. STEEVENS.

**Make**

Make Offa like a wart ! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness :  
And thus a while the fit will work on him :  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,  
His silence will fit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, Sir :—  
What is the reason that you use me thus ?  
I lov'd you ever : but it is no matter—  
Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—  
[*Exit Hor.*  
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech :  
[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.—  
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.  
This grave shall have a living monument :  
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;  
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*A ball in the palace.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Ham.* So much for this, Sir. Now shall you see  
the other.

You do remember all the circumstance ?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord !

When that her golden couplets—] We should read,  
Ere that—for it is the patience of birds, during the time of  
incubation, that is here spoken of. The pigeon generally sits  
upon two eggs ; and her young, when first disclosed, are covered  
with a yellow down. WARBURTON.

Perhaps it should be,

Ere yet—

That and that are easily confounded. JOHNSON.

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay  
Worse than the 7 mutines in the bilboes. <sup>8</sup> Rashly,  
And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach  
us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire,  
Finger'd their packet, and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again: making so bold,

<sup>7</sup> —mutines in the bilboes.] *Mutines*, the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes*, the ship's prison. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —Rashly,

*And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*

*When, &c.*] 'The sense in this reading is, *Our rashness lets us know that our indiscretion serves us well, when, &c.* But this could never be Shakespeare's sense. We should read and point thus,

—————*Rashness,*

*(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know;*

*OR indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*

*When, &c.*] i. e. *Rashness* acquaints us with what we cannot penetrate to by plots. WARBURTON.

Both my copies read,

—————*Rashly,*

*And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know.*

Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying, *That he rashly*—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I *rashly*—praised be *rashness* for it—*Let us* not think these events casual, but *let us know*, that is, *take notice and remember*, that we sometimes succeed by *indiscretion*, when we fail by *deep plots*, and infer the perpetual superintendence and agency of the *Divinity*. The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life. JOHNSON.

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
 Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,  
 A royal knavery ; an exact command,—  
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
 ' With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life ;  
 That, on the supervize, ' no leisure bated,  
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
 My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible ?

*Ham.* Here's the commission ; read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* ' Being thus benetted round with villainies,  
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,

They

<sup>9</sup> *With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life ;*] With such causes of terror, arising from my character and designs.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ———no leisure bated,] *Bated*, for *allowed*. To *abate*, signifies to *deduct* ; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of using *bated* for *allowed*. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Being thus benetted round with villainies,*

*Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,*

*They had begun the play :—*] The second line is nonsense.

The whole should be read thus,

*Being thus benetted round with villainies,*

*Ere I could MARK THE prologue to my BANE,*

*They had begun the play.*

i.e. they begun to *act*, to my destruction, before I knew there was a *play* towards. *Ere I could mark the prologue*. For it appears by what he says of his *foreboding*, that it was that only, and not any apparent mark of villainy, which set him upon *fingering their packet*. *Ere I could make the prologue*, is absurd : both, as he had no thoughts of playing them a trick till they had played him one ; and because his *counterplot* could not be called a *prologue* to their *plot*. WARBURTON.

In my opinion no alteration is necessary. Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out ; he groped out their commission in the dark without waking them ; he found himself doomed to immediate destruction. Something was to be done



They had begun the play : I sat me down,  
 Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :  
 I once did hold it, <sup>3</sup> as our statists do,  
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
 How to forget that learning ; but, Sir, now  
 It did me <sup>4</sup> yeoman's service. Wilt thou kn  
 The effect of what I wrote ?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the kin  
 As England was his faithful tributary ;  
 As love between them, like the palm, might  
<sup>5</sup> As peace should still her wheaten garland w  
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;

for his preservation. An expedient occurred, not pro  
 the comparison of one method with another, or by  
 deduction of consequences, but before he *could make*  
*to his brains, they had begun the play.* Before he could  
 his faculties, and propose to himself what should be  
 complete scheme of action presented itself to him.  
 operated before he had excited it. This appears to  
 the meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———as our statists do,] A *statist* is a *statesman*. M  
 it. *Par. Reg. B.* 4.

“ ———statists indeed,

“ And lovers of their country.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———yeoman's service.] In the times of vassals  
 were held of the chief lord by paying rent and *service*  
 was *knight's service, yeoman's service, &c.* STEEVENS

<sup>5</sup> *As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,*

*And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;]* Peace  
 properly and finely personalized as the goddess of go  
 and friendship ; and very classically dressed out. Ovi

*Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres.*

And Tibullus,

*At nobis, pax alma ! veni, spicamque teneto.*

But the placing her as a *comma*, or stop, between the  
 two kingdoms, makes her rather stand like a cyph  
 poet without doubt wrote,

*And stand a comma 'tween our amities.*

The term is taken from a trafficker in love, who brin  
 together, a procurer. And this idea is well approp  
 the satirical turn which the speaker gives to this wick  
 ration of the king, who would lay the foundation of

And many such like <sup>6</sup> as's of great charge,—  
That on the view and knowing of these contents,  
Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not thriving-time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd ?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven ordinant ;  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
(Which was the model of that Danish seal)  
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;  
Subscrib'd it, gave 't the impressiion, plac'd it safely,  
<sup>7</sup> The changeling never known : now, the next day

of the two kingdoms in the blood of the heir of one of them.  
Periers, in his novels, uses the word *commere* to signify a she-  
friend. *A tous ses gens, chacun une commere.* And Ben Jonson,  
in his *Devil's an Ass*, englishes the word by a *middling gossip*.

*Or what do you say to a middling gossip  
To bring you together.* WARBURTON.

HANMER reads,

*And stand a cement*——

I am again inclined to vindicate the old reading. That the  
word *commere* is French, will not be denied ; but when or where  
was it English ?

The expression of our author is, like many of his phrases,  
sufficiently constrained and affected, but it is not incapable of  
explanation. The *comma* is the note of *connection* and conti-  
nuity of sentences ; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and  
disjunction. Shakespeare had it perhaps in his mind to write,  
That unless England complied with the mandate, *war should  
put a period to their amity* ; he altered his mode of diction, and  
thought that, in an opposite sense, he might put, that *Peace  
should stand a comma between their amities*. This is not an  
easy stile ; but is 'it not the stile of Shakespeare ? JOHNSON.

—as's of great charge,] *Asses heavily loaded*. A quibble  
is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *ass* the  
beast of burthen. That *charg'd* anciently signified *loaded*, may  
be proved from the following passage in *The Widow's Tears*,  
by Chapman, 1612.

“ Thou must be the *ass charg'd with crowns* to make way.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The changeling never known* :—] A *changeling* is a *child*  
which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that  
which they steal. JOHNSON.

Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* [Why, man, they did make love to this  
employment:]

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat

<sup>9</sup> Doth by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

Between the pass, and fell incensed points,

Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this !

*Ham.* Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now  
upon ?

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother,

Popt in between the election and my hopes ;

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscience,

[<sup>1</sup> To quit him with this arm ? and is't not to be  
damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil ?

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from  
England,

What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short. The interim is mine ;

And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Laertes I forgot myself ;

For by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his ; I'll court his favour ;

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me

Into a towering passion.]

*Hor.* Peace ; who comes here ?

<sup>9</sup> *Doth by their own insinuation grow.*] *Insinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *To quit him.*—] To requite him ; to pay him his due.  
JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Ofrick.*

*Of.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, Sir. <sup>2</sup> Dost know this water-fly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile. Let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. <sup>3</sup> It is a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

*Ofr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

*Ofr.* I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

*Ofr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* <sup>4</sup> But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion——

*Ofr.* Exceedingly, my lord. It is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter——

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember——

*[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.]*

*Ofr.* Nay, in good faith. For mine ease. In good faith.—[Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes;

<sup>2</sup> —Dost know this water-fly? A water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —It is a chough;— A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, &c.] Hamlet is here playing over the same farce with Ofrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

believe me, an absolute gentleman, <sup>5</sup> full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is <sup>6</sup> the card or calendar of gentry; <sup>7</sup> for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

*Ham.* <sup>8</sup> Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; <sup>9</sup> and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be <sup>1</sup> a soul of great

<sup>5</sup> —full of most excellent differences,—] Full of *distinguishing* excellencies. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —the card or calendar of gentry;—] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.] You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to *contemplate* for imitation. I know not but it should be read, *You shall find him the continent.* JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Sir, his definement, &c.] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon, amongst the *precieux* of that time. The sense in English is, “Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirror, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows.” WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> —and yet but raw neither—] We should read SLOW.

WARBURTON.

I believe *raw* to be the right word; it is a word of great latitude; *raw* signifies *unripe*, *immature*, thence *unformed*, *imperfect*, *unskilful*. The best account of him would be *imperfect*, in respect of his quick sail. The phrase *quick sail* was, I suppose, a proverbial term for *activity of mind*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —a soul of great article;—] This is obscure. I once thought it might have been, *a soul of great altitude*; but, I suppose, *a soul of great article*, means *a soul of large comprehension*.

great article; and his infusion <sup>2</sup> of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Ofr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, Sir?—Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Ofr.* Sir——

*Hor.* <sup>3</sup> Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, really.

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Ofr.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, Sir.

*Ofr.* I know, you are not ignorant——

*Ham.* I would you did, Sir. Yet, in faith, <sup>4</sup> if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.

*Ofr.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

*Ham.* <sup>5</sup> I dare not confess that, lest I should compare

hension, of many contents; the particulars of an inventory are called *articles*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*of such dearth*—] *Dearth* is *dearrest*, value, price. And his internal qualities of such value and rarity. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the sense is very obscure. The question may mean, *Might not all this be understood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, Sir, really,* seems to have no use, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't possible not to be understood in a mother tongue.* You will do it, Sir, really. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —*if you did, it would not much approve me.*] If you knew I was not ignorant, your esteem would not much advance my reputation. To *approve*, is to *recommend to approbation*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him, &c.*] I dare not pretend to know him, lest I should pretend to an equality:

pare with him in excellence : but to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Ofr.* I mean, Sir, for his weapon : but in the imputation laid on him by them <sup>6</sup> in his meed, he's unfellow'd.]

*Ham.* What's his weapon ?

*Ofr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons ; but well.

*Ofr.* The king, Sir, hath wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has <sup>7</sup> impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages ?

*Hor.* I knew, <sup>8</sup> you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

*Ofr.* The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be <sup>9</sup> more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides ; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on : six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages ; that's the French

equality : no man can completely know another, but by knowing himself, which is the utmost extent of human wisdom.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —in his meed,—] In his excellence. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —impon'd,—] Perhaps it should be, *depen'd*. So Hudibras,

“ I would upon this cause *depone*,

“ As much as any I have known.”

But perhaps *imponed* is pledged, *imparowned*, so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering English words with French pronunciation. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —you must be edified by the margin,—] Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed on the margin of the text.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —more germane—] More *a-lin*. JOHNSON.

sett against the Danish. Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

*Ofr.* ' The king, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen paffes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How, if I answer, no?

*Ofr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Ofr.* Shall I deliver you so?

*Ham.* To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

*Ofr.* I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

*Hor.* ' This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

<sup>1</sup> *The king, Sir, hath laid,—*] This wager I do not understand. In a dozen paffes one must exceed the other more or less than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The passage is of no importance; it is sufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the passage as it stands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.*] I see no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Ofrick did not run till he had done his business. We may read, *This lapwing ran away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant bustle from his birth.* JOHNSON.

The same image occurs in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*.

“ ———— and coachmen

“ To mount their boxes reverently, and drive

“ Like lapwings with a shell upon their heads

“ Thorough the streets.” STEEVENS.

*Ham.*



*Ham.* <sup>3</sup> He did compliment with his dug before he suck'd it : thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that I know the droffy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, <sup>4</sup> a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through

<sup>3</sup> *He did so, Sir, with his dug, &c.]* What, run away with it? The folio reads, *He did COMPLY with his dug.* So that the true reading appears to be, *He did COMPLIMENT with his dug*, i. e. stand upon ceremony with it, to shew he was *born* a courtier. This is extremely humorous. **WARBURTON.**

Hammer has the same emendation. **JOHNSON.**

<sup>4</sup> *—a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most FOND and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.]* The metaphor is strangely mangled by the intrusion of the word **FOND**, which undoubtedly should be read **FANN'D**; the allusion being to corn separated by the fan from chaff and dust. But the editors seeing, from the character of this *yeasty collection*, that the *opinions*, through which they were so currently *carried*, were false opinions; and *fann'd and winnow'd opinions*, in the most obvious sense, signifying *tried and purified* opinions; they thought *fann'd* must needs be wrong, and therefore made it *fond*, which word signified in our author's time, foolish, weak, or childish. They did not consider that *fann'd and winnow'd opinions* had also a different signification: for it may mean the opinions of great men and courtiers, men separated by their quality from the vulgar, as corn is separated from the chaff. This *yeasty collection*, says Hamlet, insinuates itself into people of the highest quality, as yeast into the finest flower. The courtiers admire him, but when he comes to the trial, &c. **WARBURTON.**

This is a very happy emendation; but I know not why the critic should suppose that *fond* was printed for *fann'd* in consequence of any reason or reflection. Such errors, to which there is no temptation but idleness, and of which there was no cause but ignorance, are in every page of the old editions. This passage in the quarto stands thus: "They have got out of the habit of encounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinions." If this printer preserved any traces of the original, our author wrote, "the most sane and renowned opinions," which is better than *fann'd and winnow'd*.

The

through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and <sup>6</sup> do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* [My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen desires you to use some <sup>7</sup> gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me.] [*Exit Lord.*

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so. Since he went into France, I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the

The meaning is, "these men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carried them through the most select and approved judgment. This airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men."

Who has not seen this observation verified? JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —do but blow them, &c.] These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, separate into a mist; so if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their compass of conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —gentle entertainment—] Mild and temperate conversation. JOHNSON.

odds.

# H A M L E T,

*Ham.* But now wouldst not think how ill all's here  
 But it is no matter.

*Pol.* Now, my good lord.

*Ham.* It is but folly; but it is such <sup>1</sup> a kind of  
 gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

*Pol.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it.  
 I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not  
 sick.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a  
 special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be  
 now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will  
 be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the  
 readiness is all. <sup>2</sup> Since no man knows aught of  
 what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

*Enter*

<sup>1</sup> —a kind of gain-giving—] Gain-giving is the same as  
 mis-giving. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> If your mind dislike any thing, obey it.] With these prefaces  
 of future evils arising in the mind, the poet has foretold many  
 events which are to happen at the conclusions of his plays; and  
 sometimes so particularly, that even the circumstances of ca-  
 lamity are minutely hinted at, as in the instance of Juliet, who  
 tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead  
 in the bottom of a tomb*. The supposition that the genius of the  
 mind gave the alarm before approaching dissolution, is a very  
 ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet  
 it must be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, how-  
 ever injurious it may sometimes prove to the weak and the  
 superstitious. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Since no man HAS OUGHT OF WHAT he leaves, what is't to  
 leave betimes?] This the editors called reasoning. I should  
 have thought the premises concluded just otherwise: for since  
 death strips a man of every thing, it is but fit he should shun  
 and avoid the despoiler. The old quarto reads, *Since no man,  
 of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.*  
 This is the true reading. Here the premises conclude right,  
 and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect: "It is  
 true, that, by death, we lose all the goods of life; yet  
 seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible  
 of it; and since death removes all sense of it, what matters  
 it how soon we lose them? Therefore come what will, I am  
 prepared." But the ill pointing in the old book hindered  
 the editors from seeing Shakespeare's sense, and encouraged  
 them

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and lords, Ofrick, with other attendants with foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*King puts the band of Laertes into the band of Hamlet.*

*Ham.* <sup>2</sup> Give me your pardon, Sir. I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This preface knows, and you must needs have heard,  
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never, Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,

them to venture at one of their own, though, as usual, they are come very lamely off. WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in some other copy the harshness of the transposition was softened, and the passage stood thus: *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a slight blunder in such typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's interpretation of the passage the best that it will admit. The meaning may be this, *Since no man knows aught of the state of life which he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of leaving life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity. I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of Providence.

Hanmer has, *Since no man owes aught*, a conjecture not very reprehensible. *Since no man can call any possession certain*, what is it to leave? JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Give me your pardon, Sir.—] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON.

VOL. X.

Y

Hamlet

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;  
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.  
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,  
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
 That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
 And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* <sup>3</sup> I am satisfied in nature,  
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
 To my revenge: but in my terms of honour  
 I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,  
 Till by some elder masters of known honour  
 I have a voice, and precedent of peace,  
 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time  
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
 And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely,  
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.  
 Give us the foils.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance  
 Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,

<sup>4</sup> Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, Sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osrick. Cousin  
 Hamlet,

You know the wager.

*Ham.* Well, my lord;

<sup>5</sup> Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

*King.*

<sup>3</sup> *I am satisfied in nature, &c.]* This was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though *nature* is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Stick fiery off indeed.]* This image is taken from *painting*, where a dark ground *throws off* light objects, and makes them appear more forward. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Your grace hath laid upon the weaker side.]* Thus Hammer.  
 All the others read,

*Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.*

When

*King.* I do not fear it, I have seen you both :  
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy, let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have all a  
length ? *[They prepare to play.]*

*Ofr.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—  
If Hamlet gives the first, or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire ;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,  
<sup>6</sup> And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups ;  
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,  
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.  
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin.  
And you the judges bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, Sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. *[They play.]*

*Ham.* One.

When the odds were on the side of Laertes, who was to hit  
Hamlet twelve times to nine, it was perhaps the author's slip.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> In some editions,

*And in the cup an onyx shall be throw,]* This is a various  
reading in several of the old copies ; but *union* seems to me  
to be the true word. If I am not mistaken, neither the *onyx*,  
nor *sardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial  
crown. An *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in  
all crowns and coronets. Besides, let us consider what the  
king says on Hamlet's giving Laertes the first hit.

*Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;*

*Here's to thy health.*

Therefore, if an *union* be a *pearl*, and an *onyx* a gem, or stone  
quite differing in its nature from *pearls* ; the king saying, that  
Hamlet has earn'd the *pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonstra-  
tion that it was an *union* pearl, which he meant to throw into  
the cup. THEOBALD.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Ofr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well——again——

*King.* Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is  
thine ;

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

*[Trumpets sound, shot goes off.]*

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first. Set it by a while.

*[They play.]*

*Comæ.* Another hit. What say you ?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good Madam——

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink——

*Queen.* I will, my lord :—I pray you, pardon me.

*King.* It is the poison'd cup. It is too late. *[Aside.]*

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, Madam. By and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think't.

*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.

*[Aside.]*

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes : you but  
dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afraid, ' you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so ? come on.

*[Play.]*

*Ofr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

*[Laertes wounds Hamlet ; then, in scuffling, they  
change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]*

' you make a wanton of me.] A wanton was, a man feeble  
and effeminate. In *Cymbeline*, Imogen says,

“ I am not so citizen a wanton,

“ To die, ere I be sick.” JOHNSON.

*King-*

*King.* Part them, they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay, come again.

*Ofr.* Look to the queen there, ho !

[*The Queen falls.*]

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord ?

*Ofr.* How is't, Laertes ?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,  
Osrick ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen ?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink——

Oh, my dear Hamlet !—The drink, the drink——

I am poison'd—— [ *The Queen dies.* ]

*Ham.* O villainy ! ho ! let the door be lock'd :

Treachery ! seek it out——

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain,  
No medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour of life ;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.

I can no more——the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point envenom'd too ?

Then venom do thy work. [ *Stabs the King.* ]

*All.* Treason, treason !

*King.* O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned

Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is the union here ?

Follow my mother. [ *King dies.* ]

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet ;

Mine and my father's death come not on thee,

Nor thine on me ! [ *Dies.* ]

Y 3 *Ham.*



*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it. I follow thee.  
 I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!  
 You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,  
 \* That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
 Had I but time (as this fell serjeant death  
 Is strict in his arrest) oh, I could tell you——  
 But let it be——Horatio, I am dead;  
 Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright  
 To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it.  
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.  
 Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,  
 Give me the cup. Let go; by heaven, I'll have it.  
 Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind  
 me?  
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
 Absent thee from felicity a while,  
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
 To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*]  
 What warlike noise is this?

*Enter Ofrick.*

*Ofr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from  
 Poland,  
 To the ambassadors of England gives  
 This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio:  
 The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit;  
 I cannot live to hear the news from England.  
 But I do prophesy, the election lights  
 On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

\* *That are but mutes or audience to this act,*] That are either  
 mere auditors of this catastrophe, or at most only mute per-  
 formers, that fill the stage without any part in the action.

JOHNSON.

So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,  
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart. Good night,  
sweet prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither?

*Enter*

<sup>9</sup> *Which have solicited.*—] *Solicited*, for brought on the event. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;*

*And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!*] Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the strength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghost, undertakes with seeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will banish all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word; and on another occasion, defers his purpose till he can find an opportunity of taking the murderer when he is least prepared for death, that he may insure damnation to his soul. Though he may be said to have assassinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purposes of the mandate which they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a subsequent conversation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themselves into the service, and he thought he had a right to destroy them. He is not less accountable for the distraction and death of Ophelia. He comes to interrupt the funeral designed in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were present; and, by such an outrage to decency, renders it still more necessary for the usurper to lay a second stratagem for his life, though the first had proved abortive. He comes to insult the brother of the dead, and to boast of an affection for his sister, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time must be considered as desirous of supporting the character of a madman, so that the openness of his confession must not be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the absurdity of this behaviour, to which, he says, he was provoked by that nobleness of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnson has observed, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himself of a dishonest fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the most careless

*Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.*

*Fort.* Where is this fight?

*Hor.* What is it you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*Fort.* <sup>2</sup> This quarry cries, on havock! Oh proud death!

What feast is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,  
That thou so many princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast struck?

*Amb.* The sight is dismal,  
And our affairs from England come too late:  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing;  
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.  
Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it the ability of life to thank you:  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,  
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,

spectator or reader, that he kills the king at last to revenge himself, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero, not undeserving the pity of the audience, and because no writer on Shakespeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *This quarry cries, on havock!*] Hanmer reads,  
———cries out, *havock!*

To cry on, was to exclaim against. I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more quarry or game than was reasonable, the censure was to cry, *Havock*. JOHNSON.

How

How these things came about. So shall you hear  
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts ;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause :  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. All this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblesse to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,  
Which, now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

*Hor.* <sup>3</sup> Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
<sup>4</sup> And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more :  
But

<sup>3</sup> *Of that I shall have also cause to speak,*] Voltaire's first remark on this play is, that the old king had been poison'd by Claudius, and his own queen Gertrude, which is far from being certain, as the ghost himself does not accuse her as an accessory to the deed, but, on the contrary, recommends her to the mercy of her son. His concluding observation has no less veracity to boast of, for (says he) all the actors in the piece are now destroyed, and one Monsieur Fort-en-bras is introduced to conclude the play ; whereas Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, survives as well as Osrick ; nor do we hear of any accident that has befallen Voltimand and Cornelius, who, as well as the whole court of Denmark, may be supposed to be present at the catastrophe. Even Mons. D'Alembert, a *puny whipster*, in comparison to the bard of Geneva, has had the insolence to declare, that there is more sterling sense in ten French verses, than can be found in any thirty Italian or English ones. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more.*] This is the reading of the old quartos, but certainly a mistaken one. We say, *a man will no more draw breath* ; but that a man's *voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an expression without any authority. I choose to espouse the reading of the elder folio :

*And from his mouth, whose voice will draw on more.*  
And this is the poet's meaning. Hamlet, just before his death, had said ;

*But I do prophesy, the election lights  
On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;  
So tell him, &c.*

Accord-

But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while mens' minds are wild ; lest more mischance  
On plots and errors happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,  
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,  
Speak loudly for him.—  
Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*[Exeunt : after which a peal of ordnance is  
shot off.]*

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that message ; and very justly infers, that Hamlet's *voice* will be seconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's succession.

THEORALD.

If the dramas of Shakespeare were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity ; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations, and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole play, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted

convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him, and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily have been formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

A C T II. Page 224.

*The rugged Pyrrhus, he, &c.]* The two greatest poets of this and the last age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, and Mr. Pope, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that Shakespeare produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken; and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think just otherwise; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity and sublime of this production. And I reason, first, from the character Hamlet gives of the play, from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us consider the character Hamlet gives of it, *The play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas Caviare to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* They who suppose the passage given to be ridiculed, must needs suppose this character to be purely ironical. But if so, it is the strangest irony that ever was written. *It pleased not the multitude.* This we must conclude to be true, however ironical the rest be.

Now

Now the reason given of the designed ridicule is the supposed bombast. But those were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And Fletcher wrote a kind of *Rehearsal* purposely to expose them. But say it is bombast, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. Hamlet presently tells us what it was that displeased them. *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* Now whether a person speaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common sense requires he should quote what they say. Now it could not be, if this play displeased because of the bombast, that those whom it displeased should give this reason for their dislike. The same inconsistencies and absurdities abound in every other part of Hamlet's speech supposing it to be ironical: but take him as speaking his sentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpose, The play, I remember, pleased not the multitude, and the reason was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire strangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those for whose judgment I have the highest esteem, it was an excellent play, *well digested in the scenes*, i. e. where the three unities were well preserved. *Set down with as much modesty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of composition, but the simplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But these qualities, which gained my esteem, lost the public's. For *I remember one said, There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury*, i. e. there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of those passionate, pathetic love scenes, so essential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honest method*, i. e. he owned, however *tasteless* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaste and pure; the distinguishing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one observation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the justest picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honest method, as voluminous as sweet, and by very much more HANDSOME than FINE*, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of false art.

2. A second proof that this speech was given to be admired, is from the intrinsic merit of the speech itself: which contains the description of a circumstance very happily imagined, namely, Ilium and Priam's falling together, with the effect it had on the destroyer.

—The

———*The bellifß Pyrrhus, &c.*

To, *Repugnant to command.*

*The unnerved father falls, &c.*

To, ——*So after Pyrrhus' pause.*

Now this circumstance, illustrated with the fine similitude of the storm, is so highly worked up, as to have well deserved a place in Virgil's second book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. Hamlet, his best character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the foolish Polonius tired with it. We have said enough before of Hamlet's sentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears start from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombast and unnatural sentiment produce such an effect. Nature and Horace both instructed him,

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est*

*Primum ipse tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,*

*Telephæ, vel Pelæu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,*

*Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.*

And it may be worth observing, that Horace gives this precept particularly to shew, that bombast and unnatural sentiments are incapable of moving the tender passions, which he is directing the poet how to raise. For, in the lines just before, he gives this rule,

*Telephus & Pelæus, cum pauper & exul uterque,*

*Projicit Ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba.*

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of these causes.

1. Either when the subject is domestic, and the scene lies at home: the spectators, in this case, become interested in the fortunes of the distressed; and their thoughts are so much taken up with the subject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwise, by his faulty sentiments and diction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the case in hand. For, as Hamlet says,

*What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?*

2. When bad lines raise this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, instead of being highly figurative and swelling; yet, when attended with a natural simplicity, they have force enough to strike illiterate and simple minds. The tragedies of Banks will justify both these observations.

But if any one will still say, that Shakespeare intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantastically affected, we must



must appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakespeare himself in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the least hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciously moved. On the contrary, his fine description of the actor's emotion shews, he thought just otherwise :

———*this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That from her working all his visage wan'd :  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, &c.*

And indeed had Hamlet esteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumstance to spur him to his purpose.

As Shakespeare has here shewn the effects which a fine description of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whose business habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occasions; so he has artfully shewn what effects the very same scene would have upon a quite different man, Polonius; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally so much disguised as not to be seen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durst not have brought so near one another] *by discipline*, practised in a species of wit and eloquence, which was stiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a politician, and therefore, of consequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakespeare has judiciously chosen to represent the false taste of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the finest and most pathetic part of the speech, Polonius cries out, *This is too long*; on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It shall to the barber's with thy beard* [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wisdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pry'thee, say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry* [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he sleeps, say on.* And yet this man of modern taste, who stood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no sooner hears, amongst many good things, one quaint and fantastical word, put in, I suppose, purposely for this end, than he professes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by Hamlet, cannot be ironical.

nical. The passage itself is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, should have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taste. From hence (to observe it by the way) the actors, in their representation of this play, may learn how this speech ought to be spoken, and what appearance Hamlet ought to assume during the recital.

That which supports the common opinion, concerning this passage, is the turgid expression in some parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We shall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines most obnoxious to censure, and see how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their conclusion.

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerv'd father falls.*

And again,

*Out, out, thou strumpet fortune! All you gods,  
In general synod, take away her power:  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends.*

Now whether these be bombast or not, is not the question; but whether Shakespeare esteemed them so. That he did not so esteem them appears from his having used the very same thoughts in the same expression, in his best plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the sublime. As in the following passages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, far outstrains the execution of Pyrrhus's sword, in the character he gives of Hector's:

*When many times the captive Grecians fall  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise and live.*

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the same manner:

*No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,  
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd at my offence.*

But another use may be made of these quotations; a discovery of the author of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumstance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reason I have been so large upon this question. I think then it appears, from what has been said, that the play in dispute was Shakespeare's own: and that this was the occasion of writing it. He was desirous, as soon as he had found his strength, of restoring the chasteness and regularity of the ancient stage; and therefore composed this tragedy on the model of the Greek drama, as may be seen by throwing so much

much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitless; and the raw, unnatural taste, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old Gothic manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. WARBURTON.

The praise which Hamlet bestows on this piece, is certainly dissembled, and agrees very well with the character of madness, which, before witnesses, he thought it necessary to support. The speeches before us have so little merit, that nothing but an affectation of singularity could have influenced Dr. Warburton to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a just resemblance of some of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too many in number to permit a few splendid passages to atone for a general defect. The player knew his trade, and spoke the lines in an affecting manner, because Hamlet had declared them to be pathetic; or might be in reality a little moved by them: for, "There are less degrees of nature (says Dryden) by which some faint emotions of pity and terror are raised in us, as a less engine will raise a less proportion of weight, though not so much as one of Archimedes' making." The mind of the prince, it must be confessed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a slight solicitation. It is by no means proved, that Shakespeare has *employed the same thoughts cloathed in the same expressions, in his best plays*. If he bids *the false huswife Fortune break her wheel*, he does not desire her to *break all its spokes*; nay, *even its periphery*, and *make use of the nave afterwards for such an immeasurable cast*. Though if what Dr. Warburton has said should be found in any instance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that Shakespeare was sometimes wrong in spite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed those very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. Warburton is inconsistent in his assertions concerning the literature of Shakespeare. In a note on *Troilus and Cressida*, he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of Homer; and, in this instance, would suppose him capable of producing a complete tragedy *written on the ancient rules*; and that the speech before us had sufficient merit to intitle it to a place *in the second book of Virgil's Æneid, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived*.

Had Shakespeare made one unsuccessful attempt in the manner of the ancients (that he had any knowledge of their rules remains to be proved) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom Ben Jonson would have been the first. Had his darling ancients been unskilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at least have preserved the memory of the fact, to shew how unsafe it was for any one, who

as not as thorough a scholar as himself, to have meddled with their sacred remains.

“ Within that circle none durst walk but he.” He has represented Inigo Jones as being ignorant of the very names of those ancients, whose architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Poetaster* he has in several places hinted at our poet’s injudicious use of words, and seems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at some of his descriptions and characters. It is true that he has praised him, but it was not while that praise could have been of any service to him; and posthumous applause is always to be had on easy conditions. Happy it was for Shakespeare, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm pursuit of her beauties, left to Jonson the repositories of learning: so has he escaped a contest which might have rendered his life uneasy, and bequeathed to our possession the more valuable copies from nature herself. STEEVENS.

## Persons Represented.

D U K E of Venice.

Brabantio, *a senator.*

*Two other senators.*

Gratiano, *brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor.*

Cassio, *his lieutenant.*

Iago, *his ancient.*

Roderigo, *a Venetian gentleman.*

Montano, *the Moor's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*

*Clown, servant to the Moor.*

*Herald.*

Desdemona, *wife to Othello.*

Æmilia, *wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *mistress to Cassio.*

*Officers, gentlemen, messengers, musicians, sailors, and attendants.*

S C E N E, *for the first act, in Venice; during the rest of the play, in Cyprus.*

# O T H E L L O,

## The Moor of VENICE.

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### A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A street in Venice.*

*Enter Roderigo and Iago.*

R O D E R I G O.

**N**EVER tell me. I take it much unkindly,  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,  
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know  
of this.

*Iago.* But you'll not hear me.

[If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy  
hate.

*Iago.* Despise me,

[If I do not. Three great ones of the city,

[In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,

<sup>a</sup> Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,

[I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

<sup>a</sup> *Othello, the Moor of Venice.*] The story is taken from *Cynbio's Novels*. POPE.

I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Off-capp'd to him*; —] Thus the folio. The quarto,

*Off capp'd to him*. STEEVENS.

Evades them with a bombast circumstance,  
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;  
 And, in conclusion,  
 Non-suits my mediators : for " certes, says he,  
 " I have already chose my officer."  
 And what was he ?  
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
 One Michael Cassio, <sup>3</sup> a Florentine,  
 A fellow almost damn'd <sup>4</sup> in a fair wife ;

That

<sup>3</sup> ———a Florentine,] It appears from many passages of this play (rightly understood) that Cassio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian. HANMER.

<sup>4</sup> ———in a fair wife ;] In the former editions this hath been printed, *a fair wife* ; but surely it must from the beginning have been a mistake, because it appears from a following part of the play, that Cassio was an unmarried man : on the other hand, his beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for rough soldiers to treat with scorn and ridicule. I read therefore,

*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz.* HANMER.

—————a Florentine,

*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife* ;] But it was Iago, and not Cassio, who was the Florentine, as appears from Act 3. Scene 1. The passage therefore should be read thus,

—————a Florentine's,

*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife* ;] These are the words of Othello (which Iago in this relation repeats) and signify, that a Florentine was an unfit person for command, as being always a slave to a fair wife ; which was the case of Iago. The Oxford Editor, supposing this was said by Iago of Cassio, will have Cassio to be the Florentine ; which, he says, is plain from many passages in the play, rightly understood. But because Cassio was no married man (though I wonder it did not appear he *was*, from some passages rightly understood) he alters the line thus,

*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phyz.*

A White-friers' phrase. WARBURTON.

This is one of the passages which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose. I cannot think it very plain from Act 3. Scene 1. that Cassio was or was not a Florentine. JOHNSON.

The great difficulty is to understand in what sense any man can be said to be *almost damn'd in a fair wife* ; or *fair phyz*.

That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows

More

as Sir T. Hanmer proposes to read. I cannot find any ground for supposing that either the one or the other have been reputed to be damnable sins in any religion. The poet has used the same mode of expression in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act 1. Scene 1.

"O my Anthonio, I do know of those  
"Who therefore only are reputed wise,  
"For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,  
"If they should speak, would *almost damn* those ears,  
"Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

And there the allusion is evident to the gospel-judgment against those, who call their brothers fools. I am therefore inclined to believe, that the true reading here is,

"A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *LIFE*;"

and that Shakespeare alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those of *whom all men speak well*.

The character of Cassio is certainly such, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed too, that Shakespeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival. In Act 5. Scene 1. he speaks thus of him;

"———If Cassio do remain,  
"He hath a *daily beauty in his life*,  
"That makes me ugly."———

I will only add, that, however hard or far-fetch'd this allusion (whether Shakespeare's, or only mine) may seem to be, archbishop Sheldon had exactly the same conceit, when he made that singular compliment, as the writer calls it, [Biog. Britan. Art. TEMPLE] to a nephew of Sir William Temple, that "he  
"had the curse of the gospel, because all men spoke well of  
"him." *Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.*

The poet does not appear to have meant Iago to be a Florentine, which has hitherto been inferred from the following passage in Act 3. Scene 1. where Cassio, speaking of Iago, says,

———*I never knew*

*A Florentine more kind and honest.*

It is surely not uncommon for us to say in praise of a foreigner, that we never knew one of our own countrymen of a more friendly disposition.



More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoretic,  
 5 Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
 As masterly as he :—mere prattle, without practice,

disposition. This, I believe, is all that Cassio meant by his observation.

From the already-mentioned passage in Act 3. Scene 3. it is certain (as Sir T. Hanmer has observed) that Iago was a Venetian.

“ I know *our country disposition* well,

“ In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks

“ They dare not shew their husbands.”

That Cassio, however, was *married*, is not sufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife*, since they may mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man *very near being married*. This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio, Act 4. Scene 1. Iago, speaking to him of Bianca, says—*Why the cry goes that you shall marry her*. Cassio acknowledges that such a report has been raised, and adds, *This is the monkey's own giving out : she is persuaded I will marry her out of her own love and self-flattery, not out of my promise*. Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his present conversation with Roderigo. Had Shakespeare, consistently with Iago's character, meant to make him to say that Cassio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handsome woman*, he would have made him say it *outright*, and not have interposed the palliative *almost*. Whereas what he says at present amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damn'd*, because he is not *absolutely married*. The succeeding parts of Iago's conversation sufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expression too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

5 *Wherein the toged consuls—*] So the generality of the impressions read ; but the oldest quarto has it *toged* ; the senators, that assisted the duke in council, in their proper *gowns*.—But let me explain, why I have ventured to substitute *counsellors* in the room of *consuls* : the Venetian nobility constitute the great *council* of the senate, and are a part of the administration ; and summoned to assist and counsel the Doge, who is prince of the senate. So that they may very properly be called *Counsellors*. Though the government of Venice was democratic at first, under *consuls* and *tribunes* ; that form of power has been totally abrogated, since Doges have been elected.

THEOBALD.

*Wherein the toged consuls—*] *Consuls*, for *counsellors*.

WARBURTON.

Is

Is all his foldierſhip. He had the election ;  
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus ; and on other grounds  
Chriſtian and heathen ; <sup>6</sup> muſt be belee'd and calm'd  
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caſter :—  
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,  
And I (God bleſs the mark !) his Moor-ſhip's an-  
cient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his  
hangman.

*Iago.* But there's no remedy ; 'tis the curſe of ſer-  
vice ;

Preferment goes <sup>7</sup> by letter, and affection,  
<sup>8</sup> And not by old gradation, where each ſecond  
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, Sir, be judge yourſelf,  
<sup>9</sup> If I in any juſt term am affin'd  
To love the Moor.

<sup>6</sup> —muſt be LED and calm'd] So the old quarto. The firſt folio reads *belee'd* : but that ſpoils the meaſure. I read LET, hindered. WARBURTON.

*Belee'd* ſuits to *calm'd*, and the meaſure is not leſs perfect than in many other places. JOHNSON.

*Belee'd* and *calm'd* are terms of navigation. A ſhip is ſaid to be *belee'd*, when ſhe is ſo ſituated, that the wind can only come on her broad-side, and conſequently ſhe can make little or no way. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —by letter,—] By recommendation from powerful friends. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> And not by old gradation,—] What is old gradation ? He immediately explains *gradation* very properly. But the idea of old does not come into it,

—where each ſecond

Stood heir to the firſt.—

I read therefore,

Not (as of old) *gradation*—i. e. it does not go by gradation, as it did of old. WARBURTON.

Old gradation, is gradation eſtabliſhed by ancient practice. Where is the difficulty ? JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> If I in any juſt term am affin'd] *Affined* is the reading of the third quarto and the firſt folio. The ſecond quarto and all the modern editions have *affin'd*. The meaning is, *Do I ſtand within any ſuch terms of propinquity or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him ?* JOHNSON.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O Sir, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender ; and when he's old, ca  
shier'd :

Whip me such <sup>1</sup> honest knaves. Others there are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;

And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd thei  
coats,

Do themselves homage. These fellows have som  
soul ;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, Sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

In following him, I follow but myself,

Heaven is my judge !—Not I, for love and duty,

But, seeming so, for my peculiar end.

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

<sup>2</sup> In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,

For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,  
If he can carry't thus !

*Iago.* Call up her father,

Rouse him : make after him, poison his delight,

<sup>1</sup> —*honest knaves.*—] *Knave* is here for *servant*, but with a mixture of sly contempt. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *In compliment extern,*—] In that which I do only for a outward shew of civility. JOHNSON.

Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen;  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
3 As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! ho! Thieves!  
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!  
Thieves! thieves!

*Brabantio above at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? Wherefore ask you this?

3 *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*

*Is spied in populous cities.*] This is not sense, take it which way you will. If *night* and *negligence* relate to *spied*, it is absurd to say, *the fire was spied by negligence*. If *night* and *negligence* refer only to the time and occasion, it should then be *by night*, and *through negligence*. Otherwise the particle *by* would be made to signify *time* applied to one word, and *cause* applied to the other. We should read therefore, *Is spied*, by which all these faults are avoided. But what is of most weight, the similitude, thus emended, agrees best with the fact it is applied to. Had this notice been given to Brabantio before his daughter ran away and married, it might then indeed have been well enough compared to the alarm given of a fire just *spied*, as soon as it was begun. But being given after the parties were bedded, it was more fitly compared to a fire *spied by night and negligence*, so as not to be extinguished. WARBURTON.

The particle is used equivocally; the same liberty is taken by writers more correct.

*The wonderful creature! a woman of reason!*

*Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season.*

JOHNSON.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your gown :

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise,  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you.  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I :—What are you?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper, and distemp'ring draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, Sir, Sir——

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit and my place have in their power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good Sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is  
Venice,

My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

*Iago.* Sir, you are one of those that will not serve  
God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do  
you service, you think we are ruffians. You'll have  
your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll  
have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers  
for cousins, and gennets for Germans.

*Bra.* \* What profane wretch art thou?

\* *What profane wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of  
gross and licentious language?* In that sense Shakespeare often  
uses the word *profane*. JOHNSON.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, <sup>5</sup> your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are——a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,

[\* If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,  
At <sup>6</sup> this odd even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported, with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of hire, a Gondalier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:——  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,  
That from the sense of all civility  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes  
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself.]  
If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

<sup>5</sup> ——*your daughter and the Moor, &c.*] In the “*Dictionnaire des Proverbes François*, par G. D. B. Brussels 1710.” 12°. under the word *dos*, I find the following article:

“*Faire la bete a deux dos*” pour dire faire l’amour. PERCY.

\* The lines printed in crotchets are not in the first edition, but in the folio of 1623. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——*this odd even*——] The *even* of night is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts. JOHNSON.

*Odd* is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange, uncouth, or unwonted*, and as it is opposed to *even*. STEEVENS.

*Bra.*

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho !  
Give me a taper. Call up all my people.  
This accident is not unlike my dream ;  
Belief of it oppresses me already.  
Light ! I say, light !

*Iago.* Farewell ; for I must leave you.  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)  
Against the Moor. For I do know, the state,  
However this may gall him with <sup>7</sup> some check,  
Cannot with safety <sup>8</sup> cast him : for he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war,  
(Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have none,  
To lead their business. In which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell's pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is, indeed, but sign. That you may surely  
find him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search ;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Enter below Brabantio and servants.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil :—gone she is ;  
<sup>9</sup> And what's to come of my despised time,  
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,

<sup>7</sup> —some check,] Some rebuke. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —cast him :—] That is, *dismiss* him ; *reject* him. *We*  
still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> And what's to come of my despised time,] Why despised  
time ? We should read,

—DESPITED time,

i. e. vexatious. WARBURTON.

*Despised time*, is *time of no value* ; time in which

“ There's nothing serious in mortality,

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs

“ Are left, this vault to brag of.” *Macbeth.*

JOHNSON.

Where

Where didst thou see her?—Oh unhappy girl!—  
With the Moor, saidst thou?—Who would be a  
father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she?—<sup>1</sup> Oh, thou deceiv'st  
me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more  
tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think, they are.

*Bra.* Oh heaven! how got she out?

Oh treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,

<sup>2</sup> By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, Sir; I have, indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—Oh, 'would you had  
had her!

—Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think, I can discover him; if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most: get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of might.  
On, good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> —*Oh, thou deceivest me*

*Past thought!*—] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio 1623,  
and the quartos 1630 and 1655 read,

*Oh, she deceives me*

*Past thought.*

I have chosen the apostrophe to his absent daughter, as the  
most spirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *By which the property and youth of maidhood*

*May be abus'd?*—] By which the faculties of a young  
virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and to  
false imagination.

“Wicked dreams abuse

“The curtain'd sleep.” *Macbeth.*

JOHNSON.  
S C E N E



## S C E N E II.

*Another street.**Enter Othello, Iago, and attendants.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff <sup>3</sup> o' the conscience  
'To do no contriv'd murder. I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service:—nine or ten times  
I thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour;  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,  
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,  
That the Magnifico is much belov'd;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential  
\* As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;

Or

<sup>3</sup> — *stuff o' the conscience*] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the conscience is, *substance*, or *essence* of the conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonic languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoofdstoffen*, or *head stuffs*. JOHNSON.

\* *As double as the duke's:—*] Rymer seems to have had his eye on his passage, amongst others, where he talks so much of the impropriety and barbarity in the stile of this play. But it is an elegant Grecism. As *double*, signifies as *large*, as *extensive*: for thus the Greeks use διπλός. *Diosc.* l. 2. c. 213. And in the same manner and construction, the Latins sometimes used duplex. And the old French writers say, *La plus double*. Dr. Bentley has been as severe on Milton for as elegant a Grecism, *Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove*, lib. 9. ver. 396.

'Tis an imitation of the Παρθένον ἐκ Σαράπιδος of Theocritus, for an unmarried virgin. WARBURTON.

This note has been much censured by Mr. Upton, who denies that the quotation is in *Dioscorides*, and disputes, not without reason, the interpretation of Theocritus.

All

Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance  
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)  
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite :

My services, which I have done the Signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being  
From <sup>5</sup> men of royal siege ; <sup>6</sup> and my demerits  
May <sup>7</sup> speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune

As

All this learning, if it had even been what it endeavours to be thought, is, in this place, superfluous. There is no ground of supposing, that our author copied or knew the Greek phrase ; nor does it follow, that, because a word has two senses in one language, the word which in another answers to one sense, should answer to both. *Manus*, in Latin, signifies both a *band* and *troop of soldiers*, but we cannot say, that *the captain marched at the head of his hand* ; or, that *he laid his troop upon his sword*. It is not always in books that the meaning is to be sought of this writer, who was much more acquainted with naked reason and with living manners.

*Double* has here its natural sense. The president of every deliberative assembly has a *double* voice. In our courts, the chief justice and one of the inferior judges prevail over the other two, because the chief justice has a *double* voice.

Brabantio had, *in his effects*, though not by law, yet by *weight and influence*, a voice not *actual* and formal, but *potential* and operative, as *double*, that is, a voice that when a question was suspended, would turn the balance as effectually as *the duke's*. *Potential* is used in the sense of science ; a *causative* is called *potential* fire. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —men of royal siege ;—] Men who have sat upon royal thrones. The quarto has,

—men of royal height.

*Siege* is used for *seat* by other authors. So in Massinger's *Guardian* :

“ —a crow pursu'd, a hern put from her *siege*.” STEEV.

<sup>6</sup> —and my demerits] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*.

“ Opinion that so sticks on Martius, may

“ Of his DEMERITS rob Cominius.” *Coriol.* STEEV.

<sup>7</sup> —speak, UNBONNETTED,—] Thus all the copies read. It should be UNBONNETTING, *i. e.* without putting off the bonnet. POPE.

As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,  
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
 I would not my <sup>8</sup> unhoused free condition  
 Put into circumscription and confine  
<sup>9</sup> For the sea's worth. But look, what lights come  
 yonder?

*Enter Cassio, with others.*

*Iago.* Those are the raised father, and his friends :  
 You were best go in.

*Oth.* Not I : I must be found ;  
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think, no.

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

——— *and my demerits*

*May speak unbonnetted to as proud a fortune*

*As this that I have reach'd.*—] Thus all the copies read this passage. But, to speak *unbonnetted*, is to speak *with the cap off*, which is directly opposite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to say, that his birth and services set him upon such a rank, that he may speak to a senator of Venice with his hat on ; i. e. without shewing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakespeare wrote :

*May speak, and bonnetted, &c.* THEOBALD.

I do not see the propriety of Mr. Pope's emendation, though adopted by Dr. Warburton. *Unbonnetting* may as well be, *not putting on*, as *not putting off*, the bonnet. Hanmer reads *c'en bonnetted*. JOHNSON.

*Bonnetter* (says Cotgrave) is to *put off one's cap*. *Unbonnetted* may therefore signify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonnetted*. It is common with Shakespeare to make or use words compounded in the same manner. Such are *imparon*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immast*. Of all the readings Theobald's is, I think, the best. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *unhoused*—] Free from domestic cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *For the sea's worth.*—] I would not marry her, though she were as rich as the Adriatic, which the Doge annually marries. JOHNSON.

I believe the common and obvious meaning is the true one.

STEVENS.

—The

—The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Caf.* The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Caf.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;  
It is a business of some heat. The galleys  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night, at one another's heels:  
And many of the <sup>9</sup> consuls, rais'd and met,  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly  
call'd for,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,

'The senate sent about three several quests

To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you.

[*Exit.*

*Caf.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded <sup>2</sup> a land-  
carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Caf.*

<sup>9</sup> Hanmer reads, *council*,—] Theobald would have us read *counsellors*. Venice was originally governed by *consuls*: and *consuls* seems to have been commonly used for *counsellors*. In *Albion's Triumph*, a masque, 1631, the emperor Albanact is said to be attended by fourteen *CONSULS*:—again, the habits of the *CONSULS* were after the same manner. Geoffery of Monmouth, and Matt. Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *consuls*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The senate hath sent out*—] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have,

*The senate sent above three several quests.*

The folio,

*The senate hath sent about*, &c. that is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —a land-carrack;] A carrack is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a galleon. JOHNSON.

*Caf.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Caf.* To whom?

*Re-enter Othello.*

*Iago.* Marry, to——Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Caf.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio : general, <sup>3</sup> be advis'd ;  
He comes to bad intent,

*Oth.* Hola ! stand there.

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief !

*[They draw on both sides.]*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo ! come, Sir, I am for you.—

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will  
rust 'em.—

Good Signior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief ! where hast thou stow'd my  
daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shun'd

<sup>4</sup> The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Ru—

So in B. and Fletcher's *Coxcomb* :

“ ——they'll be freighted ;

“ They're made like *carracks*, all for strength and stowage——

STEVENS

<sup>3</sup> ——be advis'd ;] That is, be cool ; be cautious ; be discre—

JOHNSON

<sup>4</sup> The *wealthy curled darlings of our nation*,] *Curled*  
*elegantly and ostentatiously dressed.* He had not the hair partic—  
larly in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

Vir—

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight?  
[<sup>5</sup> Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,  
<sup>6</sup> Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
That weaken notion.—I'll have it disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.]  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.  
—Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

On another occasion Shakespeare employs the same expression, and evidently alludes to *the hair*.

If the first meet the *curled* Antony, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe he does so in the present instance.

<sup>5</sup> *Judge me the world, &c.*] The lines following in crotchets are not in the first edition. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*

*That weaken motion.*] Brabantio is here accusing Othello of having used some foul play, and intoxicated Desdemona by drugs and potions to win her over to his love. But why, *drugs* to weaken *motion*? How then could she have run away with him voluntarily from her father's house? Had she been averse to choosing Othello, though he had given her medicines that took away the use of her limbs, might she not still have retained her senses, and opposed the marriage? Her father, 'tis evident, from several of his speeches, is positive, that she must have been *abused* in her *rational* faculties; or she could not have made so preposterous a choice, as to wed with a Moor, a Black, and refuse the finest young gentlemen in Venice. What then have we to do with her *motion* being weakened? If I understand any thing of the poet's meaning here, I cannot but think he must have wrote:

*Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*

*That weaken notion.*

i. e. her *apprehension*, right *conception* and *idea* of things, *understanding*, *judgment*, &c. THEOBALD.

Hammer reads with equal probability,

*That waken motion.*—— JOHNSON.

Without a procraster. Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison; 'till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?

*Off.* True, most worthy Signior,  
The duke's in council; and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!  
In this time of the night! Bring him away;  
Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*A council-chamber.*

*Duke and Senators sitting.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

[*Bond-slaves and pagans.*] Mr. Theobald alters *pagans*  
to *pageants* for this reason, "That pagans are as strict and  
" moral all the world over, as the most regular Christians; in  
" the preservation of private property." But what then? The  
speaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is  
plain from hence, that this important discovery, so much to  
the honour of paganism, was first made by our editor.

WARBURTON.

[*There is no composition.*] *Composition, for consistency, com-*  
*cordancy.* WARBURTON.

*I Sen:*

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;  
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

*Duke.* And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred ;  
But though they jump not on a just account,  
(<sup>9</sup> As in these cases where they aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailors within.]* What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

*Enter a Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the gallies.

*Duke.* Now ? the business ?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes :  
So was I bid report here to the state.

*Duke.* How say you by this change ?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,  
' By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze : when we consider

<sup>9</sup> *As in these cases where THEY aim reports,]* These Venetians seem to have had a very odd sort of persons in employment, who did all by hazard, as to *what*, and *how*, they should report ; for this is the sense of man's *aiming reports*. The true reading, without question, is,

—where *THE* aim reports.

i. e. *where there is no better ground for information than conjecture* : which not only improves the sense, but, by changing the verb into a noun, and the noun into a verb, mends the expression. *WARBURTON.*

The folio has,

—*the* aim reports.

But, *they aim reports*, has a sense sufficiently easy and commodious. Where men *report* not by certain knowledge, but by *aim* and conjecture. *JOHNSON.*

<sup>1</sup> *By no assay of reason.—]* Bring it to the *test*, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the *assay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. *JOHNSON.*



The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,  
 And let ourselves again but understand,  
 That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
 So may he with more <sup>2</sup> facile question bear it.  
 [ <sup>3</sup> For that it stands not in such <sup>4</sup> warlike brace,  
 But altogether lacks the abilities  
 That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of  
 this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
 To leave that latest which concerns him first;  
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
 To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.]

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mef.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
 Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
 Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.—

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* [Ay, so I thought: how many, as you guess?]

*Mef.* Of thirty sail: and now they do re-sterm  
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-  
 ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,  
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
 With his free duty, recommends you thus,  
<sup>5</sup> And prays you to believe him.

<sup>2</sup> —facile question—] *Question* is for the act of seeking. With more easy endeavour. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> For that it stands not, &c.] The seven following lines are added since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> —warlike brace,] State of defence. To arm was called to brace on the armour. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> And prays you to believe him.] The late learned and ingenious Mr. Thomas Clark, of Lincoln's Inn, read the passage thus:

*And prays you to relieve him.*

But the present reading may stand. *He intreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.* JOHNSON.

*Duke,*

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—  
 Marcus Lucchese, is he not here in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us, wish him, post, post-haste:  
 dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

*To them enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo,  
 and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ  
 you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior, [*To Brab.*  
 We lack'd your counsel; and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: good your grace, pardon me;  
 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,  
 Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the <sup>6</sup> general  
 care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
 Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,  
 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
 And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter!—

Sen. Dead?—

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted

7 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:  
 For

<sup>6</sup> —general care] The word *care*, which encumbers the  
 verse, was probably added by the players. Shakespeare uses  
*to be general* as a substantive, though, I think, not in this sense.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:] Rymer has  
 ridiculed this circumstance as unbecoming (both or its weak-  
 ness and superstition) the gravity of the accuser, and the dig-  
 nity of the tribunal; but his criticism only exposes his own  
 ignorance. The circumstance was not only exactly in character,  
 but urged with the greatest address, as the thing chiefly to be  
 insisted

For nature so preposterously to err,  
 [Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,]  
 Sans witchcraft could not——

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding  
 Has thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
 And you of her, the bloody book of law  
 You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
 After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
 \* Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.——  
 Here is the man, this Moor; whom now it seems,  
 Your special mandate for the state-affairs,  
 Hath hither brought.

*All.* We are very sorry for it.

*Duke.* What in your own part can you say to this?  
 [To Othello.]

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
 My very noble and approv'd good masters;  
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
 It is most true; true, I have married her;  
 9 The very head and front of my offending  
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
 1 And little blest'd with the set phrase of peace;

insisted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love-potions was very criminal, as Shakespeare without question well understood. Thus the law, *Delli maleficii & barbarie*, cap. 17. of the Code, intitled, "Della promission del maleficio. Statuimo  
 " etiamdio, che-se alcun homo, o femina harra fatto maleficii,  
 " iguali se dimandano vulgarmente *amatorie*, o veramente  
 " alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina se haveffon  
 " in odio, sia frusta & bollado, & che hara confegliado patisca  
 " simile pena." And therefore in the preceding scene Brabantio calls them,

——*Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.* WARBURTON.

\* Stood in your action.] Were the man exposed to your charge or accusation. JOHNSON.

9 The very head and front of my offending] The main, the whole, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

1 And little blest'd with the set phrase of peace;] This apology, if addressed to his mistress, had been well expressed. But  
 what

For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,  
 'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
 \* Their dearest action in the tented field;  
 And little of this great world can I speak,  
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
 In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious pa-  
 tience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what  
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)  
 I won his daughter with.

*Bra.* A maiden, never bold;  
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
<sup>3</sup> Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,  
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,  
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?—  
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,  
 That will confess, perfection so could err  
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
 To find out practices of cunning hell,  
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,  
 He wrought upon her,

what he wanted, in speaking before a Venetian senate, was not the soft blandishments of speech, but the art and method of masculine eloquence. The old quarto reads it, therefore, as I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote,

———*the set phrase of peace.* WARBURTON.

*Soft* is the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Their dearest action*——] That is *dear*, for which much is paid, whether money or labour; *dear action*, is action performed at great expence, either of ease or safety. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Blush'd at herself*;——] Mr. Pope reads——at *itself*, but without necessity. Shakespeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uses the *personal*, instead of the *neutral* pronoun.

STEEVENS.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* To vouch this is no proof,  
Without more certain and more <sup>4</sup> overt test  
Than these <sup>5</sup> thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

<sup>1</sup> *Sen.* But, Othello, speak :—  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth ?

*Oth.* I beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father :  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
[The trust, the office, I do hold of you,]  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt Two or Three.*

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the  
place. [Exit Iago.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
[I do confess the vices of my blood,]  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present,  
How did I thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;  
Still question'd me the story of my life ;  
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have past.  
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field ;

<sup>4</sup> —overt test] Open proofs, external evidence. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —thin habits—

Of modern seeming—] Weak shew of slight appearance.

JOHNSON.

Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
 6 And portance in my travel's history:  
 7 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,

Rough

6 *And portance, &c.*] I have restored,  
*And with it all my travel's history:*  
 From the old edition. It is in the rest,  
*And portance in my travel's history.*

Rymer, in his criticism on this play, has changed it to *portents*, instead of *portance*. POPE.

Mr. Pope has restored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the author's word in some revised copy. I read thus,

*Of being——sold  
 To slavery, of my redemption thence,  
 And portance in't; my travel's history.*

My redemption from slavery, and behaviour in it. JOHNSON.

7 *Wherein of antres vast, &c.*] Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the Bastard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The fashion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who professedly ridicules this whole circumstance, and the noble author of the *Characteristicks*, who more obliquely sneers it, only expose their own ignorance.

WARRBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shews his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, reclusive, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

*Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle, &c.*] Thus it is in all the old editions; but Mr. Pope has thought fit to change the epithet. *Deserts idle*; in the former editions (says he) doubtless, a corruption from *wild*—But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so doubtless. I don't know whether Mr. Pope has observed it, but I know that Shakespeare, especially in descriptions, is fond of using the more uncommon word

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch  
heaven,

‘ It was my hint to speak, such was the process ;  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and ‘ men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to  
hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline ;  
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She’d come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

word in a poetic latitude. And *idle*, in several other passages, he employs in these acceptations, *wild, useless, uncultivated*, &c. THEOBALD.

Every mind is liable to absence and inadvertency, else Pope could never have rejected a word so poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet used to express the infertility of the chaotic state, in the Saxon translation of the Pentateuch. JOHNSON.

—*antres*—] French, grottos. POPE.

Rather *caves* and *dens*. JOHNSON.

‘ *It was my hint to speak*,—] This implies it as done by a trap laid for her : but the old quarto reads *hent*, i. e. use, custom. WARBURTON.

*Hent* is not used in Shakespeare, nor, I believe, in any other author ; *hint*, or *cue*, is commonly used for occasion of speech, which is explained by, *such was the process*, that is, the course of the tale required it. If *hent* be restored, it may be explained by *handle*. I had a *handle*, or *opportunity*, to speak of cannibals. JOHNSON.

*Hent* is used as a participle in *Meas. for Meas.* at the conclusion of Act 4, probably from an old verb *bend*, which is the same as *to take hold of, to seize*.

“ ———the gravest citizens

“ Have *hent* the gates.” STEEVENS.

‘ ———*men whose heads*

*Do grow beneath their shoulders*.—] Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

But

<sup>2</sup> But not intently. I did consent,  
 And often did beguile her of her tears,  
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains <sup>3</sup> a world of sighs :  
 She swore, " In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
                   strange ;  
 " 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :"—  
 She wish'd she had not heard it ;—yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man :—She thank'd  
                   me ;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her. On this hint, I spake :  
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.  
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—  
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my daughter  
                   too.—

Good Brabantio,  
 Take up this mangled matter at the best ;  
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
 Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak ;  
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
 Light on the man ! Come hither, gentle mistress ;  
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
 Where you most owe obedience ?

<sup>2</sup> *But not intently.*—] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio  
 reads, *instinctively*. Perhaps it should be, *distinctively*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a world of sighs :*] It was *kisses* in the later editions :  
 but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been for-  
 ward indeed to give him a *world of kisses* upon the bare recital  
 of his story ; nor does it agree with the following lines. POPE.

*Des.*



*Des.* My noble father,  
 I do perceive here a divided duty :  
 To you I am bound for life and education,  
 My life and education both do learn me  
 How to respect you. You are the lord of duty ;  
 I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband ;  
 And so much duty as my mother shew'd  
 To you, preferring you before her father,  
 So much I challenge, that I may profess  
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you !—I have done.  
 Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs ;  
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—  
 Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
 I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,  
 I am glad at soul I have no other child ;  
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* <sup>4</sup> Let me speak like yourself ; and lay a  
 sentence,  
 Which, <sup>5</sup> as a grise, or step, may help these lovers  
 “ Into

<sup>4</sup> *Let me speak like YOUR self ;—*] It should be *like OUR self*, i. e. let me mediate between you as becomes a prince and common father of his people : for the prince's opinion, here delivered, was quite contrary to Brabantio's sentiment. **WARB.**

Hanmer reads,

*Let me now speak more like your self.*

Dr. Warburton's emendation is specious ; but I do not see how Hanmer's makes any alteration. The duke seems to mean, when he says he will speak like Brabantio, that he will speak sententiously. **JOHNSON.**

*Let me speak like yourself ;—*] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

<sup>5</sup> *—as a grize,—*] *Grize* from *degrees*. A *grize* is a step. So in *Timon* :

“ ———for every *grize* of fortune

“ Is smooth'd by that below.”——

**Bca**

"Into your favour."——

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By feeling the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the  
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So, let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile,  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile;  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears :  
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.  
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.  
I humbly

Ben Jonson, in his *Sejanus*, gives the original word.

"Whom when he saw lie spread on the degrees."

In the will of K. Henry VI. where the dimensions of King's College chapel at Cambridge, are set down, the word occurs, as spelt by Shakespeare. "—From the provost's stall, unto the Greece called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet." STEEVENS.

\* The passages marked thus (") are wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *But the free comfort which from thence he hears :*] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *But words are words ; I never yet did hear,*  
*That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.*] The duke had by sage sentences been exhorting Brabantio to patience, and to forget the grief of his daughter's stolen marriage, to which Brabantio is made very pertinently to reply to this effect: "My lord, I apprehend very well the wisdom of your advice ; but though you would comfort me, words are but words ; and the heart, already bruis'd, was never pierc'd, or wounded, through the ear." It is obvious that the text must be restored thus :

VOL. X.

B b

There

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs o' the state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you must therefore be content to stubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My <sup>s</sup> thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize A natural and prompt alacrity I find in hardness; and do undertake This present war against the Ottomites.

*That the bruised heart was pieced through the ear.*  
i. e. that the wounds of sorrow were ever cured, or a man made heart-whole merely by words of consolation. WARB.

*That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.*] Shakespeare was continually changing his first expression for another, either stronger or more uncommon; so that very often the reader, who has not the same continuity or succession of ideas, is at a loss for its meaning. Many of Shakespeare's uncouth strained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and simple expression, which is most likely to occur to the mind in that state. I can imagine the first mode of expression that occurred to the poet was this:

"The troubled heart was never cured by words."

To give it poetical force, he altered the phrase:

"The wounded heart was never reached through the ear."

Wounded heart he changed to broken, and that to bruised, as a more uncommon expression. Reach he altered to touched, and the transition is then easy to pierced, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the sentiment is brought to this state, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonsense, is corrected to *pieced the heart*, which is very stiff, and, as Polonius says, *is a vile phrase*.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

<sup>s</sup> —*thrice-driven bed of down.*—] A driven bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by driving with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
 ' I crave fit disposition for my wife ;  
 Due reference of place, and exhibition ;  
 With such accommodation, and besort  
 As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
 Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I will not have it so.

*Osb.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I ; I would not there reside,  
 To put my father in impatient thoughts  
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
 To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
 And let me find ' a charter in your voice  
 To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona ?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
 ' My down-right violence and storm of fortunes

' *I crave fit disposition for my wife ;*

*Due reference of place, and exhibition, &c.]* I desire, that  
 a proper *disposition* be made for my wife, that she may have  
*precedency, and revenue, accommodation, and company,* suitable  
 to her rank.

For *reference* of place, the old quartos have *reverence*, which  
 Hammer has received. I should read,

*Due preference of place.*— JOHNSON.

*Exhibition* is allowance. The word is at present used only  
 at the universities. STEEVENS.

' ——— *a charter in your voice]* Let your favour *privilege*  
 me. JOHNSON.

' *My down-right violence AND STORM OF fortunes]* But what  
 violence was it that drove her to run away with the Moor ?  
 We should read,

*My down-right violence TO FORMS, MY fortunes.*

WARBURTON.

There is no need of this emendation. *Violence* is not *violence*  
*suffered*, but *violence acted*. Breach of common rules and obli-  
 gations. The old quarto has, *scorn* of fortune, which is per-  
 haps the true reading. JOHNSON.

I would rather continue to read *Storm of fortunes* on account  
 of the words that follow, viz. *May trumpet to the world*.

STEEVENS.

May trumpet to the world. My heart's sut  
Even to the very quality of my lord :

<sup>3</sup> I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;  
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft  
And I a heavy interim shall support,  
By his dear absence.—Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords.—'Beseech you  
will

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite ;  
<sup>4</sup> Nor to comply with heat (the young affe  
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction ;

<sup>3</sup> *I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;*] It must ra  
der, that I loved a man of an appearance so little  
I saw his face only in his mind ; the greatness of h  
reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Nor to comply with heat (the young affects,*

*In my defunct) and proper satisfaction ;*] As th  
hitherto printed and stopp'd, it seems to me a p  
stubborn nonsense, as the editors have obtruded  
Shakespeare throughout his works. What a preposi  
ture is this Othello made, to fall in love with and r  
young lady, when *appetite* and *heat*, and *proper sati*  
*dead* and *defunct* in him ! (For, *defunct* signifies ne  
that I know of, either primitively or metaphoricall  
we may take Othello's own word in the affair, I  
reduced to this fatal state.

—or, *for I am declin'd*

*Into the vale of years ; yet that's not much.*

Again, Why should our poet say (for so he says,  
sage has been pointed) that the young *affect* heat ?  
tainly, *has* it, and has no occasion or pretence of  
And, again, after *defunct*, would he add so absurd  
epithet as *proper* ? But, *affects* was not designed then  
and *defunct* was not designed here at all. I have,  
*declin'd*, for *defunct*, rescued the poet's text from  
and this I take to be the tenor of what he would sa  
“ not beg her company with me, merely to please m

But to be free and bounteous to her mind.  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,

For

“to indulge the heat and *affects* (i. e. affections) of a new-married man, in my own distinct and proper satisfaction; but to comply with her in her request, and desire, of accompanying me.” *Affects* for *affections*, our author in several other passages uses. THEOBALD.

*Nor to comply with heat, the young affects*

*In my distinct and proper satisfaction;*] i. e. with that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raised and created. This is the meaning of *distinct*, which has made all the difficulty of the passage. WARBURTON.

I do not think that Mr. Theobald's emendation clears the text from embarrassment, though it is with a little imaginary improvement received by Hanmer, who reads thus:

*Nor to comply with heat, affects the young*

*In my distinct and proper satisfaction.*

Dr. Warburton's explanation is not more satisfactory: what made the difficulty, will continue to make it. I read,

——— *I beg it not,*

*To please the palate of my appetite,*

*Nor to comply with heat (the young affects*

*In me distinct) and proper satisfaction;*

*But to be free and bounteous to her mind.*

*Affects* stands here, not for love, but for passions, for that by which any thing is affected. *I ask it not*, says he, *to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires*, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton had, before me, changed *my* to *me*; but he has printed young *affects*, not seeming to know that *affects* could be a noun. JOHNSON.

Theobald has observed the impropriety of making Othello confess, that all youthful passions were *distinct* in him, and Hanmer's reading may, I think, be received with only a slight alteration. I would read,

“——— *I beg it not,*

“*To please the palate of my appetite,*

“*Nor to comply with heat, and young affects,*

“*In my distinct and proper satisfaction;*

“*But to be,*” &c.

*Affects* stands for *affections*, and is used in that sense by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609.

B b 3

“——— *I shall*

For she is with me :—no, <sup>5</sup> when light-wing'd toys,  
 Of feather'd Cupid foils with wanton dulness  
 My speculative and active instruments,  
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
 And all indign and base adversities  
 Make head against my estimation.

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
 Either for her stay or going : the affair cries haste,  
 And speed must answer it. You must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord ?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.  
 Othello, leave some officer behind,  
 And he shall our commission bring to you ;  
 And such things else of quality and respect  
 As doth import you.

*Oth.* Please your grace, my Ancient ;  
 A man he is of honesty and trust :

“ ——I shall not need to urge

“ The sacred purity of our *affects*.”

So in Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619.

“ No doubt *affects* will be subdu'd by reason.”.

STEEVENS —

I would venture to make the two last lines change places.

“ ——I therefore beg it not,

“ To please the palate of my appetite,

“ Nor to comply with heat, the young *affects* ;

“ But to be free and bounteous to her mind,

“ In my desunct and proper satisfaction.”

And would then recommend it to consideration, whether ~~the~~  
 word *desunct* (which would be the only remaining difficulty  
 is not capable of a signification, drawn from the primitive sense  
 of its Latin original, which would very well agree with ~~the~~  
 context. *Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford,*  
 1766.

<sup>5</sup> ——when light-wing'd toys,

And feather'd Cupid foils with wanton dulness] Thus the ~~first~~  
 quarto. The folio reads,

——when light-wing'd toys,

Of feather'd Cupid feel with, &c. STEEVENS.

To

To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so. —

Good night to every one. And, noble Signior,  
<sup>6</sup> If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! Use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; <sup>7</sup> have a quick eye to  
see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit Duke and Senators.*]

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring them after in the <sup>8</sup> best advantage.—  
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matter and direction  
To speak with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Duke, Othello, Brabantio, and Senators.*]

*Rod.* Iago——

*Iago.* What sayest thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, think'st thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

<sup>6</sup> *If virtue no DELIGHTED beauty lack,*] This is a senseless epithet. We should read *BELIGHTED beauty*, i. e. white and fair. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, more plausibly, *delighting*. I do not know that *belighted* has any authority. I should rather read,

*If virtue no delight or beauty lack.*

*Delight*, for *delectation*, or *power of pleasing*, as it is frequently used. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *have a quick eye to see;*] Thus the eldest quarto. The folio reads,

————— *if thou hast eyes to see.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *best advantage.*—] Fairest opportunity. JOHNSON.



*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of <sup>9</sup> a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a set or scyon.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow these wars; <sup>1</sup> defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.

<sup>9</sup> —a Guinea-ben,—] A showy bird with fine feathers.

JOHNSON.

A Guinea-ben was anciently the cant term for a prostitute.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —DEFEAT thy favour with an usurped beard.—] This is not English. We should read DISSEAT thy favour, *i. e.* turn it

beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—Put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. <sup>2</sup> It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration.—Put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills.—Fill thy purse with money. The food, that to him now is <sup>3</sup> as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, <sup>4</sup> betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian,

it out of its seat, change it for another. The word *usurped* directs us to this reading. WARBURTON.

It is more English, to *defeat*, than *disseat*. To *defeat*, is to *undo*, to *change*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —*It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration.*—] There seems to be an opposition of terms here intended, which has been lost in transcription. We may read, *It was a violent conjunction, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration*; or, what seems to me preferable, *It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequel*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*as luscious as locusts,*—] Whether you understand by *this* the insect or the fruit, it cannot be given as an instance of a delicious morsel, notwithstanding the exaggerations of lying travellers. The true reading is *lobocks*, a very pleasant confection introduced into medicine by the Arabian physicians: and so very fitly opposed both to the bitterness and use of coloquintida. WARBURTON.

—*bitter as coloquintida.*] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida.

An anonymous correspondent informs me, that the fruit of the locust-tree is a long black pod, which contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same consistency as fresh honey. This (says he) I have often tasted. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*betwixt an ERRING Barbarian*—] We should read  
ERRANT;

tian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go. Provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear.

*Rod.* I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

*Iago.* "Go to; farewell: put money enough in your  
"purse"—— [Exit Roderigo.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I should time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets  
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true;  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

ERRANT; that is, a vagabond, one who has no house nor country. *WARBURTON.*

Hammer reads, *arrant*. *Erring* is as well as either. *JOHNSON.*  
So in *Hamlet*:

"Th' extravagant and *erring* spirit hies

"To his confine." *STEEVENS.*

Will

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;  
 The better shall my purpose work on him.  
 Caffio's a proper man. Let me see now;—  
 To get his place, and to plume up my will,  
 A double knavery—How? how?—Let's see:—  
 After some time to abuse Othello's ear,  
 That he is too familiar with his wife:—  
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.  
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;  
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
 As asses are.  
 I have't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night  
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.  
 [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The capital of Cyprus.*

*A platform.*

*Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

**W**HAT from the cape can you discern at sea?  
 1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought  
 flood;

**I** cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main  
**D**escry a fail.

*Mont.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at  
 land;

**A** fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
**I**f it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

<sup>2</sup> *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous  
main,

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,  
<sup>1</sup> And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchain'd flood.

*Mont.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not inhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd;  
It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

<sup>3</sup> *Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done:  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts. A noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
Of most part of their fleet.

*Mont.* How! is this true?

<sup>3</sup> *Gent.* <sup>2</sup> The ship is here put in,  
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

<sup>1</sup> *And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.*] Alluding to the star *Arctophylax*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The ship is here put in,*  
*A Veronese; Michael Cassio, &c.*] The author of *The Re-  
vival* is of opinion, that the poet intended to inform us, that  
Othello's lieutenant Cassio was of Verona, an inland city of  
the Venetian state; and adds, that the editors have not been  
pleased to say what kind of ship is here denoted by a *Veronessa*.  
By a *Veronessa* or *Veronese* (for the Italian pronunciation must  
be retained, otherwise the measure will be defective) a ship  
from Verona is denoted, as we say to this day of ships in the  
river, such a one is a *Dutchman*, a *Jamaica-man*, &c. STEEVENS.

*Mont.*

*Mont.* I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

*3 Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mont.* Pray heavens, he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
[Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue  
An indistinct regard.]

*Gent.* Come, let's do so;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter Cassio.*

*Cas.* Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor: oh, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

*Mont.* Is he well ship'd?

*Cas.* <sup>3</sup> His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of

<sup>3</sup> *His bark is stoutly timber'd,——*

*Therefore my hopes, not forfeited to death,*

*Stand in bold cure.]* I do not understand these lines. I know  
not how *hope* can be *forfeited to death*, that is, *can be increased,*  
*till it is destroyed*; nor what it is *to stand in bold cure*; or why  
*hope* should be considered as a disease. In the copies there is  
no variation. Shall we read

*Therefore my fears, not forfeited to death,*

*Stand in bold cure?*

This is better, but it is not well. Shall we strike a bolder  
stroke, and read thus?

*Therefore my hopes, not forfeited to death,*

*Stand bold, not sure.* JOHNSON.

*Therefore my hopes, not forfeited to death,*

*Stand in bold cure.]* Presumptuous hopes, which have no  
foundation in probability, may be said to forfeit themselves to  
death,

4 Of very expert and approv'd allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

*Witbin.*] A fail, a fail, a fail!

*Caf.* What noise?

*Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry,—a fail.

*Caf.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

*Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
Our friends, at least. [*Guns beard.*]

*Caf.* I pray you, Sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

*Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*]

*Mont.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

*Caf.* Most fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid  
That paragons description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
5 And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does bear all excellency——

*Enter*

death, or forward their own dissolution, To *stand in bold cure*,  
is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel  
expression occurs in *K. Lear*, Act 3. Sc. 9.

“ This rest might yet have balm'd his broken senses,

“ Which, if conveniency will not allow,

“ Stand in *bold cure*.”

*In bold cure* means, in confidence of being cured. STEEVENS.

4 *Of very expert and approv'd allowance;*] I read,

*Very expert, and of approv'd allowance.* JOHNSON.

5 *And in the ESSENTIAL vesture of creation*

*Does bear all excellency——*] It is plain that something  
very hyperbolical was here intended. But what is there as it  
stands? Why this, that in the essence of creation she bore all  
excellency. The expression is intolerable, and could never  
come from one who so well understood the force of words as  
our poet. The *essential vesture* is the same as *essential form*. So  
that the expression is nonsense. For the *vesture of creation* sig-  
nifies the *forms* in which created beings are cast. And *essence*  
relates not to the *form*, but to the *matter*. Shakespeare cer-  
tainly wrote,

*And in TERRESTRIAL vesture of creation.*

And in this lay the wonder, that all created excellence should  
be contained within an earthly mortal form. WARBURTON.

I do

*Enter a Gentleman.*

How now? who has put in?

*Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the general.

*Caf.* He has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel;

As

I do not think the present reading inexplicable. The author seems to use *essential*, for *existent*, *real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has invested her, *bears all excellency*. JOHNSON.

*Does bear all excellency*—] Such is the reading of the quartos, for which the folio has this,

*And in the essential vesture of creation*

Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus,

*Does tire the ingenious verse.*

This is the best reading, and that which the author substituted in his revival. JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to signify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dress*. The verb *to attire*, is often so abbreviated. *The essential vesture of creation* tempts me to believe it was so on this occasion. I would read something like this,

*And in the essential vesture of creation*

*Does tire the ingenuous virtue.*

*i. e.* invests her artless virtue in the fairest form of earthly substance.

It may, however, be observed, that the word *ingenier* did not anciently signify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious person*, any *master of liberal science*.

So in B. Jonson's *Sejanus*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

"No, Silius, we are no good *ingeniers*,

"We want the fine arts," &c.

*Ingenier* therefore may be the true reading of this passage.

In the argument of the same play, Jonson says, that *Sejanus* "worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEVENS.

*Traitors ensteep'd*—] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The first copy reads—*enscrped*, of which every reader



As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mont.* What is she?

*Caf.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
" And bring all Cyprus comfort!"——

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.*

O behold,  
The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand  
Enwheel thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio;  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Caf.* He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear:—how lost you company?

*Caf.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship. But, hark! a sail!

*Within.]* A sail, a sail! *[Guns heard.]*

*Gent.* They give this greeting to the citadel:  
This likewise is a friend.

*Caf.* See for the news.— *[An Attendant goes out.]*

reader may make what he pleases. Perhaps *enscaped* was an old English word borrowed from the French *escarpé*, which Shakespeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed. STEEVENS.

Good

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.  
[To Emilia.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [Kisses her.  
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have list to sleep.  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of  
doors,  
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
beds!

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am Turk;  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

<sup>9</sup> *Saints in your injuries, &c.*] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. JOHNSON.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 1589, I meet with almost the same thoughts:—"We limit the comely parts of a woman to  
" consist in four points; that is, to be a shrew in the kitchen,  
" a saint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the  
" bed, as the chronicle reports by mistress Shore, paramour to  
" K. Edward the Fourth."

Again, in a play of Middleton's, called *Blurt Master Constable*; or, *The Spaniards Night-walk*, 1602.

"—according to that wise saying of you, you be saints  
" in the church, angels in the street, devils in the kitchen,  
" and apes in your beds."

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once spoken of Shakespeare; so that it is probable he had not produced any thing of so early a date. STEEVENS.

*Æmil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Def.* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou  
shou'dst praise me?

*Iago.* Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not <sup>1</sup> critical.

*Def.* Come on, assay:—there's one gone to the  
harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, Madam.

*Def.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.  
—Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,  
It plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours,  
And thus she is delivered:

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

*Def.* Well prais'd. How if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.*

*Def.* Worse and worse.

*Æmil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* <sup>2</sup> *She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

*Def.* These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools  
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou  
for her that's foul and foolish?

<sup>1</sup> ———critical.] That is, censorious. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *She never yet was foolish, &c.]* We may read,  
*She ne'er was yet so foolish that was fair,  
But even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes  
the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*;  
therefore, since the foolishlest woman, if *pretty*, may have a  
child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish. JOHNSON.

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones  
do.*

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a de-  
serving woman indeed? <sup>1</sup> one, that in the authority  
of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very  
malice itself?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may;  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;*

<sup>1</sup> —one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on  
the vouch of very malice itself?] Though all the printed copies  
agree in this reading, I cannot help suspecting it. If the text  
should be genuine, I confess it is above my understanding. In  
what sense can merit be said to put on the vouch of malice?  
I should rather think, merit was so safe in itself, as to repel  
and put off all that malice and envy could advance and affirm  
to its prejudice. I have ventured to reform the text to this  
construction, by writing *put down*, a very slight change that  
makes it intelligible. THEOBALD.

—one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on  
the vouch of very malice itself?] The editor, Mr. Theobald,  
not understanding the phrase, *To put on the vouch of malice*, has  
altered it to *put down*, and wrote a deal of unintelligible stuff  
to justify his blunder. *To put on the vouch of any one*, signifies,  
to call upon any one to vouch for another. So that the sense  
of the place is this, one that was so conscious of her own merit,  
and of the authority her character had with every one, that  
she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her.  
This was some commendation. And the character only of the  
clearest virtue; which could force malice, even against its  
nature, to do justice. WARBURTON.

*To put on the vouch of malice*, is to assume a character vouched  
by the testimony of malice itself. JOHNSON.

*She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind;  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were—*

*Def.* To do what ?

*Iago.* <sup>4</sup> *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

*Def.* Oh most lame and impotent conclusion ! Do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio, is he not a most <sup>5</sup> profane and <sup>6</sup> liberal counsellor ?

*Cas.* He speaks home, Madam ; you may relish him more in the foldier, than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm : ay, well said, whisper. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do. <sup>7</sup> I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true ; 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you

<sup>4</sup> *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use, than *to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household*. The expressions *to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer*, are only instances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical censoriousness in Iago, which he allows himself to be possessed of, where he says, *Ob ! I am nothing, if not critical.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *—profane—*] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the first act, calls Iago *profane* wretch.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *—liberal counsellor ?*] *Liberal*, for *licentious*. WARB.

*How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor ?*] But in what respect was Iago a counsellor ? He caps sentences, indeed ; but they are not by way of *advice*, but *description* : what he says, is, reflections on character and conduct in life. For this reason, I am very apt to think, our author wrote *counsellor*. THEOBALD.

*Counsellor* seems to mean, not so much a man that *gives counsel*, as one that discourages fearlessly and volubly. A talker.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *—I will gyve thee—*] *i. e.* catch, shackle. POPE.

had

had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good, 'well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would they were clyster-pipes for your sake. [Trumpet.

The Moor—I know his trumpet.

*Caf.* 'Tis truly so.

*Def.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Caf.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter Othello and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Oh my fair warrior!

*Def.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder, great as my content,  
To see you here before me. Oh my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death!  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven! If I were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Def.* The heavens forbid,  
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!  
I cannot speak enough of this content,  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [Kissing her.  
That e'er our hearts shall make!

\* —well kiss'd, and excellent courtesy;—] This I think should be printed, *well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy!* Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtesies.

JOHNSON.

The old quarto confirms Dr. Johnson's emendation.

STEEVENS.

*Iago.* Oh, you are well-tun'd now !  
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.  
° News, friends ; our wars are done ; the Turks are  
drown'd.

I how do our old acquaintance of this isle ?  
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,  
I have found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,  
¹ I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts. Pr'ythee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :  
Bring thou ² the master to the citadel ;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

*Iago.* Do you meet me presently at the harbour.  
Come thither, if thou be't valiant ; as (they say) base  
men, being in love, have then a nobility in their na-  
tures, more than is native to them.—List me. The  
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.  
First, I must tell thee, this Desdemona is directly in  
love with him.

*Rod.* With him ! why, 'tis not possible ?

*Iago.* ³ Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be in-  
structed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd  
the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantasti-  
cal lies. And will she love him still for prating ? let

° *News, friends ;*—] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now, friends*. I would observe once for all, that (in numberless instances in this play, as well as in others) where my predecessors had silently and without reason made alterations, I have as silently restored the old readings. STEEVENS.

¹ *I prattle out of fashion,*—] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. JOHNSON.

² *—the master*—] The pilot of the ship. JOHNSON.

³ *Lay thy finger thus,*—] On thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man. JOHNSON.

not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ?  
 \* When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does ? a knave very voluble ; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection ? Why none ; why none : a slippery and subtle knave ; a finder of warm occasions ; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave : besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and <sup>5</sup> green minds look after. A pestilent complete knave ; and the woman hath found him already.

\* *When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite ; loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ;—* This, it is true, is the reading of the generality of the copies : but, methinks, it is a very peculiar experiment, when the blood and spirits are dulled and exhausted with sport, to raise and recruit them by sport : for *sport* and *game* are but two words for the same thing. I have retrieved the pointing and reading of the elder quarto, which certainly gives us the poet's sense ; that when the blood is dulled with the exercise of pleasure, there should be proper incentives on each side to raise it *again*, as the charms of beauty, equality of years, and agreement of manners and disposition ; which are wanting in Othello to rekindle Desdemona's passion. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *—green minds—*] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed. JOHNSON.



*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blest'd <sup>6</sup> condition.

*Iago.* Blest'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blest'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Letchery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish!——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night. For the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or <sup>7</sup> tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he's rash, and very <sup>8</sup> sudden in choler: and, haply, may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; <sup>9</sup> whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer

<sup>6</sup> —condition.] Qualities, disposition of mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —tainting—] Throwing a slur upon his discipline.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —sudden in choler:—] Sudden, is precipitately violent.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —whose qualification shall come, &c.] Whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered, as to be well tasted, as not to retain some bitterness. The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears. JOHNSON.

them;

them ; and the impediment most profitably removed, without which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu. *[Exit.]*

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;  
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit :  
The Moor,—howbeit that I endure him not,—  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ;  
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now I love her too ;  
Not out of absolute lust (though, peradventure,  
I stand accountant for as great a sin)  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat. The thought whereof  
Doth, ' like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,  
And nothing can, or shall content my soul,  
Till I am even with him, wife for wife :  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At last into a jealousy so strong,  
That judgment cannot cure. <sup>2</sup> Which thing to do,  
If

<sup>1</sup> —like a poisonous mineral,—] This is philosophical. Mineral poisons kill by corrosion. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — Which thing to do,

*If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace*

*For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.]* A trifling, insignificant fellow may, in some respects, very well be called *trash* ; but the metaphor is not preserved. For what agreement is there betwixt *trash*, and *quick hunting*, and *standing the putting on* ? The allusion to the *chace*, snake-pit seems to be fond of applying to Roderigo, who says of himself towards the conclusion of this Act :

*I follow her in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.*

I suppose therefore that the poet wrote,

*If this poor brach of Venice,——*

which

If this poor trash of Venice, <sup>3</sup> whom I trace  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,

I'll

which is a low species of *bounds of the chase*, and a term generally used in contempt: and this completes and perfects the metaphorical allusion, and makes it much more satirical. Vlietius, in his notes on Gratius, says, *Racha Saxonibus canem significabat, unde Scoti hodie Rache pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis est Bache. Nos vero* (he speaks of the Hollanders) *Brach non gaudemus canem sed jugatum vocamus.* So the French, *Braque, espèce de chien de chasse.* Menzge Etimol. WARB.

<sup>3</sup> ———whom I do TRACE

For his quick hunting, ———] Just the contrary. He did not trace him, he put him on, as he says immediately after. The old quarto leads to the true reading:

————whom I do CRUSH

For his quick hunting, ———

Plainly corrupted from CHERISH. WARBURTON.

————whom I do TRACE] It is a term of hunting or field-sport; to trace sometimes signifies to follow, as *Hen. VIII.* Act 3. Scene 2.

Now all joy trace the conjunction;

and a dog or a man traces a hare: but to trace a dog, in those sports, is to put a trace, or pair of couples, upon him; and such a dog is said to be traced. The sense, then, of

————whom I do trace

For his quick hunting, ———

is this, whom I do associate to me for the purpose of ruining Cassio the sooner. T. ROW.

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.] The old reading was *trash*, which Dr. Warburton judiciously turned into *brach*. But it seems to me that *trash* belongs to another part of the line, and that we ought to read *trash* for *trace*. To *trash* a hound, is a term of hunting still used in the north, and perhaps elsewhere; i. e. to correct, to rate. The sense is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I rate for quick hunting, for over-running the scent, will but stand the putting on, will but have patience to be properly and fairly put upon the scent," &c. The context is nothing, if we read *trace*. This very hunting term to *trash* is metaphorically used by Shakespeare in *The Tempest*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

" ———whom to advance, and whom

" To trash for over-topping."

To trash for over-topping; i. e. "what suitors to check for their too great forwardness." To over-top, is when a hound gives

\* I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;  
 Abuse him to the Moor <sup>5</sup> in the rank garb,  
 (For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too)  
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me  
 For making him egregiously an ass,  
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,  
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd,  
 \* Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*]

gives his tongue, above the rest, too loudly, or too readily, for which he ought to be *trashed* or *rated*. *Topper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound in many parts of England. Shakespeare is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language.

WARTON.

The metaphor in *The Tempest* is borrowed from gardening. To *trash* for *over-topping*, is to lop the head of that tree which rises too high, and injures the growth of others near it. *Trash* signifies any thing worthless; and *trace* appears to be used in its common signification. Shakespeare rarely attends to the integrity of his metaphors. To *trace*, is to *follow*. So in *Macbeth* "all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line." So in Phaer's *Legend of Owen Glendower*:

"For as the dogs pursue the silly doe,

"The brache behind, the hounds on every side;

"So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."

And so in *Hen. IV.* Owen Glendower says,

—*who*

*Can trace me in the tedious ways of art.*

It appears from a passage in the *Bonduca* of B. and Fletcher, that to *trash* signified, to *follow*.

"Young Hengo there; he *trash'd* me Nennius."

STEEVENS.

\* *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;*] A phrase from the art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —*in the right garb,*] The quarto reads in the *rank* garb, which I think is right. *Rank garb*, I believe means, *grossly*, i.e. *without mincing the matter*. STEEVENS.

\* *Knavery's plain face is never seen,*—] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*A street.**Enter Herald with a proclamation.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the <sup>7</sup> mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!

## S C E N E III.

*The castle.**Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Ler's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do:  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye  
Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night. To-morrow, with your earliest,  
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [*To Desd.*

<sup>7</sup> —*mere perdition*—] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire*.  
So in *Hamlet*:

“ —————possess it *merely*.” STEEVENS.

That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you!  
—Good night. [*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

*Enter Iago.*

*Caf.* Welcome, Iago : we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant : 'tis not yet ten o' clock. <sup>8</sup> Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

*Caf.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Caf.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has ! methinks, it sounds a parley to provocation.

*Caf.* An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not <sup>9</sup> an alarum to love ?

*Caf.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

*Caf.* Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* Oh, they are our friends. But one cup ; I'll drink for you.

*Caf.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was <sup>1</sup> craftily qualified too ; and, behold, what inno-

<sup>8</sup> *Our general cast us—*] That is, appointed us to our stations. To cast the play, is, in the file of the theatres, to assign to every actor his proper part. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *—an alarum—*] The voice may sound an alarm more properly than the eye can sound a parley. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *—craftily qualified—*] Slily mixed with water. JOHNSON.

vation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man? 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

*Caf.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door. I pray you call them in.

*Caf.* I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*]

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,  
As my young mistress' dog.—  
Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,  
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,  
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd  
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.  
Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
<sup>2</sup> The very elements of this warlike isle,  
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.

<sup>3</sup> If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

<sup>2</sup> *The very elements—*] As quarrelsome as the *discordia femina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *If consequence do but approve my dream.*] All the printed copies concur in this reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the poet's intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

*If consequence do but approve my deem,*  
*i. e.* my opinion, the judgment I have formed of what must happen. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

*Cres.* *I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?*

THEOBALD.

This reading is followed by the succeeding editions. I rather read,

*If consequence do but approve my scheme.*

But why should *dream* be rejected? Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have <sup>4</sup> given me a rouse already.

*Mont.* Good faith, a little one. Not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho! [*Iago sings.*]

*And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,*

*And let me the canakin clink.*

*A soldier's a man;*

*A life's but a span;*

*Why, then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learn'd it in England: where (indeed) they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho! —are nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman <sup>5</sup> so exquisite in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

<sup>4</sup> —given me a rouse, &c.] A rouse appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large.

So in *Hamlet*, and in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

"——our friends may tell

"We drank a rouse to them." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —so exquisite—] The quarto reads *so expert*. This accomplishment in the English, is likewise mentioned by B. and Fletcher in *The Captain*:

*Lod.* "Are the Englishmen

"Such stubborn drinkers?

*Piso.* "——not a leak at sea

"Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children

"Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

"Able to knock a Dane down." STEEVENS.



*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* Oh sweet England!

*6 King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them six-pence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the taylor ' lown.*

*He was a wight of bigb renown,  
And thou art but of low degree:  
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,  
Then take thine culd cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Caf.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Caf.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Caf.* For my own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so I do too, lieutenant.

*Caf.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this.—Let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my Ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

*6 King Stephen, &c.]* These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in a curious work lately printed, intitled, *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, consisting of old heroic ballads, songs, &c. 3 vols. 12°.

JOHNSON.

*7 —lown.]* Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Caf.* Why, very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

*Manent Iago and Montano.*

*Mont.* To the platform, masters ; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before :  
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,  
And give direction. And do but see his vice ;  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as the other. 'Tis pity of him ;  
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mont.* But is he often thus ?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep :  
' He'll watch the horologe a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mont.* It were well  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true ?

\* *He'll watch the borologe a double set,*] If he have no drink,  
he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-  
and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uses the word *borologe* in more places than one. .

“ Well skirer was his crowing in his loge

“ Than is a clock or abbey *borologe*.” JOHNSON.

Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562.

“ The divell is in *thorologe*, the houres to trye,

“ Seache houres by the sunne, the devyl's dyall wyll lye.

“ The devyl is in *thorologe*, nowe cheere in bowles,

“ Let the devyl kepe our clockes, while God keepe our  
“ soules.”

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

“ ———my gracious lord,

“ By Sisto's *borologe* 'tis struck eleven.” STEEVENS.

VOL. X.

D d

*Enter*

*Enter Roderigo.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo!

I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit Rod.*]

*Mont.* And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,  
With one of an <sup>9</sup> ingraft infirmity:  
It were an honest action to say so  
Unto the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island.  
I do love Cassio well; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But hark, what noise?  
[*Cry within, Help! help!*]

*Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mont.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave!—teach me my duty!  
I'll beat the knave <sup>1</sup> into a twiggen bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

*Mont.* Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*]  
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the  
mazzard.

*Mont.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk? [*They fight.*]

*Iago.* Away, I say, go out and cry, a mutiny.  
[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant—Alas, gentlemen—  
Help, ho!—Lieutenant—Sir—Montano—Sir!—  
Help, masters! here's a goodly watch, indeed!—  
Who's that, who rings the bell?—diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*]  
The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:  
You will be sham'd for ever.

<sup>9</sup> —*ingraft infirmity*:] An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution: JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —*into a twiggen bottle*.] A twiggen bottle is a wicker'd bottle; and so the quarto reads. STEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Othello and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here ?

*Mont.* I bleed still, <sup>1</sup> I am hurt to the death—he dies.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives.

*Iago.* Hold, ho ! lieutenant — Sir—Montano——  
Gentlemen——

Have you forgot <sup>2</sup> all sense of place and duty ?  
Hold, hold ! the general speaks to you ; hold, for  
shame——

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho ! From whence ariseth  
this ?

Are we turn'd Turks ; and to ourselves do that,  
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?  
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :  
He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,  
Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—  
Silence that dreadful bell ; <sup>3</sup> it frights the isle  
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters ?—  
Honest Iago, that look'ft dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know.—Friends all, but now, even  
now,

<sup>4</sup> In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
Divesting them for bed ; and then, but now——  
As if some planet had unwitting men——  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds ;

<sup>1</sup> —— *I am hurt to death*—he dies.] The words—*he dies*, are found only in the folio. I do not see the necessity of inserting them, but know not that I have a right to omit them. Perhaps Montano says this in exultation over Roderigo, whom he supposes he has killed. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> So Hamner. The rest,  
—— *all place of sense and duty* ? JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —— *it frights the isle*  
*From her propriety.*—] From her regular and *proper state*.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *In quarter,*——] In their quarters ; at their lodging.  
JOHNSON.

And, 'would, in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

*Caf.* I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil,  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,  
<sup>5</sup> That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And <sup>6</sup> spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night-brawler ? Give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you——  
While I spare speech (which something now offends  
me)

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
Unless <sup>7</sup> self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence affails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;  
<sup>8</sup> And passion, having my best judgment collied,  
Affays to lead the way. If I once stir,

<sup>5</sup> *That you unlace——*] Slacken, or loosen. Put in danger of dropping ; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *——spend your rich opinion,——*] Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *——self-charity——*] Care of one's self. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *And passion, having my best judgment collied,*] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. The word is used in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.

“——like lightning in the collied night.”

To *colly* anciently signified to besmut, to blacken as with coal. So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608.—  
“ carry thy link a 't'other side the way, thou *collow'st* me and  
“ my ruffe.” The word (as I am informed) is still used in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
 How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
 And <sup>9</sup> he that is approv'd in this offence,  
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
 Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,  
 Yet wild, the peoples' hearts brim-full of fear,  
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
 In night, and on the court of guard and safety!  
 'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

*Mon.* If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,  
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
 Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near:  
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio:  
 Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general:  
 Montano and myself being in speech,  
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help,  
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,  
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
 Steps in to Cassio, and intreats his pause;  
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
 Left, by his clamour (as it so fell out)  
 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,  
 Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather  
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
 And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night  
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,  
 (For this was brief) I found them close together  
 At blow and thrust; even as again they were,  
 When you yourself did part them.  
 More of this matter cannot I report:—  
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget:

<sup>9</sup> —he that is approv'd in this offence,] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence.

JOHNSON.  
 Though

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd  
From him, that fled, some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee,  
But never more be officer of mine.—

*Enter Desdemona attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up—  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What is the matter, dear?

*Oth.* All's well, now, sweeting: come away to  
bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—  
*[To Montano.]*

Lead him off.—

Iago, look with care about the town;  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—  
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

*[Exit. Manent Iago and Cassio.]*

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh, I  
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal  
part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My re-  
putation! Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I had thought you  
had received some bodily wound; there is more sense  
in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle  
and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and  
lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation  
at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What,  
man! there are ways to recover the general again.  
You

You are but now <sup>1</sup> cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Caf.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. *Drunk, <sup>2</sup> and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?* oh thou invisible spirit of wine; if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Caf.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is it possible?

*Caf.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

*Caf.* It has pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Caf.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths

<sup>1</sup> —cast in his mood,—] Ejected in his anger. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> —and speak parrot?—] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. So Skelton,

“These maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,

“Freshly they dress and make sweete my houre,

“With *spake parrot* I pray you full courteously thei saye.”

WARBURTON.



as hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

*Caf.* I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so, in this respect, <sup>3</sup> for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement, of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter: and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Caf.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Caf.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning

<sup>3</sup> —for that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement, of her parts and graces.—] I remember, it is said of Antony, in the beginning of his tragedy, that he, who used to fix his eyes altogether on the dreadful ranges of war,

“ —now bends, now turns,

“ The office and devotion of their view

“ Upon a strumpet's front.”

This is finely expressed; but I cannot persuade myself that our poet would ever have said, any one devoted himself to the devotion of any thing. All the copies agree; but the mistake certainly arose from a single letter being turned upside down at press, THEOBALD,

I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit Cassio.*]

*Iago.* And what's he then, that says, I play the villain?

When <sup>4</sup> this advice is free I give, and honest;  
 Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course  
 To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easy  
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
 In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful  
 As the <sup>5</sup> free elements. And then for her  
 To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,  
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
 His soul is so enfetters'd to her love  
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
 Even as her appetite shall play the god  
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain,  
 To counsel Cassio <sup>6</sup> to this parallel course,  
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,  
 As I do now.—For while this honest fool  
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
<sup>7</sup> I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—  
<sup>8</sup> That she repeals him for her body's lust:

<sup>4</sup> —*this advice is free*—] This counsel has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —*free elements*.—] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*to this parallel course*.] Parallel, for even; because parallel lines run even and equidistant. WARBURTON.

*Parallel course*; i. e. a course level, and even with his design. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *I'll pour this pestilence*—] Pestilence, for poison. WARB.

<sup>8</sup> *That she repeals him*—] That is, recalls him. JOHNSON.

And,

And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;  
 And out of her own goodness make the net,  
 ' That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo!

*Enter Roderigo.*

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!—What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee;

And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.

' Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.

Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning:

' *That shall enmesh them all.*—] A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. POPE.

' *Though other things grow fair against the sun,*

*Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe.*] Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to despair of slow events any more than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits grow fair against the sun. Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads,

*Those fruits which blossom first, are not first ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

Pleasure,

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—  
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted.  
 Away, I say.—Thou shalt know more hereafter.  
 —Nay, get thee gone.— [Exit Roderigo.  
 Two things are to be done ;  
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress :  
 I'll set her on :———  
 Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,  
 And bring him jump, when he may Cassio find  
 Soliciting his wife :——ay, that's the way :  
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

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# ACT III. SCENE I.

*The castle.*

*Enter Cassio with Musicians.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here,—I will content your  
 pains——  
 Something that's brief ; and bid, Good-morrow, ge-  
 neral.

[Musick plays ; and enter Clown.]

Clown. <sup>a</sup> Why, masters, have your instruments  
 been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

Mus. How, Sir, how !

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir ?

<sup>a</sup> *Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?* The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples. JOHNSON.

Clown.

*Clown.* Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, <sup>3</sup> of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

*Mus.* Well, Sir, we will not.

*Clown.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

*Mus.* We have none such, Sir.

*Clown.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, <sup>4</sup> for I'll away. Go; <sup>5</sup> vanish into air. Away.

[*Exeunt Mus.*]

*Caf.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clown.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Caf.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman, that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

*Clown.* She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

[*Exit Clown.*]

*Caf.* Do, my good friend.

*Enter Iago.*

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a bed then?

*Caf.* Why, no; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To fend in for your wife: my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

<sup>3</sup> —of all loves,—] The folio reads—*for love's sake.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ———for I'll away.—] Hanmer reads, *and bid away.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —vanish into air.] So the folio and one of the quartos.  
The eldest quarto reads—*Vanish away.* STEEVENS.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* I'll fend her presently :  
 And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
 Out of the way, that your converse and business  
 May be more free. [*Exit.*  
*Caf.* I humbly thank you for't. I never knew  
 A Florentine more kind and honest.

*To him enter Emilia.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry  
 For your displeasure ; but all will soon be well.  
 The general and his wife are talking of it ;  
 And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,  
 That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,  
 And great affinity ; and that in wholesome wisdom  
 He might not but refuse you. But, he protests, he  
 loves you ;  
 And needs no other suitor, but his likings,  
 To take the safest occasion by the front  
 To bring you in again.

*Caf.* Yet, I beseech you——  
 If you think fit, or that it may be done——  
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
 With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in ;  
 I will bestow you where you shall have time  
 To speak your bosom freely.

*Caf.* [I am much bound to you.] [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;  
 And by him do my duties to the state :  
 That done, I will be walking on the works.  
 Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen—shall we see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Another room in the castle.*

*Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Æmil.* Good Madam, do. I know, it grieves my  
husband

As if the case were his.

*Des.* Oh, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt,  
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous Madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* Oh, Sir, I thank you. You do love my  
lord;

You have known him long; and, be you well assur'd,  
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
‘That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That I, being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,

‘*That policy may either last so long.*’] He may either of him-  
self think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he  
may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents  
may make him think my re-admission at that time improper,  
that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

If

I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
 the last article. My lord shall never rest;  
 I watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
 bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
 intermingle every thing he does  
 with Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;  
 thy solicitor shall rather die,  
 than give thy cause away.

*Enter Othello and Iago at distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.  
*Iaf.* Madam, I'll take my leave.  
*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.  
*Iaf.* Madam, not now. I am very ill at ease,  
 fit for mine own purposes.  
*Des.* Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]  
*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.——  
*Oth.* What dost thou say?  
*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.  
*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?  
*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,  
 that he would steal away so guilty-like,  
 without your coming.  
*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.  
*Des.* How now, my lord?  
 have been talking with a suitor here,  
 a man that languishes in your displeasure.  
*Oth.* Who is't you mean?  
*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,  
 I have any grace, or power to move you,  
 to present reconciliation take:

*I'll watch him tame,—*] It is said, that the ferocity of  
 lions, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is  
 subdued by keeping them from sleep. JOHNSON.  
*His present reconciliation TAKE:]* Cassio was to be recon-  
 ciled to his general, not his general to him, therefore *take*  
 not be right. We should read *MAKE*. WARBURTON.  
*to take his reconciliation,* may be to accept the submission  
 which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

For



For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, <sup>9</sup> and not in cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face.  
I pr'ythee call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now ?

*Def.* Ay, sooth, so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

*Def.* But shall't be shortly ?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Def.* Shall't be to-night at supper ?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Def.* To-morrow dinner then ?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home :

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Def.* Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday  
morn ;

Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn ;  
I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not  
Exceed three days : in faith, he's penitent ;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,  
(Save that, they fay, <sup>1</sup> the wars must make examples  
Out of their best) is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check. When shall he come ?  
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,  
What you could ask me, that I would deny,  
Or stand soammering on ? What ! Michael Cassio,  
That came a wooing with you ; and many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do  
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much——

<sup>9</sup> ——and not in cunning,] *Cunning*, for design, or purpose, simply. WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> ——the wars must make examples

Out of their best,——] The severity of military discipline must not spare the *best men* of the army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome *example*. JOHNSON.

*Oth.*

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will ;

I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why, this is not a boon :

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;  
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit  
To your own person, Nay, when I have suit,  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,  
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this——  
To leave me but a little to myself.

Def. Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona ; I will come to thee straight.

Def. Æmilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you :

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with Æmil.*]

Oth. <sup>2</sup> Excellent wretch !——Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee ! and <sup>3</sup> when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

Iago.

<sup>2</sup> *Excellent wretch !—Perdition catch my soul,*

*But I do love thee ! &c.*] The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and kindest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her, *Excellent wretch* ! It may be expressed,

*Dear, harmless, helpless Excellence.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *——when I love thee not,*

*Chaos is come again.*] When my love is for a moment suspended by suspicion, I have nothing in my mind but discord, tumult, perturbation, and confusion. JOHNSON.

*Iago.* My noble lord——

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No farther harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

*Oth.* Oh, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed.—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Honest? ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?——

*Oth.* Think, my lord!——By heaven he echoes me;

As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'st not what——*

When Cassio left my wife. What did'st *not* like?

And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel,

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *indeed?*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

——*when I love thee not,*

[*Chaos is come again.*] There is another meaning possible. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end*; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The first explanation is more elegant, the second perhaps more easy. STEEVENS.

ne horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
w me thy thought.

*ago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*ib.* I think thou dost :

d—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
d weigh’st thy words before thou giv’st them  
breath——

efore these stops of thine fright me the more :

such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
: tricks of custom ; but, in a man that’s just,  
they are close delations working from the heart,  
at passion cannot rule.

*ago.* For Michael Cassio——

are be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*ib.* I think so too.

*ago.* Men should be what they seem ;

r, those that be not, ’would they might seem none !

*ib.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*ago.* Why, then, I think Cassio’s an honest man.

*ib.* Nay, yet there’s more in this :

ray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

*They are cold dilations working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.*] i. e. these stops and breaks are  
*dilations*, or cold keeping back a secret, which men of  
stigmatic constitutions, whose hearts are not swayed or go-  
ved by their passions, we find, can do : while more sanguine  
pers reveal themselves at once, and without reserve. But  
Oxford Editor for *cold dilations*, reads *diffillations*. WARB.  
know not why the modern editors are satisfied with this  
ling, which no explanation can clear. They might easily  
e found, that it is introduced without authority. The old  
ies uniformly give, *close dilations*, except that the earlier  
rto has *close denotements* ; which was the author’s first ex-  
ion, afterwards changed by him, not to *cold dilations*, for  
is read in no ancient copy ; nor, I believe, to *close dilations*,  
to *close delations* ; to *occult and secret accusations*, *working*  
*unlutarly from the heart*, which, though resolved to conceal  
fault, cannot rule its *passion* of resentment. JOHNSON.

Or, *those that be not, ’would they might seem none !*] There  
o sense in this reading. I suppose Shakespeare wrote,

——— *’would they might seem* KNAVES. WARRURTON.  
believe the meaning is, *’would they might no longer seem*, or  
r the shape of *men*. JOHNSON.

As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of  
thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me.  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts !——Why, say, they are vile and  
false——

As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not ? Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
6 Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful ?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,  
7 Though I——perchance, am vicious in my guesses,  
(As,

6 *Keep leets and law-days,—*] i. e. govern. A metaphor,  
wretchedly forced and quaint. WARBURTON.

Rather *visit* than *govern*, but *visit* with authoritative intrusion. JOHNSON.

7 *THOUGH I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the sentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewise highly absurd. I beseech you give yourself no uneasiness from my unsure observance, *though* I am vicious in my guesses. For his being an ill guesser was a reason why Othello should not be uneasy : in propriety, therefore, it should either have been, *though I am not vicious, or because I am vicious.* It appears then we should read :

*I do beseech you,*

*THINK I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses.*

Which makes the sense pertinent and perfect WARBURTON.

*Thou, I——perchance, am vicious in my guesses,*] That abruptness in the speech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be easily accounted for. Iago seems desirous by this ambiguous hint, *Though I——* to inflame the jealousy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expression that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pause in the speech, which Iago turns off at last to another purpose, and find a  
more

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuse ; and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so <sup>8</sup> improbably conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.—  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean ?

*Iago.* Good name, in man and woman, dear my  
lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, no-  
thing ;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thought—

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Iago.* Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, <sup>9</sup> which doth make

more certain cause of discontent, and a greater degree of torture arising from the doubtful consideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumstance of aggravation.

We may suppose him imagining to himself, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I——know more than I choose to speak of.*

*Vicious in my guess* does not mean that he is an *ill-guesser*, but that he is apt to put the worst construction on every thing he attempts to account for. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ———imperfectly conceits,] In the old quarto it is,

———improbably conceits,

Which I think preferable. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———which doth mock

*The meat it feeds on.*——] i. e. loaths that which nourishes

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

*Oth.* Oh misery!

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
<sup>1</sup> But riches, fineless, is <sup>2</sup> as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—  
Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why? why is this?  
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy?  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,  
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
<sup>3</sup> To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,

Matching

and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him  
beware of it. The Oxford Editor reads:

———*which doth make*

*The meat it feeds on.*———

Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which  
is the very contrary to what he would here make his general  
think, as appears from what follows,

*That cuckold lives in bliss, &c.*

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore  
bids him beware of jealousy, not that it was an *unreasonable*,  
but a *miserable* state, and this plunges him into it, as we see  
by his reply, which is only

*Oh misery!* WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; because *to mock*, does  
not signify *to loath*; and because, when Iago bids Othello be-  
ware of jealousy, *the green-eyed monster*, it is natural to tell why  
he should beware, and for caution he gives him *two reasons*,  
that jealousy *often* creates its own cause, and that, when the  
causes are real, jealousy is misery. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *But riches, fineless,*——] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered  
treasures. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——*as poor as winter,*] Finely expressed: *winter* pro-  
ducing no fruits. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,*] This odd and far-  
fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions  
before

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,  
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;  
4 Where virtue is, these are most virtuous :  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;  
For she had eyes, and chose me.—No, Iago,  
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove :  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this——  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of this ; for now I shall have  
reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me.—I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;  
Wear your eye——thus ; not jealous, nor secure.  
I would not have your free and noble nature  
5 Out of self bounty be abus'd ; look to't :  
I know 6 our country disposition well ;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not shew their husbands ; their best con-  
science

Is, not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so ?

before Hamner's, by being printed, *exsufficate*. The allusion  
is to a bubble. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall  
change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts, to  
suspicious which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have  
only an empty shew without solidity, or that in consequence of  
such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the  
virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

4 *Where virtue is, these ARE MOST virtuous :*] An action in  
itself indifferent grows *virtuous* by its end and application.

JOHNSON.

5 *Out of self-bounty be abus'd ;—*] *Self-bounty*, for inherent  
generosity. WARBURTON.

6 *—our country disposition——*

*In Venice——*] Here Iago seems to be a Venetian.

JOHNSON.



May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And, happily, repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :  
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*

*Oth.* Why did I marry ?——

This honest creature, doubtless,  
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord,— I would I might entreat your  
honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :  
And though 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability ;)  
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,  
<sup>3</sup> You shall by that perceive him, and his means.  
Note, if your lady <sup>4</sup> strain his entertainment  
With any strong, or vehement importunity ;  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear, I am)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* <sup>5</sup> Fear not my government,

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, <sup>6</sup> with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings. <sup>7</sup> If I do prove her haggard,

<sup>3</sup> *You shall by that perceive him, and his means.*] You shall discover whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the solicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *——strain his entertainment*] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Fear not my government.*] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *——with a learned spirit,*] *Learned*, for experienced.

WARBURTON.

The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *——If I do prove her haggard,*] A *haggard* hawk, is a wild hawk, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable. JOHNSON.

Though

7 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
 8 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
 And have not those soft parts of conversation  
 That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd  
 Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—  
 She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
 Must be—to loath her. Oh curse of marriage!  
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:  
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.  
 Even then, this 9 forked plague is fated to us,  
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

7 *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,*] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HAMMER.

In Heywood's comedy, called *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617, a number of these terms relative to hawking occur together.

“Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;

“Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check her.

“So: seize her gets, her *jesses*, and her bells.”

STEEVENS.

8 *I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind*

*To prey at fortune.*—] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

9 *—forked plague—*] In allusion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infix'd, cannot be extract'd. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnson may be right. I meet with the same thought in Middleton's comedy of, *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608.

“While the broad arrow with the *forked* head,

“Misset his brows but narrowly.” STEEVENS.

*Enter.*

*Enter Desdemona and Emilia.*

If she be false, oh, then heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?  
Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* ' Your napkin is too little :

*[She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

*[Exeunt Desd. and Oth.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin ;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give it Iago :  
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I ;  
<sup>1</sup> I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter Iago.*

*Iago.* How now ! what do you here alone ?

*Emil.* Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* You have a thing for me ?

It is a common thing——

<sup>1</sup> *Your napkin, &c.]* Ray says, that a pocket handkerchief is so called about Sheffield in Yorkshire. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I nothing, but to please his fantasy.]* Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads,

I nothing know but for fantasy. STEEVENS.

*Emil,*

*Æmil.* Ha !

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Æmil.* Oh, is that all ? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief ?

*Iago.* What handkerchief ?

*Æmil.* What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her ?

*Æmil.* No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;  
And, <sup>2</sup> to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench ; give it me.

*Æmil.* What will you do with it, you have been  
so earnest

To have me filch it ?

*Iago.* Why, what is that to you ? [*Snatching it.*]

*Æmil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give it me again : poor lady ! she'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* <sup>3</sup> Be not you known on't : I have use for it.  
Go, leave me. [*Exit Æmil.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison :  
Dangerous conceits are, in their nature, poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so.—

<sup>2</sup> —to the advantage, &c.] I being *opportunistically* here, took it up. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Be not you known on't :*] Should it not rather be read,  
*Be not you known in't ?*

The folio reads,

*Be not unknown on't.*

The sense is plain, but of the expression I cannot produce any example. JOHNSON.

*Enter Othello.*

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, <sup>4</sup> nor mandra-  
gora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
<sup>5</sup> Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,  
Which thou owedst yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha ! False ? To me ! to me !

*Iago.* Why, how now, general ? No more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the  
rack.

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord ?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?  
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :  
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry ;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :

<sup>4</sup> ————*nor mandragora,*] The *mandragoras* or *mandrakes* has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. So *Ant. and Cleop.* Act 1. Sc. 6.

“ ————give me to drink *mandragora*,

“ That I may sleep out this great gap of time

“ My Antony is away.”

So in Heywood's *Jew of Malta*, 1633.

“ I drank of poppy and cold *mandrake* juice,

“ And being asleep,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,*

*Which thou HADST yesterday.*] The old quarto reads,

*Which thou OWEDST yesterday.*

And this is right, and of much greater force than the common reading ; not to sleep, being finely called defrauding the day of a debt of nature. WARBURTON.

To *owe* is, in our author, oftener to *possess*, than to *be indebted*, and such was its meaning here ; but as that sense was growing less usual, it was changed unnecessarily by the editors to *badly* ; to the same meaning, more intelligibly expressed.

JOHNSON.

So in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, by Cyril Tourneur, 1607.

“ The duke my father's murder'd by the vassal

“ Who *owes* this habit.” STEEVENS.

He

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind ! Farewell content !  
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,  
That makes ambition virtue ! oh, farewell !  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The

\* *Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,*

*The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,*] Dr. Warburton has offered *fear-sperſing*, for *fear-disperſing*. But *ear-piercing* is an epithet ſo eminently adapted to the *fife*, and ſo diſtinct from the ſhrillneſs of the trumpet, that it certainly ought not to be changed. Dr. Warburton has been cenſured for this propoſed emendation with more noiſe than honeſty, for he did not himſelf put it in the text. JOHNSON.

*The ſpirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakeſpeare, as uſual, paints from the life ; thoſe inſtruments accompanying each other being uſed in his age by the Engliſh ſoldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial inſtrument, was afterwards entirely diſcontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the laſt. It is commonly ſuppoſed that our ſoldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the laſt rebellion : but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even uſed at all by them. It was firſt uſed within the memory of man among our troops by the Britiſh guards, by order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maſtricht, in the year 1747, and thence ſoon adopted into other Engliſh regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they ſerved. This inſtrument, accompanying the drum, is of conſiderable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Aſhmolean Muſeum at Oxford, painted 1525, repreſenting the ſiege of Pavia by the French king, where the emperor was taken priſoner, we ſee *fifes* and *drums*. In an old Engliſh treatiſe written by William Garrard before 1587, and published by one captain Hichcock in 1591, intitled *The Arte of Warre*, there are ſeveral wood cuts of military evolutions, in which theſe inſtruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary

The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And oh, you mortal engines, <sup>7</sup> whole rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is it possible?—My lord?

a diary of king Henry's siege of Bulloigne 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *vifseurs* marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were also much used at ancient festivals, shews, and processions. Gerard Leigh, in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, describing a Christmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, says, "We entered the prince "his hall, where anon we heard the noyse of *drum* and *fife*," p. 119. At a stately masque on Shrove-Sunday 1609, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinshed mentions the entry of "a *drum* and *fife* apparellled in white damaske and grene bonnettes." Chron. iii. 805. col. 2. There are many more instances in Holinshed, and Stowe's *Survey of London*.

From the old French word *vifseur*, above-cited, came the English word *whiffler*, which anciently was used in its proper literal sense. Strype, speaking of a grand tilting before the court in queen Mary's reign 1554, says, from an old journal, that king Philip and the challengers entered the lists, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their footmen, and their armourers." Eccles. Memor. iii. p. 211. This explains the use of the word in Shakespeare, where it is also literally applied. *Hen. V.* A4. 4. Sc. ult.

"———behold the British beach

"Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,

"Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,

"Which like a mighty *whiffler* fore the king,

"Seems to prepare his way."———

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at present obtains in common speech, and became an appellation of contempt. *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, a fellow hired to pipe at processions. T. WARTON.

In the old dramatic piece, intitled *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630. Tobacco says to Beer,

"———it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies,

"You our sovereign! a mere *whiffler*!" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——[whose rude throats] So Milton, *P. L.* B. 6.

"From those deep-throated engines," &c. STEEVENS.

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;  
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or, by the worth of my eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this ?

*Oth.* Make me to see it ; or (at the least) so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

*Iago.* My noble lord——

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more : <sup>8</sup> abandon all remorse ;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd ;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* Oh grace ! oh heaven defend me !  
Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?  
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !  
Oh monstrous world ! Take note, take note, oh world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.——  
I thank you for this profit ; and from hence  
I'll love no friend, <sup>9</sup> sith love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest——

*Iago.* I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* [<sup>1</sup> By the world,  
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not ;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.  
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh

<sup>8</sup> ——abandon all remorse ;] *Remorse*, for repentance.

WARBURTON.

I rather think it is, Let go all scruples, throw aside all re-  
straints. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> —*sith*—] The word anciently used instead of *since*. STEEV.

<sup>1</sup> *By the world, &c.*] This speech is not in the first edition.

POPE.



As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
 As my own face. If there be cords or knives,  
 Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,  
 I'll not endure it. 'Would I were satisfied !]

*Iago.* I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion;  
 I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would? nay, and will.

*Iago.* And may; but how? how satisfied, my  
 lord?

Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?

Behold her tupp'd?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! oh!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
 To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,  
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
 More than their own. What then? how then?  
 Where's satisfaction? What shall I say?

It is impossible you should see this,

<sup>1</sup> Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
 As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,  
 If imputation and strong circumstances,  
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
 Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

*Oth.* <sup>2</sup> Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office:

But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far—

Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love—

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep.——

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;

<sup>1</sup> *Were they as prime as goats,——*] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or British *PRIM*. HANMER.

<sup>2</sup> *Give me a living reason——*] *Living*, for speaking, manifest. WARBURTON.

One of this kind is Cassio:  
In sleep I heard him say, " Sweet Desdemona,  
" Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !"  
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;  
Cry,—“ Oh sweet creature !” and then kifs me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kiffes by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips : then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kifs'd, and then  
Cry'd, “ Cursed fate ! that gave thee to the Moor !”

*Oth.* O monstrous ! monstrous !

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted <sup>3</sup> a foregone conclusion ;

<sup>4</sup> 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise ; <sup>5</sup> yet we see nothing  
done ;

She may be honest yet.—Tell me but this :

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that : but such a handkerchief,  
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that——

*Iago.* If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,  
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

*Oth.* Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !

<sup>3</sup> ——*a foregone conclusion ;*] *Conclusion*, for fact. WARB.

<sup>4</sup> *Othel.* 'Tis a *shrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this  
line, with the two following, to Iago ; and rightly. WARB.

I think it more naturally spoken by Othello, who, by dwell-  
ing so long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——*yet we see nothing done ;*] This is an oblique and secret  
mock at Othello's saying, *Give me the ocular proof*. WARB.

<sup>6</sup> Now do I see, 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy <sup>7</sup> hollow cell!  
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and <sup>8</sup> hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate! <sup>9</sup> swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

<sup>6</sup> *Now do I see 'tis TRUE.*—] The old quarto reads,

*Now do I see 'tis TIME.*—

And this is Shakespeare's, and has in it much more force and solemnity, and preparation for what follows; as alluding to what he had said before,

—No, Iago!

*I'll see before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;*

*And, on the proof, there is no more but this,*

*Away at once with love or jealousy.*

This time was now come. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *hollow* hell!] This is a poor unmeaning epithet.  
The old quarto reads,

*Arise, black vengeance, from thy HOLLOW cell!*

Which the editors not knowing what to make of, altered it as above. It should be read thus,

*Arise, black vengeance, from the UNHALLOW'D cell!*

Meaning the internal regions. WARBURTON.

*Hollow* bell is the reading of the folio. I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls

“ ———the void profound

“ Of unessential night.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *HEARTED throne*] *Hearted* throne is strange nonsense. The old quarto reads,

——— *and harted throne:*

Which the editors took for a word *mis-spelt*, whereas it was a word *mis-called*. We should read,

*Yield up, oh love, thy crown and PARTED throne,*

*i. e.* thy throne which was parted between me and Desdemona: this presents us with a fine image. The union of Othello and Desdemona was so perfect, that love divided his throne between them: which he is now bid to resume, and give to hatred.

WARBURTON.

*Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou wast *enthroned*.  
*Parted* throne has no meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *swell, bosom, &c.*] *i. e.* *swell*, because the fraught is of poison. WARBURTON.

*Osborne.*

Oth. Oh blood, Iago, blood——

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. [<sup>1</sup> Like to the Pontick sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
'Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, <sup>2</sup> by yond marble heaven,]  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels.  
I here engage my words.—

Iago. Do not rise yet. [Iago kneels.  
Witness, ye ever-burning lights above!  
Ye elements, that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! <sup>3</sup> Let him command,  
And to obey, shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever.

Oth.

<sup>1</sup> ———*Like to the Pontick sea, &c.*] This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place. POPE.

———*Like the Pontick sea,*] Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. As Shakespeare grew more acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as an opportunity offered. I find this very account of the Euxine sea, and almost couched in the same words, in a book intitled, *A Treatise on the Courses of Rivers, &c.* printed by Felix Kingston, in 1595.

Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, conceives this simile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose imprefs, Camden, in his *Remains*, says, was the Caspian sea, with this motto, SINE REFLUXU. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———*by yond marble heaven,*] In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, I find the same expression:

“Now by the marble face of the welkin,” &c. STEEV.

<sup>3</sup> ———*Let him command,*

*And to obey, shall be in me remorse,*

*What bloody business ever.*] Thus all the old copies, to the manifest

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't.

Within

manifest depravation of the poet's sense. Mr. Pope has attempted an emendation, but with his old luck and dexterity:

*Not to obey, shall be in me remorse, &c.*

I read, with the change only of a single letter:

*Nor, to obey, shall be in me remorse, &c.*

i. e. Let your commands be ever so bloody, remorse and compassion shall not restrain me from obeying them. THEOBALD.

——— *Let him command,*

*And to obey, shall be in me remorse,*

*What bloody business ever.*] Thus the old copies read, but evidently wrong. Some editions read, *Not to obey*; on which the editor Mr. Theobald takes occasion to alter it to, *Nor to obey*; and thought he had much mended matters. But he mistook the sound end of the line for the corrupt; and so by his emendation, the deep-designing Iago is foolishly made to throw off his mask, when he had most occasion for it; and without any provocation, stand before his captain a villain confessed; at a time, when, for the carrying on his plot, he should make the least show of it. For thus Mr. Theobald forces him him to say, *I shall have no remorse to obey your commands, how bloody forever the business be.* But this is not Shakespeare's way of preserving the unity of character. Iago, till now, pretended to be one, who, though in the trade of war he had slain men, yet held it the very stuff of the conscience to do no contriv'd murder; when, of a sudden, without cause or occasion, he owns himself a ruffian without remorse. Shakespeare wrote and pointed the passage thus:

——— *Let him command,*

*And to obey shall be in me.* REMORD

*What bloody business ever.*

i. e. however the business he sets me upon may shock my honour and humanity, yet I promise to go through with it, and obey without reserve. Here Iago speaks in character, while the sense and grammar are made better by it. So Skelton:

*And if so him fortune to write and plaine,*

*As sometimes he must vices REMORDE.*

And again:

*Squire, knight, and lord,*

*Thus the church REMORDE.* WARBURTON.

Of these two emendations, I believe, Theobald's will have the greater number of suffrages; it has at least mine. The objection against the propriety of the declaration in Iago is a cavil;

Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead ;  
'Tis done at your request. But, let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx ! oh, damn her, damn  
her !

civil ; he does not say that he has no principle of remorse, but that it shall not operate against Othello's commands. *To obey shall be in me, for I will obey you*, is a mode of expression not worth the pains here taken to introduce it ; and the word *remorse* has not in the quotation the meaning of *withhold*, or *make reluctant*, but of *reprove*, or *censure* ; nor do I know that it is used by any of the contemporaries of Shakespeare.

I will offer an interpretation, which, if it be received, will make alteration unnecessary, but it is very harsh and violent. Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business*, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tenderness*, to obey him ; not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him. If this sense be thought too violent, I see nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald. JOHNSON.

————— *Let him command,*

*And to obey, shall be in me remorse,*

*What bloody business ever.*] Mr. Upton, in his *Critic. Observ.* p. 200, proposes to read,

*And to obey shall be in me no remorse.*

This reading the author of *The Revision* approves, and Mr. Edwards seems to acquiesce in that of Theobald.

The different emendations of different commentators are laid before the public for its determination on their merits ; and I believe the present one, who is to throw in his conjecture with the rest, may say at last with Deiphobus,

————— *explebo numerum, reddarq; tenebris.*

Iago offers, in the most solemn manner, to risque himself for the service of Othello. *Let him command*, says he, *whatever bloody business*, and the remorse that follows the perpetration of such a deed shall be entirely my own. It shall be remorse in me, in me alone. I not only undertake to execute the bloody part of the business, but likewise take upon myself the horrors of remorse inseparable from the action. Iago makes use of this specious argument, the better to prevail on Othello to entrust the murder to his hands.

*To obey shall be in me remorse*—may however mean, my obedience to you shall manifest itself where my pity ought to appear. Obedience in me shall stand in the place of pity. STEEV.

Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.—

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [Exit.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Another apartment in the castle.*

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio  
lies ?

*Clown.* I dare not say, he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man ?

*Clown.* He's a foldier ; and for me to say, a foldier  
lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to ; where lodges he ?

*Clown.* [To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you  
where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this ?]

*Clown.* I know not where he lodges ; and for me  
to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies  
there, were to lie in mine own throat.

*Des.* Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by  
report ?

\* *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him ; that  
is, make questions, and bid them answer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him, I  
have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will  
be well.

*Clown.* To do this is within the compass of man's  
wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit.]

\* *Clown.* *I will catechize the world for him ; that is, make questions, and by them answer.*] This *Clown* is a fool to some purpose. He was to go seek for one ; he says, he will ask for him, and by his own questions make answer. Without doubt we should read, *and bid them answer ; i. e. the world ; those whom he questions.* WARBURTON,

*Des.*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

*Æmil.* I know not, Madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of <sup>s</sup> cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Æmil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was  
born,  
Drew all such humours from him.

*Æmil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio be  
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] Oh, hardness  
to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my  
lady.

*Des.* It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sor-  
row.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:  
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

<sup>s</sup> — *cruzadoes.* —] A Portuguese coin, in value three  
shillings sterling. Dr. GREY.

So called from the cross stamped upon it. JOHNSON.

*Oth.*



*Oth.* A liberal hand. <sup>6</sup> The hearts, of old, gave hands;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *The hearts, of old, gave hands;*

*But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.*] It is evident that the first line should be read thus,

*The hands of old gave hearts:*

Otherwise it would be no reply to the preceding words,

*For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart:*

Not so, says her husband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts; but the custom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expression of *new heraldry* was a satirical allusion to the times. Soon after James the First came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongst their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal arms, of a *HAND gules* in an *escutcheon argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he insinuates, that some then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the creation, but no *virtue* to purchase the *honour*. But the *snack* part of the poet's address in this allusion, is the compliment he pays to his old mistress Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raising money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulster, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulster. Now the method used by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was so different from this, the dignities she conferred being on those who employed their *steel*, and not their *gold* in this service, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compared to her successor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatic poets of that time to satirize the ignominy of James's reign. So Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One says, *I will send thee to Amboyna in the East Indies for pepper*. The other replies, *To Amboyna? so I might be pepper'd*. Again, in the same play, a sailor says, *Despise not this pitch'd canvas, the time was we have known them lined with Spanish ducats*. WARBURTON.

The historical observation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She says, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his suspicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank*, he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark, that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it.

JOHNSON.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* What promise, chuck ?

*Des.* I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

*Oth.* I have a <sup>7</sup> salt and fullen rheum offends me ;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not ?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault. That handkerchief  
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give :  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she  
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father  
Intirely to her love ; but, if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loath'd, and his spirits should hunt  
After new fancies : she, dying, gave it me ;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so ; and take heed on't,  
Make it a darling, like your precious eye ;  
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is it possible ?

*Oth.* 'Tis true ; there's magic in the web of it :  
A Sybil, that had <sup>8</sup> numbred in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work :

<sup>7</sup> — salt and sorry rheum — ] The old quarto has,  
— salt and fullen rheum —  
That is, a rheum obstinately troublesome. I think this better.  
JOHNSON,

<sup>8</sup> — numbred —  
The sun to course — ] i. e. number'd the sun's courses :  
badly expressed. WARBURTON.

The expression is not very infrequent ; we say, I count'd the  
clock to strike four ; so the number'd the sun to course, to run two  
hundred compasses, two hundred annual circuits. JOHNSON.

The

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;  
 9 And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful  
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Def.* Indeed ! is it true ?

*Oth.* Most veritable ; therefore look to it well.

*Def.* Then would to heaven that I had never seen it !

*Oth.* Ha ! wherefore ?

*Def.* Why do you speak so startlingly, and ' rash ?

*Oth.* Is it lost ? is it gone ? speak, is it out of the  
 way ?

*Def.* Bless us !

*Oth.* Say you ?

*Def.* It is not lost ; but what, an if it were ?

*Oth.* Ha !

*Def.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch it, let me see it.

*Def.* Why, so I can, Sir ; but I will not now :  
 This is a trick to put me from my suit ;  
 Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief. My mind mis-  
 gives.

*Def.* Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief——

*Def.* [I pray talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief——]

*Def.* A man, that, all his time,  
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love ;  
 Shar'd dangers with you——

*Oth.* The handkerchief——

*Def.* Insooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away !——

[*Exit Othello.*

*Æmil.* Is not this man jealous ?

9 And it was dy'd in mummy,——] The balsamic liquor run-  
 ning from mummies was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic  
 virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities  
 ascribed to it are all imaginary ; and yet I have been informed,  
 that this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the shops where  
 drugs are sold. STEEVENS.

' —— rash ?] Is vehement, violent. JOHNSON.

*Def.*

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.  
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:  
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Æmil.* <sup>2</sup> 'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,  
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

*Enter Iago and Cassio.*

*Iago.* There is no other way. 'Tis she must do't;  
And lo, the happiness! Go, and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,  
That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all <sup>3</sup> the duty of my heart,  
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd,  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity

<sup>2</sup> *'Tis not a year, or two, shews us a man.*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be considered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable seems to have been in one continual progress, nor can I see any vacuity into which a year or two, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feast was proclaimed; at that feast Cassio was degraded, and immediately applies to Desdemona to get him restored. Iago indeed advises Othello to hold him off a while, but there is no reason to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increase the probability of the story, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act 5. Sc. 2. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *—the office of my heart.*] The elder quarto reads,  
*—the duty of my heart.*

The author used the more proper word, and then changed it, I suppose, for fashionable diction; but, as fashion is a very weak protectress, the old word is now ready to resume its place.

JOHNSON.

Can

Can ransom me into his love again ;  
 † But to know so, must be my benefit.  
 So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,  
 ‡ And shut myself up in some other course,  
 To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
 My advocacy is not now in tune :  
 My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,  
 Were he <sup>7</sup> in favour, as in humour, alter'd.  
 So help me every spirit sanctified,  
 As I have spoken for you all my best ;  
 And stood § within the blank of his displeasure,  
 For my free speech ! You must a-while be patient,  
 What I can do, I will ; and more I will  
 Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry ?

*Æmil.* He went hence but now ;  
 And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon,  
 When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
 And, like the devil, from his very arm  
 Puff'd his own brother ; and can he be angry ?

† *But to know so, must be my benefit.*]

“ Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,

“ Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi.” JOHNSON.

‡ *And shoot myself up*——] This is the reading of one of the early quartos. The folio, and all the modern editions, have,

*And shut myself up*—— JOHNSON.

The quarto 1630 (like the folio) reads,

*And shut myself up*——

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea seems taken from the confinement of a monastic life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the supposition. The meaning will therefore be, “ I will put on a constrain'd appearance of being contented, and shut myself up in a different course of life, no longer to depend on myself, but to wait for accidental charity.” STREVS.

<sup>7</sup> *—in favour,—*] In look, in countenance. JOHNSON.

§ *—within the blank of his displeasure,*] Within the ~~first~~ of his anger. JOHNSON.

Something

Something of moment, then : I will go meet him.  
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*]

*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,  
Either from Venice, or ' some unhatch'd practice,  
Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,  
Hath puddled his clear spirit : and, in such cases,  
Mens' natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object.

'Tis even so ; ' for let our finger ach,  
And it endues our other healthful members  
Even to that sense of pain. Nay, we must think,  
Men are not gods ;——

Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,  
I was ( <sup>a</sup> unhandsome warrior as I am )  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;  
But now, I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indited falsely.

*Æmil.* Pray heaven, it be state-matters, as you  
think ;  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

*Æmil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;

<sup>a</sup> —— *some unhatch'd practice,*] Some treason that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> *For let our finger ach, and it endues*

*Our other healthful members with a sense*

*Of pain.*——] *Endue with a sense of pain,* is an expression, which, though it might be endured, if it were genuine, cannot deserve to be introduced by artifice. The copies, both quarto and folio, read, *Endue our other healthful members even to a sense of pain.* I believe it should be rather, *SUBDUCE our other healthful members to a sense of pain.* JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> —— *(unhandsome warrior as I am)*] How this came to be so blundered, I cannot conceive. It is plain Shakespeare wrote,

—— *unhandsome WRANGLER as I am.*

So *Antony and Cleopatra,*

—— *she wrangling queen.* WARBURTON.

*Unhandsome warrior,* is evidently *unfair assailant.* JOHNSON.

They

They are not ever jealous for a cause,  
But jealous, for they are jealous. 'Tis a monster  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's  
mind!

*Æmil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*]

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio.

*Cas.* What makes you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?  
Oh weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:

But I shall in a <sup>3</sup> more continue time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]

<sup>4</sup> Take me this work out.

*Bian.* Oh Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

<sup>3</sup> ——— *more convenient time*] The folio has,

———— *more continue time*;

Time less interrupted, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more distinct image than *convenient*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, "Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but, "Copy this work in another handkerchief." JOHNSON.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.  
Is it come to this? well, well.

*Caf.* Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:  
No, in good truth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Caf.* I know not, neither. I found it in my chamber;

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Caf.* I do attend here on the general;  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* [Why, I pray you?

*Caf.* Not that I love you not.]

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

*Caf.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,  
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; <sup>5</sup> I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>5</sup> — *I must be circumstanc'd.*] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*An apartment in the castle.**Enter Othello and Iago.*

I A G O.

W I L L you think so?

*Oth.* Think so, Iago?*Iago.* What, to kifs in private?*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kifs.*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend in bed  
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?*Oth.* <sup>6</sup> Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

<sup>7</sup> The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.*Iago.*<sup>6</sup> *Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?*

*It is hypocrisy against the devil:]* This observation seems strangely abrupt and unoccasional. We must suppose that Iago had, before they appear in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns. To this we must suppose Othello here replies; and like a good protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakespeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced. WARBURTON.

*Hypocrisy against the devil,* means hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.]* It is plain, from the whole tenor of the words, that the speaker would distinguish this strange fantastical presumption from other lesser kinds of indiscretion, where prudence is off its guard. But this reading does not distinguish it from any other,

it

*Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip :  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

*Oth.* What then ?

*Iago.* Why then, 'tis hers, my lord ; and, being  
hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too ;  
May she give that ?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen ;  
They have it very oft, that have it not :  
But for the handkerchief——

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot  
it :——

Thou saidst—oh, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that ?

*Oth.* That's not so good now.

*Iago.* What if I said, I had seen him do you wrong ?  
Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad,  
Who having by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinc'd or suppl'd them, they cannot chuse  
But they must blab.

*Oth.*

it being true of all who run into temptation, that *the devil*  
*their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.* The true reading,  
therefore, without question, is this,

*The devil their virtue tempts NOT ; they tempt heaven.*

*i. e.* they do not give the devil the trouble of throwing tempta-  
tions in their way : they seek them out themselves, and so  
tempt heaven by their presumption. This is a just character  
of the extravagance here condemned, and distinguishes it from  
other inferior indiscretions. WARBURTON.

<sup>a</sup> *Boding to all*——] Thus all the old copies. The moderns,  
less grammatically,

*Boding to ill*—— JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> *Convinc'd or suppl'd them,*] I cannot understand the vulgar  
reading. I read, *convinc'd or suppl'd.* My emendation makes  
the sense of the passage easy and intelligible : that there are  
some such long-tongued knaves in the world, who, if they

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,  
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he  
did——

Oth. What ? what ?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her ?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her ! lie on her ! We say, lie on her,  
when they belie her. Lie with her ! that's fustome.  
Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief— [to con-  
fess, and be hang'd for his labour—First, to be hang'd,  
and then—to confess :—I tremble at it—nature would  
not invest herself in such <sup>1</sup> shadowing passion <sup>2</sup> with-  
out some instruction. It is not words that shake me  
thus

through the *force of importunity extort* a favour from their mis-  
tress, or if through *her own fondness* they make her *pliant* to  
their desires, cannot help boasting of their success. To *con-*  
*vince*, here, is not, as in the common acceptation, to make  
sensible of the truth of any thing by reasons and arguments ;  
but to *overcome, get the better of, &c.* THEOBALD.

*Convinc'd*] *Convinc'd*, for conquer'd ; subdued. WARD.

So in *Macbeth* :

“ ——his two chambelains

“ Will I, with wine and wassel so *convince*.”

Again the same play :

“ ——their malady *convinces*

“ The great assay of art.” STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *—shadowing passion—*] The modern editions have left  
out *passion*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *—without some instruction.—*] The starts and broken re-  
flections in this speech have something very terrible, and shew  
the mind of the speaker to be in inexpressible agonies. But  
the words we are upon, when set right, have a sublime in them  
that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of  
writing INSTRUCTION for INDUCTION (for so it should be  
read) has indeed sunk it into arrant nonsense. Othello is just  
going to fall into a swoon ; and, as is common for people in  
that circumstance, feels an unusual mist and darkness, accom-  
panied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vast sub-  
limity

thus—pish!—noses, ears, and lips :—is it possible!  
—confess!—handkerchief!—oh devil!—]

[*Falls in a trance.*]

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And

limity of thought, is compared to the season of the sun's eclipse, at which time the earth becomes shadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the sun. This being the allusion, the reasoning stands thus: "My nature could never be thus overshadowed, and falling, as it were, into dissolution for no cause. There must be an *INDUCTION* of something: there must be a real cause. My jealousy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, words only, could not shake me thus, and raise all this disorder. My jealousy therefore must be grounded on matter of fact." Shakespeare uses this word in the same sense, *Richard III.*

"A dire *INDUCTION* am I witness to."

Marston seems to have read it thus in some copy, and to allude to it in these words of his *Fame*:

"Plots ha' you laid? *INDUCTIONS* dangerous! *WARB.*

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any necessity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another, which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, *Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without instruction. It is not words that shake me thus.* This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities. *JOHNSON.*

*Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction.*] However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago; when many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief) it produces stupefaction and fainting.

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
 All guiltless, meet reproach. What ho! my lord!  
 My lord, I say! Othello!—

*Enter Cassio.*

How now, Cassio?

*Cas.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;  
 This is the second fit, he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
 If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by  
 Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.  
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
 He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
 I would on great occasion speak with you.—

*[Exit Cassio.]*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven:

Would you bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast, then, in a populous  
 city,

And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good Sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd,  
 May draw with you. Millions are now alive,  
 That nightly lie<sup>3</sup> in those improper beds,

Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which  
 have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shews, that all  
 the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so over-  
 powers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

<sup>3</sup> —in those improper beds,] *Unproper*, for common.

WARBURTON.

Which

Which they dare swear peculiar : your case is better.  
 Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
 And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;  
 And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* Oh, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you a while apart ;  
 Confine yourself but in a patient <sup>4</sup> list.  
 Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,  
 (A passion most unsuited such a man)  
 Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,  
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;  
 Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;  
 The which he promis'd. Do but <sup>5</sup> encave yourself,  
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,  
 That dwell in every region of his face ;  
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife :  
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;  
<sup>6</sup> Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,  
 And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago ?  
 I will be found most cunning in my patience ;  
 But (dost thou hear) most bloody ?

*Iago.* That's not amiss ;  
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
 A housewife, that, by selling her desires,  
 Buys herself bread and cloaths. It is a creature  
 That dotes on Cassio ; as 'tis the strumpet's plague

<sup>4</sup> ————*list.*] For attention ; act of listening. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ————*encave yourself,*] Hide yourself in a private place.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Or *I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,*] I read,

*Or shall I say, you're all in all a spleen.*

I think our author uses this expression elsewhere. JOHNSON.

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work. A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ; there——give it your hobby-horse. Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Caf.* How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how now ?

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief !

[*Aside.*

*Bian.* If you'll come to supper to-night, you may : if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.——

*Caf.* I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

*Iago.* You sup there ?

*Caf.* Yes, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Caf.* Pr'ythee, come. Will you ?

*Iago.* Go to ; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

*Oth.* How shall I murder him, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice ?

*Oth.* Oh, Iago !——

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief ?

*Oth.* Was that mine ?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing :  
A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night ; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd

to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand<sup>3</sup>. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature—She might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her, I do but say what she is:—so delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:—  
And then of so gentle condition!—

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, Iago—Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!—

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

*Iago.* Oh, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago, this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed,  
Even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good:  
The justice of it pleases.—Very good.

<sup>3</sup> —No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it burns my hand.—] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakespeare, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his own *pathos*.  
So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 4. Sc. 8.

“—throw my heart

“ Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

“ Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

“ And finish all foul thoughts.” STEEVENS.

*Iago.*



*Iago.* And, for Cassio, let me be his undertaker.  
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico

Come from the duke. And, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, Sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.  
[*Gives him a letter.*]

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, Sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?—

*Oth.* [This fail you not to do, as you will—]

[*Reads.*]

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one; I would do much  
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord!

*Oth.* Are you wife?

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lod.* 'May be the letter mov'd him;

\* —atone them,—] Make them one; reconcile them.

JOHNSON.

For,

For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed !

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* Why, sweet Othello ?

*Oth.* Devil !——— [Striking her.]

*Des.* I have not deserv'd this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,  
Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much :  
Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* Oh devil, devil !

<sup>5</sup> If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :——  
Out of my sight !

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady :——

I do beseech your lordship call her back.

*Oth.* Mistrefs———

*Des.* My lord.

*Oth.* What would you with her, Sir ?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord ?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn :  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again : and she can weep, Sir, weep ;  
And she's obedient, as you say ;——obedient——  
Very obedient.—<sup>6</sup> Proceed you in your tears——

<sup>5</sup> *If that the earth could teem, &c.*] If womens tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*Proceed you in your tears*——] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Desdemona to continue weeping, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the passage is at present pointed) must mean. He rather would have said,

——*Proceed you in your tears* !——

What ! will you still continue to be a hypocrite by a display of this well-painted passion ! WARNER.

*Æmil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?

*Æmil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

*Æmil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange!

*Æmil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither;—go. [*Exit Æmilia.*  
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets;  
And yet she'll kneel, and pray: I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter Æmilia with Desdemona.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes. Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* [*To Æmilia.*] Some of your function, mistress;  
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;  
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come:  
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words,

[<sup>s</sup> But not the words.]

<sup>s</sup> *But not your words.*] This line is added out of the first edition. POPE.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* Why? what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it; damn thyself; left, being like one

Of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.

Therefore be double-damn'd; swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

*Oth.* Oh, Desdemona! away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But (alas) to make me

A fixed figure for the <sup>9</sup> time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at—oh! oh!

Yet

<sup>9</sup> —time of scorn] The reading of both the eldest quartos and the folio is,

“ ———for the time of scorn.”

Mr. Rowe reads “*band of scorn*,” and succeeding editors have silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy,

———*the time of scorn*.

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*—the time when we are to be judged—the *day of judgment*—the instant when we suffer calamity—the *hour of evil*; and why may we

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H h

not

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well :  
 But there, where I have ' garner'd up my heart,  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,  
 The fountain from the which my current runs,  
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;  
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
 To knot and gender in!—<sup>2</sup> Turn thy complexion  
 there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;  
 Ay, there, look grim as hell.

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* Oh, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
 That quicken even with blowing. <sup>3</sup> Oh thou weed!  
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That

not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn*? Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me* (says he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!* The epithet, *unmoving*, is highly expressive of his impatience at such treatment; for to those who watch the motions of a clock with eagerness, the hands will scarce seem to move.

STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *garner'd up my heart,*] That is, *treasured up*; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *Turn thy complexion there, &c.*] At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

*I here look grim as hell.*

I was written for *ay*, and not since corrected. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Oh thou weed!*] Dr. Johnson has been censured for having stifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore observe, that this speech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads,

——— *O thou black weed!*

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in the speech: no additional beauty would have been thereby introduced; but instead of it, a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair*. I have been a careful reader of many of the plays, and other books of the age of Shakespeare, but such a word as *blache* has never yet occurred; and I know not by what rule of criticism a com-

mentator

That the sense aches at thee——

'Would thou hadst ne'er been born!

*Def.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write whore upon? What committed!  
Committed!—oh, thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did but I speak thy deeds.—What committed!  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed?—Impudent  
strumpet!

*Def.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Def.* No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord  
From any other, foul, unlawful touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Def.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Def.* Oh, heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.—

*Enter Emilia.*

You, mistress,  
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!

mentator is obliged to adopt difficulties, which (on the authority of copies) he may fairly avoid. Though the quarto, 1622, affords assistance to an editor, yet the copy in the folio is in many places at once the most ample and correct. STEEVENS.

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

*Æmil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—  
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Def.* 'Faith, half asleep.

*Æmil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Def.* With whom?

*Æmil.* With my lord, madam?

*Def.* [Who is thy lord?

*Æmil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.]

*Def.* I have none: do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Pray, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets—Remember;—

And call thy husband hither.

*Æmil.* Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit.*]

*Def.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

\* The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

*Enter Iago with Æmilia.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

*Def.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Æmil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,

\* *The small'st opinion on my least misuse?*] The old quarto reads,

*The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.*  
Which I think is better. JOHNSON.

Thrown

Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,  
That true hearts cannot bear.

*Def.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Def.* Such, as she says, my lord did say I was.

*Æmil.* He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink,  
Could not have laid such terms <sup>s</sup> upon his callet.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Def.* I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!

*Æmil.* Hath she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be call'd—whore? Would it not make one weep?

*Def.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it! How comes this trick  
upon him?

*Def.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Æmil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Def.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Æmil.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his  
bones!

<sup>s</sup> ———upon his callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; so called (says Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. This derivation, however, is extremely disputable. The appellation of *callet*, or, as it is sometimes spelt, *callot*, might have been adopted from a real name. In the 20th year of Henry VIII. Giles Hather, and Kit Callot his mistress, were very famous, calling themselves the king and queen of the gypsies, who then made their first appearance. I derive my knowledge of this couple from Greene's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612. Heywood, the epigrammatist, makes one woman call another *Kit Callot*, by way of reproach for the vileness of her character; and Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Gypsies*, says,

“To set *Kit Callot* forth in prose or rhyme,

“Or who was Cleopatra for the time.” STEEVENS.



Why should he call her, whore? Who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,  
Some base <sup>6</sup> notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—  
Oh heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked through the world,  
Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* <sup>7</sup> Speak within door.

*Emil.* Oh, fie upon him! Some such 'quire he was,

That turn'd your wit <sup>8</sup> the seamy side without;  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. [Here I kneel: [*Kneeling.*

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them on any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, though he do shake me off,

To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

But never taint my love. I can't say, whore;

It does abhor me now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn,

Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.]

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;

<sup>6</sup> —notorious—] For *gross*, not in its proper meaning for known. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —the seamy side without;] That is, *inside out*. JOHNSON.  
The

The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does <sup>8</sup> chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other—

*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*

Hark how these instruments summon to supper!

<sup>9</sup> And the great messengers of Venice stay;  
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Enter Roderigo.*

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou dost me with some device,  
*Iago*; and rather (as it seems to be now) keep'st from  
me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least  
advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure  
it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what  
already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* Faith, I have heard too much; for your  
words and performances are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself  
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,  
to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted  
a votarist. You have told me she hath received them;  
and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden  
respect <sup>1</sup> and acquaintance; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man, nor  
'tis not very well: nay, I think, it is scurvy; and  
begin to find myself fob'd in it.

<sup>8</sup> —chide with you.] This line is from the quarto, 1622.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And the great messengers of Venice stay;] Thus the quarto.  
The folio reads,

*The messengers of Venice stay the meat.* STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> —and acquaintance;—] Thus the folio. The quarto  
reads—and acquittance. STEEVENS.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now——

*Rod.* Ay, and said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now, I see, there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appear'd.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever—I mean purpose, courage, and valour—this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well; what is it? Is it within reason and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* Oh, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean removing him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago,*

*Iago.* Ay ; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot ; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune : if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me ; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste. About it.

[*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied.] [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*A room in the castle.*

*Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* Oh, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night ; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, Sir ?—Oh Desdemona !—

*Des.* My lord ?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant. I will be return'd forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there. Look, it be done. [*Exit.*

*Des.* I will, my lord.

*Emil.* How goes it now ? He looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return incontinent ; And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

*Emil.*

*Æmil.* Dismiss me !

*Def.* It was his bidding ; therefore, good *Æmilia*,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu :  
We must not now displease him.

*Æmil.* I would you had never seen him !

*Def.* So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns—  
(Pr'ythee unpin me)—have grace and favour in them.

*Æmil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on  
the bed.

*Def.* All's one. Good father ! how foolish are our  
minds ?

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Æmil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Def.* My mother had a maid called Barbara ;  
She was in love ; <sup>2</sup> and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,  
And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night  
Will not go from my mind ; [<sup>3</sup> I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all o' one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee dispatch.

*Æmil.* Shall I go fetch your night gown ?

*Def.*

<sup>2</sup> —and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,  
And did forsake her.——] We should read,  
——and he, she lov'd, forsook her,  
And she prov'd mad.——

WARBURTON.

I believe that *mad* only signifies *wild, frantick, uncertain*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———I've much' ado,

But to go hang my head——] I have much ado to do any  
thing but hang my head. We might read ;

Not to go hang my head.

This is perhaps the only insertion made in the latter edi-  
tions which has improved the play. The rest seem to have  
been added for the sake of amplification, or of ornament.  
When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no  
longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at  
leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is  
natural.

*Def.* No, unpin me here.—  
This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Æmil.* A very handsome man.

*Def.* He speaks well.

*Æmil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.]

*Def.* 4 “ The poor soul sat singing by a fycamore-tree,

“ Sing all a green willow ; [Singing.

“ Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

“ Sing willow, willow, willow :

“ The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her  
“ moans ;

“ Sing willow, &c.

“ Her salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the  
“ stones ;”

Lay by these :

“ Sing willow, &c.

“ Willow, willow,” &c.

Pr'ythee, hye thee ; he'll come anon.

“ Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

“ Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.”  
Nay that's not next—Hark, who is it that knocks ?

*Æmil.* It is the wind.

*Def.* 5 “ I call'd my love false love ; but what said  
“ he then ?

“ Sing willow, &c.

“ If I court more women, you'll couch with more  
“ men.”

natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song ; she endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it. JOHNSON.

4 This song, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads ; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

5 *I call'd my love false love ;—*] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

So

So get thee gone. Good night. Mine eyes do itch,  
Doth that bode weeping?

*Æmil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Def.* [I have heard it said so.—Oh these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

*Æmil.* There be some such, no question.]

*Def.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Æmil.* Why, would not you?

*Def.* No, by this heavenly light.

*Æmil.* Nor I neither, by this heavenly light:

I might do't it as well i' the dark.

*Def.* Would thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Æmil.* The world is a huge thing,

It is a great price for a small vice.

*Def.* In troth, I think, thou wouldst not.

*Æmil.* In troth, I think, I should; and undo't  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a  
thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn, nor  
for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhi-  
bition: but for all the whole world; why, who would  
not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a  
monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

*Def.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world.

*Æmil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world;  
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in  
your own world, and you might quickly make it  
right.

*Def.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Æmil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage,  
as would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,  
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing

Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us ;  
 Or scant <sup>6</sup> our former having in despight :  
 Why, we have galls ; and though we have some grace,  
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,  
 Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,  
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
 As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
 When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?  
 I think it is ; and doth affection breed it ?  
 I think it doth : Is't frailty that thus errs ?  
 It is so too. And have not we affections ?  
 Desires for sports ? and frailty, as men have ?  
 Then let them use us well : else let them know,  
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

*Des.* Good night, good night : <sup>7</sup> heaven me such  
 usage send,  
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>6</sup> —our former having— ] Our former allowance of ex-  
 pence. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —heaven me such uses send,] Such is the reading of the  
 folio, and of the subsequent editions ; but the old quarto has,  
 ——— such usage send. ———

*Usage* is an old word for *custom*, and, I think, better than *uses*.

JOHNSON.

A C T



## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*A street.**Enter Iago and Roderigo.*

I A G O.

**H**ERE, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;  
Quick, quick; fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow.  
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand. Be bold and take thy stand.

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;  
Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—

'Tis but a man gone.—Forth, my sword. He dies.

*[Stands apart.]*

*Iago.* 'I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

<sup>1</sup> In some editions,

*I've rubb'd this young gnat almost to the sense,*

*And he grows angry.*] This is a passage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gudgeon*; not that a gudgeon can be *rubbed* to much *sense*, but that a man grossly deceived is often called a *gudgeon*. Mr. Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a small bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is *rubbed to sense*. Roderigo is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. *To rub to the sense*, is *to rub to the quick*. JOHNSON.

Or

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
 Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,  
 He calls me to a restitution large  
 Of gold, and jewels, that I bob'd from him,  
 As gifts to Desdemona.  
 It must not be:—If Cassio do remain,  
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,  
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor  
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril.  
 No, he must die:—Be it so; I hear him coming.

*Enter Cassio.*

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.

*[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st.  
 I will make proof of thine.

*[Fight. Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.]*

*Rod.* Oh, I am slain!

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder!  
 murder!

*Enter Othello above.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* Oh, villain that I am!

*Oth.* It is even so.

*Cas.* Oh, help, ho! light! a surgeon!—

*Oth.* 'Tis he. Oh brave Iago, honest and just,  
 That hath such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!  
 Thou teachest me—Minion, your dear lies dead;  
 And your fate hies apace.—Strumpet, I come:  
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are  
 blotted,

Thy bed, lust stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

*[Exit Othello.]*

*Enter*

*Enter Lodovico and Gratiano at a distance.*

*Caf.* What, ho ! No watch ? <sup>2</sup> No passage ? Murder, murder !

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance ; the voice is very dreadful.

*Caf.* Oh, help !

*Lod.* Hark !

*Rod.* O wretched villain !

*Lod.* Two or three groans. It is <sup>3</sup> a heavy night ; These may be counterfeits : let's think't unsafe To come in to the cry without more help.

*Rod.* No body come ? then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter Iago with a light.*

*Lod.* Hark——

*Gra.* Here one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there ? Whose noise is this that cries out murder ?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Do not you hear a cry ?

*Caf.* Here, here : for heaven's fake, help me.

*Iago.* What's the matter ?

*Gra.* This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here, that cry so grievously ?

*Caf.* Iago ? oh I am spoil'd, undone by villains ! Give me some help.

*Iago.* Oh me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

*Caf.* I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

<sup>2</sup> — *No passage ?* — ] No passengers ? No body going by ?

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *a heavy night ;* ] A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid. JOHNSON.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Oh treacherous villains !  
What are you there ? Come in, and give some help.  
[*To Lod. and Gra.*

*Rod.* Oh, help me here !

*Caf.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave ! oh villain !

[*Iago stabs him.*

*Rod.* Oh damn'd Iago ! oh inhuman dog ! Oh !  
oh ! oh !

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark ? Where be these bloody  
thieves ?

How silent is this town ? Ho ! murder ! murder !  
What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico ?——

*Lod.* He, Sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy : here's Cassio hurt by vil-  
lains.

*Gra.* Cassio ?

*Iago.* How is it, brother ?

*Caf.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid !

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho ? who is't that cry'd ?

*Iago.* Who is't that cry'd ?

*Bian.* Oh my dear Cassio ! my sweet Cassio !

Oh Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

*Iago.* O notable strumpet ! Cassio, may you suspect  
Who they should be that have thus mangled you ?

*Caf.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry to find you thus : I have been to  
seek you.

[*Iago.* Lend me a garter. So.—Oh for a chair  
To bear him easily hence !]

*Bian.* Alas, he faints :—oh Cassio ! Cassio ! Cassio !

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash,

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I i

Te

To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come,  
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman

Roderigo? No: yes, sure: yes, 'tis Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Even he, Sir; did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him? ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon.  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio? Oh, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he. Oh, that's well said;—the  
chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. For you, mistress,

[*To Bianca.*

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale?—Oh, bear  
him out o' the air.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?  
Do you perceive the paleness of her eye?—  
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.  
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;  
Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness  
Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

*Enter Emilia.*

*Emil.* Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio has here been set on in the dark  
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!  
*Iago.*

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,  
*Æmilia,*  
 Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night :—  
 What, do you shake at that ?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house ; but I therefore  
 shake not.

*Iago.* Oh, did he so ? I charge you, go with me.

*Æmil.* Oh, fie upon thee, strumpet !

*Bian.* I am no strumpet ; but of life as honest  
 As you that thus abuse me.

*Æmil.* As I ? foh ! fie upon thee !

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
 dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.

*Æmilia,* run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—

Will you go on afore ?—This is the night,

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*A bed-chamber : Desdemona asleep. A light burning.*

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* \* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul ;—  
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,

\* *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul ;*

*Let me not name it—*] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this : “ I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation ? Is it want of resolution to do justice ? Is it the dread of shedding blood ? No ; it is not the action that shocks me, but *it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul ; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars ! it is the cause.*” JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

It is the cause!—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
5 Put out the light, and, then—Put out the light!  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relumine.—  
When I have pluck'd 6 thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again;  
It needs must wither.—I'll smell it on the tree;  
Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after:—once more, and this, the last.  
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: 7 this sorrow's heavenly;  
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

5 *Put out the light, and, then—Put out the light!*] So it should be printed. The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites. WARBURTON.

6 ———*thy rose,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,  
———*the rose.*

Again, the quarto reads,

“ I'll smell *it* on the tree.”

The folio,

“ I'll smell *thee* on the tree.” STEEVENS.

7 ———*This sorrow's heavenly;*] This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion.

I wish these two lines could be honestly ejected. It is the fate of Shakspeare to counteract his own pathos. JOHNSON.

*Dq.*

*Des.* Who's there ? Othello ?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord ?

*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;  
No—heavens forefend ! I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing ?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then heaven have mercy on me !

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart.

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum.

*Des.* And yet I fear you ; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know  
not,

Since guilt I know not ; but yet, I feel, I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you.

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

*Des.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.  
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :  
These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still !

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter ?

*Oth.* That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul.—Send for the man,  
And ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury ;  
Thou art on thy death-bed.



*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently ;

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;  
For to deny each article with oath,  
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Oh, heaven have mercy on me !

*Oth.* I say, Amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too !—I never did  
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven,  
As I might love. I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.  
Oh perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,  
\* A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then ;  
I never gave it him :—send for him hither,  
Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord ?

*Oth.* That he hath——us'd thee,

*Des.* How ? unlawfully ?

*Oth.* Ay.

♥*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd.  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

\* *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.*

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou dost stone thy heart* ; which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the murdered without preparation for death, when I intended that thy punishment should have been a sacrifice atoning for thy crime.*

I am glad that I have ended my revival of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

*Des.*

*Def.* My fear interprets then.—What, is he dead?

*Oth.* <sup>9</sup> Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

*Def.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

*Def.* Oh banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Def.* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive——

*Def.* But half an hour.

*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.

*Def.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* ' It is too late. [*He smothered her.*]

*Æmilia without the door.*

*Æmil.* My lord, my lord! What ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.  
So, so.

<sup>9</sup> *Had all his hairs been lives,——*] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatic performances prior to Shakespeare's *Othello*. So in the *Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607.

“ Know Cæsar, had I now as many lives

“ As there are stones, or hairs upon my head,

“ I would,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *It is too late.*] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of a sacred name, thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, I think an editor may fairly be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the old copies. STEEVENS.

This alteration was probably made by the author, in consequence of a statute of the 21st of James I. to reform profane cursing and swearing. HAWKINS.

*Æmil. within.]* What ho ! my lord, my lord !

*Oth.* Who's there ?

*Æmil.* Oh, my good lord, I would speak a word with you.

*Oth.* Yes—'tis *Æmilia*.—By and by.—She's dead. 'Tis like, she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death ; The noise was high.—Ha ! no more moving ? Still as the grave.—Shall she come in ? Were't good ? I think, she stirs again.—No. What's the best ? If she come in, she'll, sure, speak to my wife :— My wife ! my wife ! What wife ? I have no wife. Oh insupportable ! oh heavy hour ! Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe Should yawn at alteration.

*Æmil.* I do beseech you, I may speak with you. Oh, good my lord !

*Oth.* I had forgot thee ; oh, come in, *Æmilia*. Soft.—By and by.—Let me the curtains draw. Where art thou ? What's the matter with thee now ?  
[*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter Æmilia.*

*Æmil.* Oh, my good lord, yonder foul murder's done.

*Oth.* What ? now ?

*Æmil.* But now, my lord ?

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon ; She comes more near the earth than she was wont, And makes men mad.

*Æmil.* *Cassio*, my lord, hath kill'd  
A young Venetian, called *Roderigo*.

*Oth.* *Roderigo* kill'd ? and *Cassio* kill'd ?

*Æmil.* No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not *Cassio* kill'd ? Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Def.*

*Des.* \* Oh falsely, falsely murder'd!——

*Æmil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Æmil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.  
Help! help, ho! help! oh lady, speak again!  
*Sweet Desdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak!*

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Æmil.* Oh, who hath done this deed?

*Des.* No body; I myself; farewell:  
Commend me to my kind lord. Oh, farewell. [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Æmil.* Alas! who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself it was not I.

*Æmil.* She said so; I must needs report the truth,

*Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell;  
'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Æmil.* Oh, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil.

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Æmil.* Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was <sup>3</sup> false as water.

*Æmil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false.—Oh, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else:  
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

\* *Oh falsely, falsely murder'd!*] If Othello's only attempt on the life of Desdemona was by smothering her, and the instrument of suffocation was removed before her breath was entirely suppressed, she might speak again (as she does) and afterwards recover. But she represents herself as *murder'd*, and the means he took to destroy her, prove effectual in her death. I suspect that some play-house direction has been omitted; and that when he says,

*I would not have thee linger in thy pain.*

*So, so.*

He then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow. So Virgil:

"——sic, sic, juvat ire sub umbras." STREUVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*false as water.*] As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. JOHNSON.

But

But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Æmil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Æmil.* That she was false to wedlock ?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world,  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Æmil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first ;  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Æmil.* My husband ?

*Oth.* What needs this iteration, woman ?  
I say, thy husband.

[*Æmil.* Oh mistress ! † villainy has made mocks  
with love.

My husband say that she was false ?

*Oth.* He, woman ;

I say, thy husband ; do'st understand the word ?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.]

*Æmil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart.  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha !——

*Æmil.* Do thy worst.

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Æmil.* ‡ Thou hast not half that power to do me  
harm,

As I have to be hurt. Oh gull ! oh dolt !

† ——villainy has made mocks with love.] Villainy has taken  
advantage to play upon the weakness of a violent passion.

JOHNSON.

‡ Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt.——] Power for will : for will  
signifying both ability and inclination, and power signifying  
ability,

As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed——  
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress : murder ! murder !

*Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.*

*Mon.* What is the matter ? How now, general ?

*Æmil.* Oh, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Æmil.* Disprove this, villain, if thou be'st a man ;  
He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false :  
I know, thou didst not ; thou'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought ; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Æmil.* But did you ever tell him she was false ?

*Iago.* I did.

*Æmil.* You told a lie ; an odious, damned lie :  
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio !—Did you say with Cassio ?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to ; <sup>6</sup> charm your  
tongue.

*Æmil.*

ability, he uses *power* for inclination. But the Oxford Editor, not understanding his author's phraseology any better when he had ended than when he had begun with him, alters, *As I have to be hurt*, to, *As I have to bear hurt* : which yet does not mend the matter, had the poet here used *power* in the sense of ability.

WARBURTON.

The Oxford Editor saw well the meaning of his author, but weakened his expression. She means to say, *I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to insinuate*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*charm your tongue*.] I know not whether I have read, or whether my own thoughts have suggested, an alteration of this passage. It seems to me not improbable, that Shakespeare wrote *clam* your tongue ; to *clam* a bell, is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound.

JOHNSON.

—*charm*

*Æmil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak;

[My mistress lies here murder'd in her bed.

*All.* Oh heavens forefend!

*Æmil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters.—It is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* Oh monstrous act!

*Æmil.* Villainy, villainy, villainy!

I think upon't—I think—I smell't—Oh villainy!

I thought so then—I'll kill myself for grief—

Oh villainy, villainy!]

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

*Æmil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak.

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* Oh! oh! oh! [*Othello looking on his wife.*

*Æmil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* Oh, she was foul!—

[*Rising.*

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.

I know this act shews horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:

Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,

—*charm your tongue.*] By this expression, *Charm your tongue*, the poet meant no more than to make Iago say, Apply some power, strong as a *charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility. So *Henry VI.* Part 3.

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue*."

Spenser uses the same expression:

"That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his speech."

So Ben Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"———*charm your skipping tongue*."

Again, in *The New Inn*:

"———clip the wings of time,

"Or make him stand still with a *charm*." STEEVENS.

This

This fight would make him do a desperate turn;  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio had the act of shame  
7 A thousand times committed.—Cassio confess'd it;  
And she did gratify his amorous works,  
With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;  
8 It was an handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

7 *A thousand times committed.*—] This is another passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include. JOHNSON.

*That she with Cassio had the act of shame*

*A thousand times committed.*—

And page 461.

*'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.*] I cannot suppose, from these passages, that a longer space is comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

What Othello mentions in the first instance, might have pass'd still more often, before they were married, when Cassio went between them; for she, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in respect of Othello, might have done so in respect of Cassio, when there was time enough for the thing supposed, to have happened. A jealous person will aggravate all he thinks, or speaks of; and might use a *thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his accusation: nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

“———spare your arithmetic

“Once, and a million.”

The latter is a proverbial expression, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Emilia's reply means no more than, “that is too soon to judge of her husband's disposition, or that she must not be surprized at the discovery of his jealousy, for it is not even a year or two that will display all the failings of a man.” STEEVENS.

8 *It was an handkerchief, &c.*] Othello tells his wife, Act 3. Sc. 10.

———*that handkerchief*

*Did an Egyptian to my mother give.*

And.



*Æmil.* Oh heaven! oh heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Æmil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace?  
Sir! no!

No, I will speak as liberal<sup>9</sup> as the north;  
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Æmil.* I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*

*Gra.* Fie! your sword upon a woman?

*Æmil.* Oh, thou dull Moor! That handkerchief,  
thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;  
For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villainous whore!

*Æmil.* She gave it Cassio!—alas, I found it,  
And I did give it my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest.

*Æmil.* By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.  
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs his wife, then runs out.*

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

And here he says,

*It was an handkerchief,—*

*My father gave my mother.*

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is ridiculed by B. Jonson, in his *Poetaster*—"you shall see me do *the Moor*;  
"master, lend me your *scarf*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ———as *the north*;] The old quarto reads,

*I'll be in speaking liberal as the air.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Are there no stones in heaven,*

BUT WHAT SERVE FOR *the* thunder?—] What occasion for  
other,

*Gra.* The woman falls ; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

*Æmil.* Ay, ay : oh, lay me by my mistress' side.

*Gra.* He's gone ; but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take this weapon, Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :

Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither ;

But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour out-live honesty ?

Let it go all.

[*Æmil.* What did thy song bode, lady ?

Hark, can'st thou hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in musick.] Willow, willow, willow.—

other, when those would serve his purpose ? For he wanted a thunderbolt for Iago. Without question, Shakespeare wrote and pointed the line thus :

*Are there no stones in heaven ?*

FOR WHAT THEN SERVES *the thunder* ?—

*i. e.* Are there no bolts in heaven for this villain ? for what purpose then serves the thunder, that instrument of his vengeance ?

WARBURTON.

*Are there no stones in heaven,*

*But what serve for the thunder* ?—] This emendation of Dr. Warburton's is surely unnecessary.

Othello does not want a thunderbolt for Iago. He only asks, if there are no lesser degrees of chastisement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on such villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an instrument for the punishment of crimes like his ?

The same thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609.

“ Is there no thunder left ? or is't kept up

“ In stock, for heavier vengeance ?”

Shakespeare might however mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise ? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify ?

“ ———quum fulmina torques

“ Necquicquam horremus ? cæciq; in nubibus ignes

“ Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miscent ?”

STEEVENS.

Moor,

Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor :  
So come my soul to blifs, as I speak true ;  
So speaking as I think, I die—I die. [*Emilia dies.*]

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber ;  
It was a sword of Spain, <sup>2</sup> the ice-brook's temper ;  
Oh, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee  
dear ;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* What is the matter ?

*Oth.* Behold ! I have a weapon :

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop :—but, oh vain boast !

Who can controul his fate ? 'tis not so now.—

[Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

The very sea-mark of my utmost fail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear :

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires.—Where should Othello go ?

Now——how dost thou look now ? oh ill-starr'd  
wench !]

Pale as thy smock ! When we shall meet at compt,

<sup>2</sup> —the ice-brook's temper ;] In the first edition it is, *Isebrook's temper*. Thence corrupted to *Ice-brook's*.—*Ebro's temper* ; the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world are the Catalonian fuses. POPE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water.

JOHNSON.

This look of thine will hurt my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?—  
Even like thy chastity.  
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,  
From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  
Oh Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!  
Dead! oh! oh! oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio brought in, Montano with Iago prisoner, and Officers.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

*Oth.* That's he that was Othello: here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down <sup>3</sup> towards his feet; but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

*[Othello wounds Iago.]*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Oth.* I am not sorry, neither. I'd have thee live;  
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lod.* Oh thou, Othello, that wast once so good,  
Fall'n <sup>4</sup> in the practice of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:  
An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

<sup>3</sup> —towards his feet;—] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> —in the practice—] In the snare, by the stratagem.

JOHNSON.

Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing : what you know, you  
know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What? not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
And here another : the one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* Oh villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!

*Lod.* Now, here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too : and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;  
But that, belike, Iago<sup>5</sup> in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O thou pernicious caitiff!——

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber :  
And he himself confess'd, but even now,  
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* Oh fool, fool, fool!

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,  
How he upbraids Iago that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came  
That I was cast. And even but now, he spake,  
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

<sup>5</sup> ——*in the interim*] The first copy has, *in the nick*. It was,  
I suppose, thought upon revival, that *nick* was too familiar.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us ;  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
If there be any cunning cruelty,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state ;—come, bring away.

*Oth.* Soft you ; a word or two before you go.  
I have done the state some service, and they know it ;  
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
6 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak  
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme ; 7 of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued  
eyes,

6 *Speak of me as I am ;—*] The early copies read, *Speak of them as they are*. The present reading has more force.

JOHNSON.

7 *—of one, whose hand,*

*Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away*

*Richer than all his tribe ;—*] I have restored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after : I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dunghill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had designed to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical* : and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means a *fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to ; which is much less obvious : but has Shakespeare never done this, but in this single instance ? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod ; who, in a fit of blind

K k 2

jealousy,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their

jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious, as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called *MARIAM, the Fair Queen of JEWRY*. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean* (if that should be alledged as any objection) instead of *Judean*, with the same licence and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by Spencer, of whom our author was a studious imitator. THEOBALD.

*Like the base INDIAN, threw a pearl away*] The elder quarto reads *JUDIAN*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is described,

"———to out-herod Herod."

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress,

"There she lies a PEARL."———

And again,

"Why she is a PEARL, whose price," &c. WARB.

*Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away*

*Richer than all his tribe.*] I cannot join with the learned critics in supposing this passage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephtha and his daughter,

Othello, in detestation of what he had done, seems to compare himself to another who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villainy*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitated amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word

Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this :  
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where

to characterize it, as there was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, B. XI. where after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons ;

“ At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon

“ Unum exerta latus pugnae pharetrata Camilla.

“ At circum lætæ comites,” &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves to Hippolyta or Penthesilea surrounded by theirs :

“ Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis

“ Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis :

“ Seu circum Hyppoliten, seu cum se martia curru

“ Penthesilea refert.”

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself ? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that, on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remember'd. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakespeare, the following story ; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever brought to market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccess-  
ful



cessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all. Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scatter'd remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakespeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen this supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in *Henry IV.* he adds, "If what I have said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew," *i. e.* one of the most suspected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

*Richer than all his tribe*, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a set of men generally trading in them*. Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakespeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the design of this character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental, were added after the first edition, and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

The metaphorical term of *a pearl for a fine woman*, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately shew a woman to have been meant. So in *Troilus and Cressida*.

"HER BED IS INDIA, there SHE lies a pearl.

"Why SHE is a pearl whose price hath launch'd," &c.

In

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him thus. *[Stabs himself.]*

*Lod.* Oh bloody period!

*Gra.* All that is spoke, is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee. — No way  
but this, *[Falling upon Desdem.]*  
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. *[Dies.]*

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,  
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* <sup>9</sup> Oh Spartan dog!  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; *[To Iago.]*  
This is thy work: the object poisons sight; —  
Let it be hid. — Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed to you. <sup>1</sup> To you, lord governor,

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

To this note should be subjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it, when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to be the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added? STREVEVS.

<sup>8</sup> I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity.

ANON.

<sup>9</sup> *Oh Spartan dog!*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckon'd among those of the most fierce and savage kind. HAMMER.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *To you, lord governor,*

*Remains the censure of this bellish villain;*] RYMER, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor strength  
of

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  
 The time, the place, the torture;—oh! enforce it!  
 Myself will straight aboard; and to the state  
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate.<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt.*

of judgment to make a critic, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakspeare*, had yet just enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticism on the *Poets of the last age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, transcribed from the French commentators on *Aristotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and insolence. Almost the only remark on Shakspeare, which, I think, deserves an answer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus censures. *To entertain the audience* (says he) *with something new and surprising, against common sense and nature, he would pass upon us a close, dissembling, false, ungrateful rascal, instead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing soldier, a character constantly worn by them for some thousands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of sense, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Aristotle*, that each character should have manners convenient to the age, sex, and condition.

*Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores, &c.*

says Horace. But how has our critic applied it? According to this rule it is confessed, that a soldier should be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatic character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only soldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been transgressed, and Rymer's censure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* must have given the character of the soldiery; which had been unjust and unnatural. But if a *number* of the same order be represented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this, according to nature and common sense. Now in this play there are many of the order of the soldiery, and all, excepting Iago, represented as open, generous, and brave. From *these* the soldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it, unless it be unnatural to suppose there could be an exception; or that a villain ever insinuated himself into that corps. And thus Shakspeare stands clear of this impertinent criticism. **WARBURTON.**

<sup>2</sup> The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment,

ment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakespeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

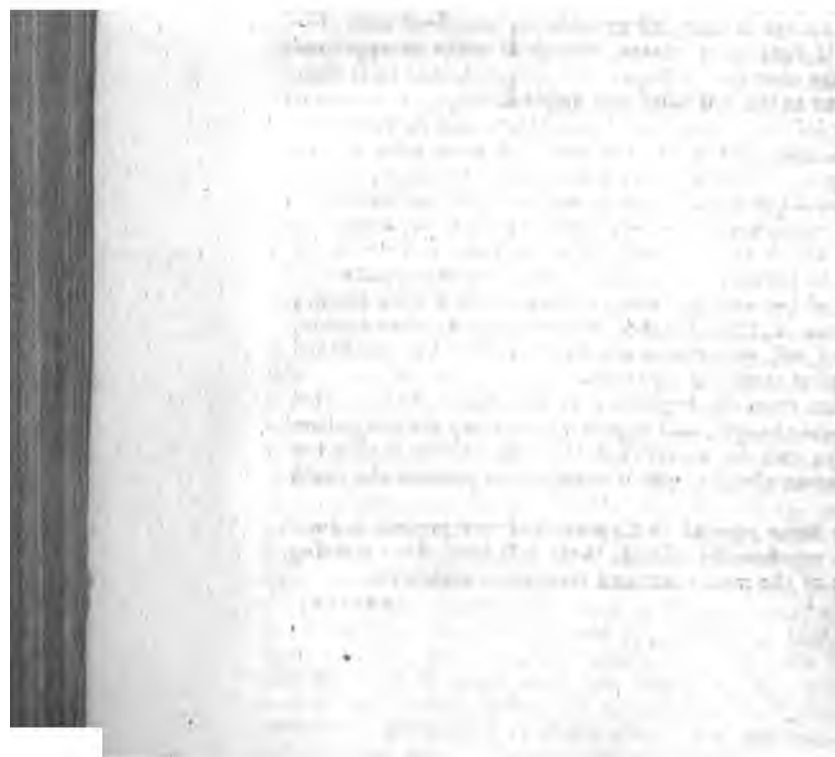
There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find, worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

JOHNSON.



## A P P E N D I X.

SOME apology perhaps is necessary for the inconvenience of an Appendix, which, however, we can justify by the strongest of all pleas, the plea of necessity. The Notes which it contains, whether communicated by correspondents, or collected from published volumes, were not within our reach when the plays were printed, to which they relate. Of that which chance has supplied, we could have no previous knowledge; and he that waited till the river should run dry, did not act with less reason than the Editor would do, who should suspend his publication for possibilities of intelligence, or promises of improvement. Had we foreseen the *Oxford* edition, the assistance we expected from it might have persuaded us to pause; but our volumes were completely finished before its publication.

## APPENDIX to VOL. I.

**Y**ARELY (p. 3.) *nimbly*, readily. "Fall to't *yarely*." Here it is applied as a sea-term, and in other parts of the scene. So he uses the adjective, Act V. Sc. V. "Our ship "is tight and *yare*." And in one of the *Henries*, "*yare* "are our ships." To this day the sailors say, "sit *yare* to "the helm." Again in *Anton. and Cleop.* 11. 3. "The "tackles *yarely* frame the office." It occurs in its *general* acceptation, in Robert of Gloucester's chronicle; where Edward the Confessor receives from two pilgrims the notice of his approaching death, edit. Hearne, 1. p. 348. In consequence of this unexpected admonition, says the chronicler,

His gold he delde to pouere men, and made his berness bare,

And his tresorie al so gode, and to god hym made at *gare*. *Gare* is *yare*, *g* and *y* being convertible. "He distributed "his goods to the poor, and made himself *ready* for God." The same writer has also *gare y made*, i. e. "finished, well-  
"prepared." Chaucer, who wrote many years afterwards, has it both as a ship-pharse, and in its *general* sense. But the common and unrestrained use of this word was grown obsolete before the age of Shakespeare; who notwithstanding seems affectedly fond of introducing it in that signification. In *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. XII. Sir Toby says, "Dis-  
"mount thy tuck, be *yare* in thy preparation." And in *Ant. and Cleop.* and other plays. On this reasoning Dr. Warburton's ingenious emendation of a difficult passage in *Cymbeline*, rejected by Upton without due consideration, may be defended. Act I. S. III.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,

That shouldst repair, my youth, thou heapest

A *year's* age on me.

Where that critic conjectures *yare* for *year's*. Sir T. Hanmer, not unhappily, but with too great a deviation from any copy, reads,

——— Thou heapest many

A *year's* age on me.

At length Johnson seems to have discovered the most probable correction,

——— Thou heap'st

*Years, Ages*, on me.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 7.)

## A P P E N D I X.

(P. 7.) — *long heath.*

The distinctions between the different sorts of *Erica*, are either—*vulgaris*, *tenuifolia* or *Brabantica*. There is no such plant as *Erica baccifera*. WARNER.

(P. 31.) — *no wonder, Sir,*

*But certainly a maid.*

So in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. 5. ft. 36.

“Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the maid

“And daughter of a woody nymph.”

TOLLET.

THREAD (p. 71) — “a *thread* of mine own life.”

The old folios read *third*, which is restored by *Johnson*, who supposes “*Prospero* alludes to some logical distinction of causes “making her the final cause.” Though this conjecture be very ingenious, I cannot think the poet had any such idea in his mind. The word *thread* was formerly spelt *third*; as appears from the following passage :

Long maist thou live, and when the sisters shall decree

‘To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life,

Then let him die, &c.

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619. Signat. c. 3.

(P. 75.) Instead of *bed-right* read *bed-rite*.

COTSALE (p. 197) “How does your fallow greyhound, “sir? I heard say he was out-run on *Cotfale*.” He means *Cotswold* in *Gloucestershire*. In the beginning of the reign of James the First, by permission of the king, one Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath in Warwickshire instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well-mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his majesty’s old cloaths; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. I have seen a very scarce book, entitled, “*Annalia Dubrensis. Upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover’s Olympick games upon Cotswold hills, &c.*” Lond. 1636. 4to. There are commendatory verses prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonson, Randolph, and many others, the most eminent wits of the times. The games, as appears by a curious frontispiece, were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly coursing the hare with greyhounds. Hence also we see the meaning of another passage, where Falstaff, or Shallow, calls a stout fellow



## A P P E N D I X.

fellow a *Cotswold-man*. But from what is here said, an inference of another kind may be drawn, respecting the age of the play. A meager and imperfect sketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. Afterwards Shakspeare new-wrote it entirely. This allusion therefore to the *Cotswold* games, not founded till the reign of James the First, ascertains a period of time beyond which our author must have made the additions to his original rough draught, or, in other words, composed the present comedy. James the First came to the crown in the year 1603. And we will suppose that two or three more years at least must have passed before these games could have been effectually established. I would therefore, at the earliest, date this play about the year 1607. It is not generally known, at least it has not been observed by the modern editors, that the first edition of the *Merry Wives* in its present state, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623. From whence the quarto of the same play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written: and are so far curious, as they contain Shakspeare's first conceptions in forming a drama, which is the most complete specimen of his comick powers.

MR. WARTON.

MEPHOSTOPHILUS (p. 199.) the name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story book of *Sir John Faustus*, or *John Faust*: to whom our author afterwards alludes, p. 279. That it was a cant phrase of abuse, appears from the old comedy cited above, called *A pleasant comedy of the gentle craft*, Signat. H 3. "Away you *Issington* whitepot, hence you hopper—" arse, you barley-pudding full of maggots, you broiled car—" bonado, avaunt, avaunt, *Mephhostophilus*." In the same vein, Bardolph here also calls Slender, "you Banbury cheese."

MR. WARTON.

(P. 202.) and being *fast*, Sir, &c.

I know not the exact meaning of this cant word, neither have I met with it in any of our old dramatic pieces, which have often proved the best comments on Shakspeare's Vulgarisms.

STEEVENS.

(P. 202.) — and so conclusions passed the *carcires*.

So in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, Book 38, Stanza 15.

To stop, to start, to *pass carier*, to bound.

STEEVENS.

(P. 214.)

## A P P E N D I X.

(P. 214.) — as *tall a man of his hands*.

Perhaps this is an allusion to the jocky measure, *so many hands high*, used by grooms when speaking of horses. *Tall*, in our author's time, signified not only *height of stature*, but *stoutness of body*. The ambiguity of the phrase seems intended.

PERCY.

FAN. *handle of* (p. 232.) “When Mrs. Bridget lost the “*handle of her fan*, I took’t upon mine honour, thou hadst “it not.” Why was this such a prize? In our author’s age, the handle of the fan was often made of costly materials, and elegantly wrought. Thus Marston, in the *Scourge of Villainie*, Lib. III. Sat. 8.

—— Another he

Her *silver-handled fan* would gladly be.

And in other places. And Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*, published 1597, Lib. V. Sat. 4.

Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-manne,

Or buys a hooode, or *silver-handled fanne*.

In the Sidney papers, published by *Collins*, a fan is presented to queen Elizabeth for a new year’s gift, the handle of which was studded with diamonds.

Mr. WARTON.

PICKT-HATCH (p. 233.) Falstaff tells Pistol to go to his “manor of *Pickt-hatch*.” This was a cant name of some part of the town noted for bawdy-houses; as appears from the following passage in Marston’s *Scourge for Villainie*, Lib. III. Sat. 11.

—— Looke, who yon doth go?

The meager lecher lewd Luxurio.—

No newe edition of drabbes come out,

But scene and allow’d by Luxurio’s snout.

Did ever any man ere hear him talke

But of *Pick-hatch*, or of some Shoreditch balke,

Aretine’s filth, &c.

Sir T. H. says, that this was “a noted harbour for thieves “and pickpockets,” who certainly were proper companions for a man of Pistol’s profession. But Falstaff here more immediately means to ridicule another of his friend’s vices; and there is some humour in calling Pistol’s favourite brothel, his manor of *Pickt-hatch*. Marston has another allusion to *Pickt-hatch* or *Pick-hatch*, which confirms this illustration:

—— His old cynicke dad

Hath forc’t them cleane forsake his *Pick-hatch drab*.

Lib. I. Sat. 3.

Mr. WARTON.

## A P P E N D I X.

(P. 270.) — be fet quick i' the earth,  
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

This is a common proverb in the southern counties.

COLLINS.

(P. 293.) — since I forefware myself  
at *Primero*.

*Primero* was in Shakespeare's time the fashionable game, In the Earl of Northumberland's letters about the powder plot, Josc. Dorcy was playing at *Primero* on Sunday, when his uncle, the conspirator called on him at Essex House.

This game is again mentioned in our author's Henry VIII.  
PERCY.

## V O L. II.

(P. 56.) — as these black masks  
Proclaim an *enshield* beauty, &c.

This should be written *en-sbell'd* or *in-sbell'd* as it is in Coriolanus, Vol. VII. p. 411.

Thrusts forth his horns again into the world

That were *in-sbell'd* when Marcius stood for Rome.

THESE *Masks* must mean, I think the *Masks of the audience*; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakespeare would hardly have been guilty of such an *indecorum* to flatter a common audience, I think this passage affords ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some strokes of particular flattery to the king have been pointed out in the *Observations and Conjectures printed at Oxford, 1766*; and there are several other general reflections, in the Character of the duke especially, which seem calculated for the royal ear.

T. T.

CARKANET (p. 172.) "To see the making of her *carcanet*." A *Necklace*, from the old French word *Carcan*, whose diminutive was *Carcanet*. It is falsely written *Casfkinet*, in Cartwright's *Love's Convert*, Act II. S. 6. edit. 1651.

The silkworm shall spin only to thy wardrobe;

The sea yield pearls unto thy *casfkinet*.

Read *Carcanet*.

Mr. WARTON.

A MOME (p. 174.) a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies,

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nifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed : whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken : from hence also comes our word *Mum!* for silence.

RABATO (p. 288.) an ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. Menage saith it comes from *rabattre* to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders.

WAIVE (p. 313.) "And sorrow *waive*, &c." This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading, which has been adopted by Dr. Warburton. *Put away, shift of*, &c. Johnson conjectures, Cry, sorrow, *wag!* and hem when he should groan.

The reading of the quarto 1600, and of the two elder folios, is

And *sorrowe, wagge*, cry hem, &c.

Here is a manifest corruption. The tenour of the context is undoubtedly this : "If a man in such melancholy circumstances will smile, stroke his beard with great complacency. and in the very depth of affliction cheerfully cry hem when he should groan, &c." I therefore, with the least departure from the old copies, and in entire conformity to the acknowledged and obvious sense of the passage, venture to correct thus :

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,

And *sorrowing* cry hem, when he should groan.

*Sorrowing*, to say no more, was a participle extremely common in our author's age. Rowe's emendation of this place is equally without meaning and without authority. *Sorrowing* was here, perhaps, originally written *Sorrowinge*, according to the old manner of spelling ; which brings the correction I have proposed still nearer to the letters of the text in early editions.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 380.) — I will do it, Sir, *in print*.

So Ben Jonson, Vol. IV. p. 140, Whalley's edit.

—— fits my ruff well?

Lin. In *print*.

Again Vol. I. *Every man out of his humour*. (P. 195.)

O, you are a gallant *in print* now, brother. T. T.

HAIR, *strung with his hair*. (p. 420.)

—— As sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute *strung with his hair*.

The author of the *Revival* supposes this expression to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute strung with sunbeams,

" which

## A P P E N D I X.

“ which in poetry are called hair.” But what idea is conveyed by Apollo’s lute *strung with sunbeams*? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal sense: and, in the stile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very same sort of conception occurs in Lilly’s *Mydas*, a play which most probably preceded Shakespeare’s. ACT IV. Sc. 1. Pan tells Apollo, “ Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the “ *strings of Daphne’s haire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes, &c.”

Mr. WARTON.

NOVEM (p. 455.) — “ a bare throw at *novem*. The former editions read *novum*. Johnson retains the old reading, but with great ingenuity conjectures, “ *novum* should be “ *novem*, and the same allusion is intended between the play “ of nine pins, and the play of the nine worthies.” There is no necessity for this emendation; *novum* was an old game at dice, as appears from a passage in Green’s *Tu quoque*.

*Scat.* — By the hilts of my sword I have lost forty crowns, in as small time almost as a man might tell it.

*Spend.* Change your game for dice, we are a full number for *novum*. See Dodf. old plays, v. 3. p. 31.

WOOLWARD (p. 461.) “ I have no shirt: “ I go *woolward* for penance.” The learned Dr. Grey, whose accurate knowledge of our old historians has often thrown much light on Shakespeare, supposes that this passage is a *plain reference* to the following story in Stowe’s *Annals*, p. 98. “ Next after this (king Edward the Confessor’s cure of the “ king’s evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man named “ Vifunius Spileorne, the son of Ulmore of Nutgarshall, “ when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to sleep after his sore labour, the blood and “ humours of his head so congealed, that he was thereof “ blind for the space of nineteen years: but then, as he had “ been moved in his sleep, he went *woolward*, and *harefooted* to many churches, &c.” But where is the connection or resemblance between this monkish tale and the passage before us? There is nothing in the story, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the singular expression *go woolward*; which, at the same time, is not explained by the annotator, nor illustrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this sense it seems to be used in *Pierre Plowman’s Vissons*, Pass. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550.

*Woolward*

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*Wolward* and *wetshod went* I forth after  
An a reechless reuke, that of no wo retcheth,  
An yedeforth like a lorell, &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon *Wol*, *plague*, secondarily *any great distress*, and *Weard*, *toward*. Thus, says he, it signifies, “*in magno discrimine & expectatione*” “*magni mali constitutus*.” I rather think it should be written *woolward*, and that it means *cloathed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakespeare’s context, but more particularly from an historian who relates the legend before cited, and whose words Stowe has evidently translated. This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who says, that our blind man was admonished, “*Ecclesiās numero octoginta nudis pedibus*” “*et absque lineis circumire*.” *Dec. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The same story is told by William of Malmesbury, *Gest. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. pag. 91. edit. 1601. And in *Caxton’s Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe’s Vifunius Spileorne, son of Ulmore of *Nutgarshall*, ought to be Wulwin surnamed de Spillicote, son of Wulmar de Lute-garshall, now Ludgershall: and the wood of Bruthellena is the forest of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamshire.

Mr. WARTON.

## V O L. III.

A **ROUNDEL** (p. 40.) that is, as I suppose, *a circular dance*. B. Jonson seems to call *the rings* which such dances are supposed to make in the grove, *rondels*. Vol. 5. Tale of a Tub, p. 23.

I’ll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen’s paths. T. T.

**PLAIN-SONG CUKOO** (p. 53.) that is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in *plain song*, or in *plano cantu*, by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the *chant* was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated music sung by note. *Skelton* introduces the birds singing the different parts of the service at the funeral of his favourite sparrow: among the rest is the cuckoo. P. 277. edit. *Lond.* 1736.

But with a large and a long  
To kepe just *playne songe*

Cur *chanter* shall be your *cuckove*. Mr. WARTON.

**DEWBERRIES** (p. 54.) strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild bramble called the creeping or the lesser

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lesser bramble : but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are also of the bramble kind.

PATCH (p. 56.) Puck calls the players, "a crew of *patches*." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its rise from *Patch*, cardinal Wolsey's fool. In the western counties, *crofs patch* is still used for *perverse, ill-natur'd fool*.

Mr. WARTON.

FLEW'D (p. 81.) Sir. T. H. justly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uses this word in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, finished 1567, a book with which Shakespeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is describing *Ætæon's* hounds, b. iii. p. 33. b. 1603. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind : bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog.

—With other twaine, that had a sire of Crete,

And dam of Spart: th' one of them, called Jollyboy,  
a grete

And *large-flew'd* hound.

Shakespeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this speech of Theseus. And Ovid's translator, Golding, in the same description, has them both in one verse, *ibid.* p. 33. a.

This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart.

Mr. WARTON.

GORMANDIZE (p. 143.) the word is very ancient, and took its rise from a Danish king. The Danes, towards the latter end of the ninth century, were defeated by king Alfred at Edendon in Wiltshire ; and as an article of peace, Guthrum their king, commonly called Gurmond, submitted to be baptized, king Alfred being his godfather, who gave him the name of Athelstan, and took him for his adopted son. During the stay of the Danes in Wiltshire " They consumed " their time in profuseness, and belly cheer, in idleness and " sloth. Inasmuch that as from their laziness in general, " we even to this day call them *Lur-Danes* ; so from the licentiousness of Gurmond, and his army in particular, we " brand all luxurious and profuse people, by the name of " *Gurmondizers*." And this luxury, and this laziness are the sole monuments, the only memorials by which the Danes have made themselves notorious to posterity, by lying encamped in Wiltshire. *Vide* A Vindication of Stone-Heng restored, by John Webb, Esq; p. 227. Ben. Jonson in his *Sejanus*, Act I.

That great *Gourmond*, fat Apicius.

G.

A TUR-

## A P P E N D I X.

A TURQUOISE (p. 162.) a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars.

SCRUBBED (p. 209.)

——— “ a youth,

“ A kind of boy, a little *scrubbed* boy,

“ No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,

“ A prating boy, &c.”

It is certain from the words of the context and the tenor of the story, that Gratiano does not here speak contemptuously of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Nerissa disguised in man's cloaths. He only means to describe the person and appearance of this supposed youth, which he does by insinuating what seemed to be the precise time of his age: he represents him as having the look of a young stripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote,

——— a little *stubb*ed boy.

In many counties it is a common provincialism, to call young birds not yet fledged *stubb*ed young ones. But, what is more to our purpose, the Author of The History and Antiquities of Glastonbury, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian and a plain unaffected writer, says, that “ Saunders must be a *stubb*ed boy, if not “ a man, at the dissolution of abbeys, &c.” edit. 1722. Pref. Signat. n 2. It therefore seems to have been a common expression for *stripling*, the very idea which the speaker means to convey. If the emendation be just here, we should also correct Nerissa's speech which follows,

For that same *stubb*ed boy, the doctor's clerk

In lieu of this, did lie with me last night.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 265.) ——— the *roynish* clown.

*Roynish* from *rogneux*, Fr. mangy, scurvy. I find the word used by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his Pierce's Supererogation, 4<sup>to</sup> 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, he says, —“ Altho' she were a lusty bouncing Rampe, somewhat like “ Gallemetta or Maid Marian, yet was she not such a *roynish* “ Rannell, such a dissolute Gillian-flirt, &c.” STEEVENS.

(P. 282.) *Why should this desert be?*

This is commonly printed,

Why should this a desert be?

but though the metre may be assisted by this correction, the sense is still defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every*



## A P P E N D I X.

*every tree*, make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read

Why should this desert *silent* be?

T. T.

(P. 297.) O *sweet* Oliver. The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than these two lines seem to be preserved. See B. Jonson's *Underwood*, Vol. VI. p. 407.

All the *mad* Rolands and *sweet* Olivers.

And in *Every Man in his Humour*, p. 88, is the same allusion.

Do not stink, *sweet* Oliver.

T. T.

BURST (p. 347.) you will not pay for "the glasses you have *burst*?" I believe the true reading to be *brast*, which often literally, and in the sense of the text, signifies *broke*. A word perpetually used by Shakespeare's cotemporary poets, particularly Spenser.

Mr. WARTON.

EMBOSS'D (p. 349.) a hunting term; when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word *boffe* which signifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illustration from the following passage in the old comedy, intitled, *A pleasant Comedy of the gentle Craft*, acted at court, and printed in the year 1618. signat. C.

—Beate every brake, the game's not farre,

This way with winged feet he fled from death:

Besides the miller's boy told me even now,

He saw him take soyle, and he hallowed him,

Affirming him so *emboss'd*.

Mr. WARTON.

Sometimes it is used in a very different sense, as, work formed with protuberances, or raised, as in relieve, &c.

WINCOTE (p. 356) the fat alewife of Wincote. Wincote is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakespeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakespeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 362.) *Vincentio his son*. To the note upon this passage, taken from the *Observations and Conjectures printed at Oxford* 1766, may be added, that Shakespeare expresses the genitive case in the same improper manner. See *Love's Lab. Lost*.

—His teeth as white as *whale* his bone.

T. T.

(P. 386.)

## A P P E N D I X.

(P. 386.) — *this small packet of Greek and Latin books.*  
 In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her sisters, Q. Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY.

(P. 391.) *Go fool, and whom thou keep'st commend.*  
 This is exactly the *Παράμηνος ἐπίτασις* of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be positive that Shakespeare had ever read even a translation of Theocritus. T. T.

SOPS (p. 408.) — “quaff'd off the muscadell,  
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face.”  
 This was in the church, immediately after the marriage-ceremony was concluded between Catharine and Petruchio. The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554. “The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, wyne and sopes were hallowed and delyvered to them booth.” Collect. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400. edit. 1770. Mr. WARTON.

(P. 445.) While counterfeit *suppeses* blear'd thine eyne.  
 The modern editors read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to *Gascoigne's* comedy entitled SUPPOSES, from which several of the incidents in this play are borrow'd. T. T.

## V O L. IV.

PALMERS (p. 80.) pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. “A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a *pilgrim* had some dwelling-place, a *palmer* had none; the *pilgrim* travelled to some certain place, the *palmer* to all, and not to any one in particular; the *pilgrim* must go at his own charge, the *palmer* must profess wilful poverty; the *pilgrim* might give over his profession, the *palmer* must be constant.”

BLO.

(P. 104.) ———— their *cassocks*.  
 So in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640. “Here

## A P P E N D I X.

" Here Sir, receive this military *cassock*, it has seen service."

" — This military *cassock* has, I fear, some military  
" hangbys." STEEVENS.

SAFFRON (p. 113.) Sir T. H. observes upon the word *saffron*, that "Shakespeare alludes to two fashions then in vogue; one of using yellow starch for their ruffs and bands, " the other of colouring paste with *saffron*." The fashion grew into disuse, and became a mark of obloquy, after the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury; Mrs. Turner, who was principally concerned in that atrocious act, having been executed in a *yellow* ruff. This incident afforded a fund of entertainment to the wits of that age. In *The Widow* (a play written by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton jointly) the circumstance is thus hinted at:

*Phil.* There's nothing mis'd I can assure you, Sir,  
But that suit of your master's.

*Mar.* I'm right glad on't,  
That suit would hang him,  
Yet I would not have hang'd him in that suit though;  
It will disgrace my master's fashion for ever,  
And make it as hateful as *yellow* bands.

DODS. Old Plays, Vol. VI. p. 64.

And again in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Act IV. Sc. I.

—Has he familiarly

Disliked your *yellow starch*, or said your doublet  
Was not exactly frenchify'd, &c.

Mr. Howell tells us, that Mrs. Turner was the inventor of *yellow* starch, and that she was hanged in a cobweb lawn ruff of that colour at Tyburn. "And with her, I believe," says he, "that *yellow* starch which disfigured our nation, and " rendered them so ridiculous and fantastick, will receive " its funeral."

BREAST (p. 173) *Voice*. Breath has been here proposed: but many instances may be brought to justify the reading beyond a doubt. In the statutes of Stoke-college founded by archbishop Parker, 1535. *Strype's Parker*, p. 9. "which " said queri'ers, after their *breasts* are changed, &c." That is, "after their voices are broke." In *Fiddes' Life of Wolsey*, Append. p. 128. "Singingmen well-breasted." In *Tusser's Husbandrie*, p. 155. edit. P. SHORT.

The better *breſt*, the lesser rest,  
Toſerve the queer now there now heere.

Tusser

## A P P E N D I X:

Tusser in this piece, called *The Author's Life*, tells us that he was a choir-boy in the collegiate chapel of Wallingford castle; and that, on account of the excellence of his *voice*, he was successively removed to various choirs. I remember *breast* in this sense, in Beaumont and Fletcher. Mr. WARTON.

(P. 177.) [*Here they sing a catch.*]

A *catch* is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons; and is so contrived that though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. Compositions of this kind are, in strictness, called *Canons in the unison*; and as properly, *Catches*, when the words in the different parts are made to *catch* or answer each other. One of the most remarkable examples of a true *Catch* is that of Purcel, *Let's live good honest lives*, in which, immediately after one person has uttered these words, "What need we fear the Pope?" another in the course of his singing fills up a rest which the first makes, with the words, "The Devil."

The *Catch* above-mentioned to be sung by Sir *Toby*, Sir *Andrew*, and the *Clown*, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other *Knave* in turn; and for this the clown means to apologize to the knight, when he says, that he shall be constrained to call him *knave*. I have here subjoined the very catch, with musical notes to which it was sung in the time of Shakespeare, and at the original performance of this Comedy.

A 3 voc.

Hold thy peace and I pte thee hold thy peace

?

thou knave; thou knave: hold thy peace thou knave.

The evidence of its authenticity is as follows: There is extant a book entitled "PAMMELIA, *Musickes Miscellanie or mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in one.*" Of this book there are at least two editions, the second printed in 1618. In 1609, a second part of this book was published with the title

V L. X.                      M m                      of

## A P P E N D I X.

of DEUTEROMELIA, and in this book is contained the catch above given.

Sir. J. HAWKINS.

(P. 178.) *There dwelt a man in Babylon—Lady, Lady.* This song, or at least, one with the same burthen, is alluded to in B. Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, Vol. IV. p. 449.

“*Com.* As true it is, *Lady, Lady i'the song.*” T. T.

TRAY-TRIP, (p. 197.) a game much in vogue in our author's days: it is still retained among the lower class of young people in the West of England; and was, I apprehend, the same as now goes under the name of *Scotch-hop*, which was play'd either upon level ground marked out with chalk in the form of squares or diamonds, or upon a chequered pavement. Jasper Maine in the *City-Match* evidently alludes to the latter:

*Aur.* Marry a fool, in hope to be a lady-mayorefs?

*Plot.* Why, sister, I

Could name good ladies that are fain to find  
Wit for themselves, and knights too.

*Aur.* I have heard

Of one whose husband was so meek, to be  
For need her gentleman-usher, and while she  
Made visits above stairs, would patiently  
Find himself business at *tre-trip* i'th' hall.

See Doddsley's Old Plays, Vol. X. p. 28.

Mr. Steevens ingeniously conjectures, *tray trip* should be *try-trip*, the same as wrestling; and he tells us, “he has some-where read among the commendations of a young noble-man, that he was good at the game of try-trip, or *tray-trip*.” Now, it is not improbable, that, in the simplicity of Shakespeare's time, even a young nobleman might pique himself upon his activity at Scotch-hop, or *tray-trip*. And from the passage cited from Maine it is clear the game might be play'd by one only.

(P. 229.) I am not *tall* enough to become the function well. This cannot be right. The word wanted should be part of the description of a *careful man*. I should have no objection to read—*pale*.

T. T.

(P. 245.) Then he's a rogue, and a passy measure Pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

B. Jonson also mentions the *Pavin*, and calls it a Spanish dance, *Alchemist*, p. 97. but it seems to come originally from Padua, and should rather be written *Pavane*, as a corruption of *Paduana*. A dance of that name (*Saltatio Paduana*) occurs in an old writer, quoted by the annotator on Rabelais. Book V. C. 30.

*Passy*

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*Passy measures* is undoubtedly a corruption, but I know not how it should be rectified. T. T.

(P. 251.) — Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts

We had conceiv'd *against him*.

Surely we should rather read—conceiv'd *in him*. T. T.

(P. 271.) ————— lower *messes*

Perchance are purblind —————

This, I believe alludes to the ancient manner of eating in royal and noble houses by *messes*. The attendants on great personages were ranked according to the higher and lower *messes* which they sat down to in the great hall. *The lower messes* therefore are the inferior attendants, the courtiers of lower rank and less consideration. Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our antient nobility. See the *Housbold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*. 8vo, 1770. PERCY.

(P. 283.) ————— a sad *Tale's* best for *Winter*.

Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. T. T.

A CROAN (p. 297.) an old toothless sheep : thence an old woman.

(P. 309.) I have got *strength of limit*.

From the following passage in the black letter history of Titana and Theseus (of which I have no earlier edition than that in 1636) it appears that *limit* was antiently used for *limb*.

“ ——— thought it very strange that nature should endow  
“ so fair a face with so hard a heart, such comely *limits* with  
“ such perverse conditions.” STEEVENS.

(P. 340.) — *Fadings*. An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by B. Jonson in *The Irish Masque at Court*. Vol. V. p. 421, 2.

“ — and daunsh a *fading* at te wedding.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, p. 416.

“ I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine jig.”

T. T.

GLOVES, sweet (p. 343.) In the *computus* of the bur-sars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs, “ *Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*” Gloves make a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college-tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years)

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that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First.

WARTON.

(P. 344.) I love a ballad in print *or* a life.  
Theobald reads, as it is here printed

*or* a life.

The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus  
—a'-life. So it is in B. Jonson,

“ — thou *lovest* a'-life

“ Their perfum'd judgment.”

It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of —*at life*; as *a'-work* is,  
of *at work*.

T. T.

MEMORIZE (p. 401.) “ *Memorize* another Golgotha,” that is, to transmit another Golgotha to posterity. The word, which some suppose to have been coined by Shakespeare, is used by Spenser in a sonnet to lord Buckhurst prefixed to his Pastorals, 1579.

In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,  
By this rude rime to *memorize* thy name.

WARTON.

(P. 439.) As an additional proof that a *stride* is not always an *action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult*, the following instance from Harrington's Translation of Ariosto, may be brought.

He takes a long and leisurable *stride*,  
And longest on the hinder foot he staid;  
So soft he treads, altho his steps were wide  
As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.  
And as he goes, he gropes on either side  
To find the bed.

Orlando Furioso, 28th Book, Stanza 63.

This translation was published early enough for Shakespeare to have seen it.

STEEVENS.

UNMANNERLY (p. 452.) Whether the word which follows be *reech'd*, *breech'd*, *hatch'd*, or *drench'd*, I am at least of opinion that *unmannerly* is the genuine reading. Macbeth is describing a scene shocking to humanity: and, in the midst of his narrative, throws in a parenthetical reflection, consisting of one word not connected with the sentence, “(O most *unseemly* sight!” For this is a meaning of the word *unmannerly*: and the want of considering it in this *detached* sense has introduced much confusion into the passage. The Latins often used *nefas* and *infandum* in this manner. Or, in  
the

## A P P E N D I X.

the same sense, the word may be here applied adverbially. The correction of the author of the *Revival* is equally frigid and unmeaning. " Their daggers *in a manner lay drench'd* " with gore." The manifest artifice and dissimulation of the speech seems to be heightened by the explanation which I have offered.

WARTON.

## V O L. V.

(P. 16.) PHILIP, "*Philip! spare me, James.*" This passage has much embarrassed the commentators. The above is Dr. Warburton's emendation, thus explained: " Don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a family which I disclaim." Mr. Pope remarks, that a sparrow is called Philip: and Mr. Theobald calls this mean and trifling, with what propriety the reader will judge from the following quotation, which seems to confirm Mr. Pope's explanation. In the *Widow*, see *Dodf. Old Plays*, Vol. VI. p. 38.

*Phil.* I would my letter, wench, were here again,

I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one;

And travel some five year first.

*Viol.* So he had need, methinks,

To understand the words; methinks the words

Themselves should make him do't, had he but the per-  
formance

Of a *cock-sparrow* that will come at, *philip*,

And cannot write nor read, poor fool; this coxcomb,

He can do both, and your name's but *Philippa*,

And yet to see, if he can come when he's call'd.

The *Bastard* therefore means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow, *James?* — See *Gibbet*.]

(P. 18.) *Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, &c.*

*Against whose fury and unmatched force*

*The awlefs lion could not wage the fight, &c.*

Shakespeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Coeur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has



## A P P E N D I X.

crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passage may be seen at large in the introduction to the third vol. of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

(P. 77.) *And more, more strong, (the lesser is my fear) I shall endue you with.*

The first Folio reads,

———then lesser is my fear

The present text is given according to Theobald whose reading I cannot understand, though the true one is obvious enough

———when lesser is my fear.

T. T.

(P. 87.) ——— or ere we meet ———

Addition to a former Note

That *Or* has the full sense of before; and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *Or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification. Thus in the old Tragedy of *Master Arden of Feversham* 1599, quarto (attributed by some, tho' falsely, to Shakespeare) the wife says,

“ He shall be murdered or the guests come in.”

Sig. H. B. III.

PERCY.

GOURD (p. 212.) a large fruit so called, which is often scooped hollow for the purpose of containing and carrying wine and other liquors: from thence any leathern bottle grew to be called by the same name, and so the word is used by *Chaucer*.

BALK'D floated: (p. 227.) from the Italian verb *Valicare*.

BALK'D (p. 227.) *Balk* is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor, and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careless manner of expression, “ Ten thousand bloody carcasses piled up together in a long heap.” — “ A ridge of dead bodies piled up in blood.” If this be the meaning of *Balked*, for the greater exactness of construction, we might add to the pointing, viz.

*Balk'd*, in their own blood, &c.—

“ Piled up into a ridge, and in their own blood, &c.” But without this punctuation, as at present, the context is more poetical, and presents a stronger image. I once conjectured,

*Bak'd* in their own blood. ———

Of which the sense is obvious. But I prefer the common reading. A *Balk*, in the sense here mentioned, is a common expression in *Warwickshire*, and the northern counties. It is used in the same signification in *Chaucer's Plowman's Tale*, p. 182. edit. Urr. v. 2428,

Mr. WARTON.  
OLD

## A P P E N D I X.

OLD LAD OF THE CASTLE, (p. 231.) Sir T. H. judiciously remarks, "this a proof that the name of *Sir John Oldcastle* stood first under the character of *Falstaff*." The conjecture is further confirmed by *Nat. Field*, a poet contemporary with our author:

———Did you never see

The play, where the fat knight hight *Oldcastle*,

Did tell you truly what this honor was?

evidently alluding to *Falstaff's* facetious description of honour, p. 358. of the same play. See *Amends for the Ladies*. Signat G.

MOOR-DITCH (p. 234) "the melancholy of Moor-ditch," Moor-ditch a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome and impassable morass, and consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields which were remarkably pleasant, and the fashionable places of resort. Fitz-Stephen speaks of the great fen, or moor, on the north side of the walls of the city, being frozen over, &c. This explains the propriety of the comparison. What is meant, in the former part of the speech, by the melancholy of a hare is not perhaps so obvious. But in the old exploded medical *Systems of Diet*, Hare is said to be a food which breeds melancholy. This seems to have been the idea which prevailed in Shakespeare's mind.

Mr. WARTON

GIB-CAT (p. 234.) Falstaff says, I am as "melancholy as a gib-cat." *Gib* is the abbreviation or nick-name of *Gilbert*: and the name *Gibson* is nothing more than *Gib's*, i. e. *Gilbert's* son. Now it is well known that Christian names have been of old appropriated, as familiar appellations, to many animals: as *Jack* to a horse, *Tom* to a pigeon, *Philip* to a sparrow, *Will* to a goat, &c. Thus *Gilbert*, or *Gib*, was the name of a cat of the male species. *Tibert* is old French for *Gilbert*; and *Tibert* is the name of a cat in the old story-book of *Reynart the Foxe*, translated by Caxton from the French in the year 1481. In the original French of the Romaunt of the *Rose* translated by Chaucer we have "Thibert le cas." v. 11689. This passage Chaucer translated, "*Gibbe our cat*." Rom. R. v. 6204. pag. 253. edit. Urr. *Tib* is also hence no uncommon name among us for a cat. In Gammer Gurton's Needle we find, "Hath no man stoln her ducks or hens, or gelded GIB her cat?" Dodf. Old Pl. vol. I. 128. The composure of a cat is almost characteristic: and I know not, whether there is not a superior solemnity in the gravity of the he-cat. Falstaff

## A P P E N D I X.

therefore means "that he is grown as dull and demure as a "ram-cat." See *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, iii. 3. where *Gib our cat* is the subject of a curious conversation. Dodf. Old Pl. I. 157.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 245.) Shall we buy treason and *indent* with fears? This uncommon verb is used by Harrington in his translation of Ariosto. Book XVI. stanza 35.

And with the Irish bands he first *indents*  
'To spoil their lodgings and to burn their tents.

STEEVENS.

PLUCK (p. 251.) *bright honour from the moon*, probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities. At least, that it was the last, might be concluded from its use in Cartwright's poem, *On Mr. Stokes his book on the Art of Vaulting*. Edit. 1651. pag. 212.

Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one,  
By Jove 'tis thou must leap, or none,  
To *pull bright honour from the moon*.

Unless Cartwright intended to ridicule this passage in Shakespeare, which I partly suspect. Stokes's book, a noble object for the wits, was printed at London, in the year 1641.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 256.)—and two *razes of ginger*. So in the old anonymous play of Hen. V.  
"—he hath taken the great *raze of ginger*, that bouncing Befs, &c. was to have had."

STEEVENS.

(P. 258.)—*St. Nicholas's Clerks*. To the instances already given, I may add one more from the Hollander a comedy by Glapthorne 1640.

"Next it is decreed that the receivers of our rents and customs, to wit, divers rooks, and *St. Nicholas Clerks*, &c.—" under pain of being carried up Holborn in a cart, &c."

STEEVENS.

DOLE (p. 264.) the portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. In Jonson's *Alchemist* Subtle charges Face with perverting his master's charitable intentions by selling the *dole* beer to *aqua-vita* men.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

(P. 283.)—*tallow-catch*.

*Tallow-keetch* is undoubtedly right, but ill explained in the note. A *Keetch* of *Tallow* is the fat of an Ox or Cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now.

PERCY.

TALLOW.

## A P P E N D I X.

TALLOW-CATCH (p. 283.) the conjectural emendation *ketch*, i. e. tub, is very ingenious. But the prince's allusion is sufficiently striking, if we alter not a letter; and only suppose that by *tallow-catch*, he means a *receptacle for tallow*.  
Mr. WARTON.

(P. 285.) Give him as much as will make him a *Royal man*.

The *Royal* went for 10s.—The noble only for 6s. and 8 d.

T. T

MANOUR or MAINOUR or MAYNOUR (p. 286.) an old law-term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu trahere*) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, in the fact. The expression is much used in the forest-laws. See Manwood's edition in quarto. 1665. p. 292. where it is spelt *manner*.

(P. 292.) In one of the notes read *Juridiciales* instead of *Judiciales*.

CARPING (p. 310.) "Carping fools." Jestling, prating, &c. This word had not yet acquired the sense which it bears in modern speech. *Chaucer* says of his *Wife of Bath*, Prol. 470.

In fellowship wele could she laughe and *carpe*.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 320.)—*Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward, for thee.*—

After the Reformation took place, Maid Marian, her morrice dancers and other attendants, were by some considered as a lewd lascivious rout: and if *Maid Marian might be the deputy's wife*, the hostess might *be the alderman's wife*, i. e. *might precede Maid Marian in lewdness*. On a glass window in my house is painted an ancient representation of the celebration of May-day. On a pole are fixed a flag and a pendant. *Marian* with a crown on her head is in front; with the figure of a friar at her left hand, and behind her is a man upon a hobby-horse, or rather within a pasteboard hobby-horse. Eight anticks, in motley dresses, attend in various dancing postures. I would have sent a drawing could such a thing have been executed in my neighbourhood.

TOLLET.

This gentleman, who is only known to us through several ingenious and valuable remarks (communicated by letter in  
the

## A P P E N D I X.

the course of the work) will please to accept our thanks as well for his intentional as for his real kindness. STEEVENS.

*Maid Marian* seems to have been the lady of a *Whitfun-ale*, or *morris-dance*. The widow in Sir *William D'avenant's Love and Honour* (p. 247.) says, I have been *Mistress Marrian* in a *Maurice* ere now. Morris is, indeed, there spelt wrong, the dance was not so called from prince *Maurice*, but from the Spanish MORISCO, a dancer of the *morris* or *moorish* dance. The following note was communicated by the Rev. Mr. Warton.

There is an old piece entitled, "Old *Meg* of Herefordshire" for a *Mayd Marian*, and Hereford town for a morris-dance: "or 12 morris-dancers in Herefordshire of 1200 years old. Lond. 1609. 4to. It is dedicated to one Hall a celebrated Tabourer in that country.

(P. 349.) He made a blushing *cital* of himself. Mr. Pope observes that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*. The verb is used in that sense in the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

—for we *cite* our faults,

That they may hold excused our lawless lives.

COLLINS.

VICE (p. 449.) "Vice's dagger," and "Like the old vice," (Vol. II. 486.) This was the name given to a droll figure heretofore much shown upon our stage and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of harlequin and scaramouche. Minshew and others of our more modern criticks strain hard to find out the etymology of this word and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need look no farther for it than the old French word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Visage* does now: from this in part came *Visdase* a word common among them for a fool, which Menage says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne* the face or head of an ass. It may be imagined therefore that *Visdase* or *Vis d'asne* was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shortened down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*. [VICE. A person in our old plays. The word is an abbreviation of *Devise*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and and than originally called a *Devise*, or *Vice*. In these representations

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sentations he was a constant and the most popular character afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The smith's machine called a *Vice*, is an *abbreviation* of the same sort.—Hamlet calls his uncle “A Vice of kings,” a fantastic, and *façitious* image of majesty, a mere *puppet* of royalty. See Jonson's *Alchymist*, Act I. Sc. III.

And on your stall a *puppet* with a *vice*.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 475.) *Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.*

So in the old anonymous Henry V.

“——Depart my chamber.

“And cause some music to rock me a sleep.”

STEEVENS.

(P. 477.) *Where is the crown? who took it from my  
pillow?*

The same circumstance is found in the old anonymous play of Hen. V. already quoted.

“——Good my lord, take off my crown, &c.”

“Oxford. An't please your grace, the crown is ta'en  
“away.

“Henry. The crown taken away, &c.”

STEEVENS.

(P. 489.) Why now you have *done me right*.

An instance of the use of this expression occurs in Glapthorne's comedy of *The Hollander*.

“A health, musicians, gentlemen all, &c.

I have *done you right*.

STEEVENS.

SAMINGO (p. 498.) that is *San Domingo*, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shewn. Justice *Silence* is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and I remember a black-letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo* or a *signior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. *Silence*, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *saint*, or *signior*, was the *burden*. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 499.) ——Goodman puff of *Barston*.

*Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull.

PERCY.

(P. 504.) God save thy *grace king Hal!*

A similar scene occurs in the anonymous Henry V. Falstaff and  
his

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his companions address the king in the same manner and are dismissed as in the play of Shakelpeare. STEEVENS.

### V O L. VI.

(P. 7.)—The *scambling* and unquiet time.

In the old household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland, there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the SCAMBLING days, in lent, that is, days on which no regular meals were provided but every one SCAMBLED, i. e. *Scrambled* and thifted for himself as well as he could.—So in the old noted book intitled “Leicester’s Commonwealth,” one of the marginal heads is “SCAMBLING between Leicester and Huntington at the upshot.” Where in the text, the author says, “Hastings, for ought I see, when he cometh to the SCAMBLING, is like to have no better luck by the bear” [Leicester] then his ancestors had by the boare [K. Rich. III.]” edit. 1641. 12mo. p. 87. So again Shakespeare himself makes king Hen. V. say to the princess Katherine, “I get thee with SCAMBLING, and thou must therefore prove a good soldier breeder” Act. 5. PERCY.

(P. 28.) *And hides a sword from hilts unto the point with crowns imperial.*

In the horse armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this representation. TOLLET.

HAMPTON PEER (p. 55.) it is obvious, that this, and not *Dover peer* according to the folios, was the true reading. Among the records of the town of *Southampton*, they have a minute and authentick account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of *Henry* the fifth near the town, before this embarkment for *France*. It is remarkable, that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with sea, and called *westport*.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 73.) That a Pix or a Pax were different things may be seen from the following passage in the history of our blessed lady of Loretto. 12mo. 1608. p. 505.

— “a Cup, and a sprinkle for holy water, a Pix and a Pax all of excellent chrystal, gold and amber.”

STEEVENS.

(P. 82.)

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(P. 82.) *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English Prisoners?*

So in the old anonymous Henry V.

"Come and you see what me tro at the king's drummer  
"and sife."

"Faith me will tro at the earl of Northumberland and,"  
"now I will tro at the king himself," &c.

This incident however might have been furnished by the old chronicle. STEEVENS.

(P. 131.) — *A squire of low degree.*

This alludes to an old metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, intitled, *The Squire of low Degree*. It was burlesqued by Chaucer in his rhyme of Sir Thopas, and begins thus,

"It was a squire of lowe degre

"That loved the king's daughter of Hungre."

See reliques of English poetry, vol. III. p. 30. 2d. edit.

PERCY.

(P. 143.) *Your lips should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.*

So in the old anonymous Henry V.

"—— Tell thy father from me that none in the world

"should sooner have persuaded me, &c."

The drift of the scene is likewise the same.

STEEVENS

TALBOT (p. 180.) "Enter a soldier crying "*a Talbot!*"  
"*a Talbot!*" And afterwards,

The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword.

Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakespeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's Pastorals, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on June, that lord Talbot's "noblenesse bred  
"such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes  
"greate armies were defaited and put to flight, at the only  
"bearing of his name: infomuch that the French women, to  
"affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT  
"cometh." See also the end of Sc. III. Act. II.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 205.) — once I read,

That stout *Pendragon*, in his litter, &c.

This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to K. Arthur.

Shakespeare, however, has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinthead, "even sicke of a flixe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter; with  
who/e



## A P P E N D I X.

whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they won the victorie." Hist. of Scotland p. 99.

STEEVENS.

QUILL (p. 269.) "deliver our supplications in quill." This may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *Quille* in French is a nine-pin, and in some parts of England, nine-pins are still called *Cayls*, which word is used in the Statute 33 Hen. 8. c. 9. *Quelle* in the old *British* language also signifies any piece of wood set upright.

(P. 282.) — *old Joan had not gone out.*

i. e. the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game.

PERCY.

(P. 289.) *Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.*

In the old anonymous play of Henry Vth. the same source of humour is discoverable.

"Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shall sit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear, &c."

STEEVENS.

(P. 296.) — a cup of *Charnico*.

Mention is made of this liquor in an ancient collection of epigrams, now in my possession.

"When Seigneur Sack and Sugar drink drown'd reels

"He vows to hew the spurs from's fellows heels;

"When calling for a quart of *Charnico*

"Into a loving league they present grow, &c.

PERCY.

(P. 312.) — for that is good deceit,

which *mates* him first that first intends deceit. *Mates* him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game.

PERCY.

(P. 322.) — *I see my life in death.*

Surely the poet's meaning is obvious as the words now stand.—*I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.*

PERCY.

(P. 355.) — Take up commodities upon our bills.

Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed.

PERCY.

(P. 369.)

## A P P E N D I X:

(P. 369.) *Oft have I seen, &c.*

Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stow's account of queen Elizabeth's amusements of this kind; and Langham's letter concerning that queen's entertainment at Kenilworth castle.

PERCY.

(P. 372.) *York kills Clifford.*

Our author has here departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance however serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened.

*Lord Clifford and Lord Strafford all abreast  
Charged our main battles front and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.*

PERCY.

(P. 386.) Dr. Percy observes on Dr. Johnson's note, that *son* could not have been the right word, as Richard the II. had no issue; and our author could hardly have used it simply for *heir general*. *Prejudicial to the crown*, says he, is right — i. e. to the prerogative of the crown.

STEVENS.

(P. 397.) *My Uncles both are slain in rescuing me.*

These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's chronicle.

PERCY.

(P. 410.) — *haught* Northumberland.

So Grafton in his chronicle says (p. 417.) — “the Lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called Sir Henry Hotspurre.”

PERCY.

# A. P P E N D I X.

## V O L. VII.

CROSSBY PLACE (p. 18.) is now *Crossby Square* in *Bishopsgate* street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

(P. 30.) *Peace, Master Marquis, you are malapert.*

As near a hundred years had elapsed between the time when the title of Marquis was first instituted in England, and the creation of this Thomas Gray Marquis of Dorset, I think Shakespeare can hardly allude to the institution of the dignity itself; much less could he call it a *fire new stamp of honour scarce current*. Robert Vere, the first created Marquis received this new title, A. D. 1386. Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorset, A. D. 1476.

PERCY.

(P. 100.) In Sir. J. HAWKINS's note, instead of *Clock-bed* read *Clock-bell*.

SAINT GEORGE (p. 140.) here, and in other parts of this act, was the cry, or word, of the English soldiers, when they charged the enemy. The constant use of this animating exclamation on that occasion was solemnly prescribed among the military laws, and its omission was severely punished. Hence the humour of the following lines in Marston's nervous but neglected satires, entitled the *Scourge of Villanie*, printed in 1599. 111. Lib. Sat. 8.

A pox upon't that *Bacchis'* name should be  
The watch-word given to the soldierie.  
Goe troupe to field, mount thy obscured fame,  
Cry out *Saint George*, invoke thy mistress's name;  
Thy *Mistress* and *Saint George*, &c.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, that admirable and early ridicule of romance-writing, where the champion *Ralph* is going to attack the *Barber*, or the huge giant *Barbaroso*, the burlesque is heightened, when, with much solemnity, and as if a real heroic encounter had been going forward, he cries out, "*Saint George!* set on before, march squire and page." Act. III. Sc. I. vol. vi. p. 405. And afterwards, when the engagement begins, *Ralph* says, "*Saint George* for me:" and *Barbaroso* *Garagantua* for me." P. 408.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 210.)———*two great silver pillars.*

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey* is a curious letter

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letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakespeare.

PERCY.

(P. 256.) *Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water.*

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Tho. More's History of Richard III. whence Shakespeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful returns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity, More says, "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and "whofo doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." More's Works, fol. bl. let. 1557. p. 59.

PERCY

TRIBULATION OF TOWER HILL, or THE LIMBS OF LIMEHOUSE (p. 281.) Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "*precious limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans.

MR. WARTON.

(P. 328.) ('Tis south the city *mills*.) But where could Shakespeare have heard of these *mills* at Antium? I believe we should read

('Tis south the city *a mile*.)

T. T.

(P. 335.) *Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

Rather, I think

*Com.* Ever right Menenius.

*Cor.* Ever, ever.

T. T.

A MAUKIN or MALKIN (p. 336.) a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench. [*Maukin* in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens, a scarecrow. P.]

(P. 337.) — *feld-bown* flamens.

The same kind of adverb occurs in the old play of *Hieronymo*.

Why is not this a strange and *feld*-seen thing?

STEEVENS.

(P. 339.) It shall be to him then, as our good *wills*,

A sure destruction.

This should be written *will's*, for *will is*.

T. T.

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N n

(P. 344.)

## A P P E N D I X.

(P. 344.) — *His sword, death's stamp,  
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was tim'd with dying cries.*

This passage should be pointed thus,

“ — His sword (death's stamp)

“ Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot

“ He was a thing of blood, &c.”

T. T.

The punctuation recommended, is undoubtedly the true one.

(P. 345.) With *shunlefs destiny* :

The 2d folio reads, whether by accident or choice,  
With *shunlefs defamy*.

*Defamie* is an old French word.

T. T.

(P. 371.) *Men*. I would they were barbarians (as they are  
Tho' in Rome litter'd;) not Romans (as they are not,  
Tho' calv'd in the porch of the capitol.) Begone, &c.

The beginning of this speech, I am persuaded, should be  
given to Coriolanus. The latter part only, belongs to Me-  
nenius.

———— *begone* ;

*Put not your worthy rage, &c.*

T. T.

(P. 373.) *Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt  
With modest warrant.*

*To cry havock*, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase,  
from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *haw*k. It was after-  
wards used in war. So in K. John,

———— “ *Cry havock, kings.*”

And in Julius Cæsar,

“ *Cry havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.”

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is  
expressly forbid in the *Ordinances des Batailles*, 9 R. 2.  
art. 10.

“ Item, qe nul soit si hardij de crier *havok* sur peine  
d'avoir la teste coupe.”

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have  
been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix*  
of little price.

“ Item qe nul soit si hardij *de toucher* le corps de nostre  
“ Seigneur, *ni le vessel en quel il est*, sur peyne d'estre trainez  
“ & pendu, et le teste avoir coupe.”

T. T.

UNBARBED (p. 381.) bare, uncover'd. In the times  
of chivalry when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for  
the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the  
old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering.

(P. 429.)

## A P P E N D I X.

(P. 429.)—how we are *shent*.

*Shent* does not mean *brought to destruction*, but *shamed, disgraced*, made *ashamed of himself*. See the old ballad of the *Heir of Linne* in the 2d vol. of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

“Sorely *shent* with this rebuke

“Sorely *shent* was the heir of Linne;

“His heart, I wis, was neare-to braft

“With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne.”

PERCY.

(P. 445.) *Auf*. No more.

This should rather be given to the *first lord*. It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation. T. T.

## V O L. VIII.

(P. 132.)—to drink *Mandragora*.

Gerrard in his *Herbal* says of the *Mandragoras*, “*Dioscorides* doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof.”

In Adlington’s *Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4<sup>to</sup> bl. l. p. 187. lib. 10.

“I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *Mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead.”

PERCY.

(P. 138.) Shakespeare’s orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *vild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn* in vol. VI. p. 433. why not therefore *wan’d* for *wan* here?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan’d*; i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing *Cleopatra’s* beauty to the moon past the full.

PERCY.

I take this opportunity to retract my former conjecture on this passage, as Shakespeare’s use of the participle *wanned*, may be supported from the following example in *Hamlet*, vol. X. p. 228.

“That from her working all his visage *wan’d*.”

STEEVENS.

A SHARD,

## A P P E N D I X.

A SHARD (p. 176.) a tile or broken piece of a tile: thence figuratively a scale or shell upon the back of any creature. The *shard-born beetle* means the beetle that is borne up wings hard and glazed like a pot-sheard.

*Oxford edition.*

(P. 227.) Like a right *gyffy* hath at *fast and loose*  
Beguil'd me, &c.

There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *Gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakespeare.

SIR J. HAWKINS

(P. 238.) — be *brooch'd* with me.

*Brooch* is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present, or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now say *pin up the basket*; *brooch'd with me*, i. e. pinned up, compleated with having me to adorn his triumph.

PERCY.

(P. 456.) — as with the woeful *feere*.

So in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4,

“Christabell, your daughter free

“When shall she have a *feere*?” i. e. a husband.

Sir Tho. More's Lamentation on the Death of Q. Elizabeth, wife of Hen. VII.

“Was I not a king's *feere* in marriage?”

And again,

“Farewell my daughter Katherine, late the *feere*

“To Prince Arthur.”

T. T.

(P. 263.) — the pretty *worm* of Nilus —

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entitled, *The laidly worm of Spindleston Heugbs*, i. e. the

## A P P E N D I X.

The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs ;  
certain rocks so called, near Bamburgh Castle.

Shakespeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See the  
II<sup>d</sup> part of K. Hen. VI. vol. 6. p. 325.

The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal.

PERCY.

## V O L. IX.

(P. 121.) ——— and loves *quails*.

A similar allusion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy by  
Glapthorne, 1640.

“ ——— the hot desire of *quails*

“ To your's is modest appetite.” STEEVENS.

CLIFF (p. 124.) a mark in musick at the beginning of the  
lines of a song, and is an indication of the pitch, and bespeaks  
what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper  
for.

(P. 125.) How the devil *Luxury*, with his fat rump and  
*potatoe* finger, tickles these together.

*Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school di-  
vines, to express the crime of incontinence, which according-  
ly is called *Luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the  
*Summa Theologiae Compendium* of Tho. Aquinas II. 2. Quæst.  
CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes  
under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio*, *Adulterium*, *Incestus*,  
*Stuprum*, *Raptus*, &c. and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*,  
descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the  
title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in K. Lear our author uses the  
word in this peculiar sense.

To't *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want soldiers.

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe*  
*finger*? — This root was in our author's time but newly im-  
ported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and  
esteemed as a very strong provocative. As the plant is so  
common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is  
described by Gerard in his herbal, 1597. p. 780.

“ This plant which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is  
“ generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*. — There is  
“ not any that hath written of this plant—therefore, I refer  
“ the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have  
“ further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my  
“ garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in Lon-  
“ don) where they flourished until winter, at which time they  
perished



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“ perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with greediness.*”

Shakespeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

— Let the sky rain *potatoes*,  
Hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let  
*A tempest of provocation* come.

Ben. Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other *good unctuous meats*.

In the *Good Huswives Jewell*, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt to make a *tarte that is a courage to a man or woman*.

“ Take twoo *Quinces* and twoo or three *Burre rootes* and a POTATON and pare your POTATON and scrape your rootes and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight egges, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-sparrowes*, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves and mace, and put in a litle sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge.”

Gerard elsewhere observes in his herbal, that “ *Potatoes* may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and *restorative* sweetmeats.”

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that *the stalk of Clot-Burre* “ being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten and *sirreth up venereal motions.*” It likewise strengtheneth the *back*, &c.”

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that “ thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust of the body very mightily.*” He also mentions *Quinces* as having the same virtues.

I suppose every one to be acquainted that *sparrows* on account of their salaciousness were sacrificed to Venus. The remarks on the other articles that compose this medical piece of pastry, are inserted, to prove that they are all consistent in their operation and tend to promote the same purposes as the POTATON. It must by this time have occurred to the reader that in the kingdom where *potatoes* are eaten in their greatest quantities, the powers of the body are supposed to be found in their highest

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highest degree of perfection. Some accounts given by ancient travellers of the *Rhizophagi* might be introduced on this occasion; but perhaps enough has been already said on the subject.

I must add, that having diligently perused all such editions of *Apicius Coelius* as have yet fallen in my way, I should not justly characterize the most skillful of the Roman cooks were I to speak of him as an artist *qui miscuit utile dulci*. To please the palate, in those times, seems to have been the only consideration. The receipt already quoted, sufficiently proves our ancestors to have had other views. Perhaps, however, some particulars relative to the *kitchen physic* of the ancients might have been found in the *Elephantidos Libelli*, which as *Suetonius* informs us, were once in the possession of the emperor *Tiberius*. An exception to my former remark indeed occurs on the testimony of *Ælius Lampridius* (or *Ælius Spartianus*) who in the life of *Helio-gabalus*, asserts that prince to have eaten the heels of camels, the combs of cocks, and the tongues of peacocks and nightingales, by way of prevention against the *Epilepsy*.

COLLINS.

(P. 133.)——— *It is as lawful.*

*For we would count give much to as violent thefts.* Thus the 1st folio. We should read, I believe,

For we would give much to *use* violent thefts,

The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one.

The present licentious alteration was made by Rowe, and is silently followed by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Capel.

T. T.

(P. 148.) Make *wells* and *Niobe's*, &c.

Perhaps we should read *welland*, i. e. *welling*; though I do not recollect that Shakespeare has any where else used that old form of participle. It is very common in *Spenser*. The same observation, I have since discovered to be anticipated by Mr. Symphon in his notes on B. Jonson.

T. T.

(P. 194)——— those springs.

On chalic'd flowers that *lies*.

It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the 3d person plural of the present tense ended in *eth*, as well as the singular; and often familiarly, in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated Idiom quite worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, vol. X. p. 35.

“ And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs

“ Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes;”

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as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY

(P. 205.)———nicely.

Depending on their *brands*.

I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakespeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poised on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each of them being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. STEEVENS.

(P. 207.)— her attendants are all *sworn* and honourable.

It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512. it is expressly ordered [page 49] that “ what person soever he be that comyth to my “ Lordes service, that incontynent after he be entered in the “ chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be SWORN in the “ countyng hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the “ presence of the hede officers ; and on theire absence before “ the clerke of the kechyng either by such an oath as is in “ the BOOK OF OTHES, yff any such [oath] be, or ells by “ such a oth as shall seyme beste to their discrecion.”

Even now every *servant* of the king's, at his first appointment, is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

(P. 256.)——— thy sluggish *Crane*.

The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, Book 39. stanza 28.

A miracle it was to see them grown  
To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *Craves*,  
Each vessel having tackling of her own  
With sails and oars to help at all essays. STEEVENS.

(P. 257.)——— the *Ruddock* would &c.

Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

(P. 274.)——— this *carle*.

*Carle* is used by our old writers in opposition to a *gentleman*. See the poem of *John the Reeve*. PERCY.

*Carlot* is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. STEEVENS.

(P. 350.) *That's a bealed peascod*.

The robing of Richard III's effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peascods open* and the *peas out*; perhaps in allusion

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allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title.

TOLLET.

(P. 387.) SIZES, certain portions of bread, beer or other victuals, which in public societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges of the universities.

(P. 407.) — *blefs thy five wits.*

So the *five senses* were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of THE FYVE ELEMENTS, one of the characters is SENSUAL APPETITE, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience,

I am callyd sensual apetyte,  
All creatures in me delyte,  
I comforte the WYTTYS FYVE;  
The tastyng smelling and Herynge  
I refreshe the fyghte and felynge  
To all creaturs alyve.

Sig. B. iij.

PERCY.

(P. 412.) Dr. Percy would substitute the following note, for that which now stands in its place.

*Mice and Rats and such small deere  
Have been Tom's food for seven long yere.*

This distich has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, Dr. Warburton would read, *geer*, and Dr. Grey *cheer*. The ancient reading is, however, established by the old metrical romance of SIR BEVIS, which Shakespeare had probably often heard sung to the harp, and to which he elsewhere alludes as in the following instances.

As *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *ascapart*

Hen. VI. Act. 2.

Again Hen. VIII. Act. I.

That *Bevis* was believed.

This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon.

“ Rattes and mice and such smal dere

“ Was his meate that seven yere.

Sig. F. iij.

PERCY.

(P. 414.) *Child Rowland.*

The word CHILD (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to KNIGHTS, &c. in old historical songs and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in the *Reliques of ancient English poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. S. IV. V. 97, where in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines,

“ The

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“ The Eldridge knight, he prick'd his steed :

“ Syn Cawline bold abode :

“ Then either shook his trusty speer,

“ And the timber these two CHILDREN bare

“ So soon in under flode.

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice* [Vol. III. S. XX.] &c. The same idiom occurs in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, where the famous knight *Sir Tristram* is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. 5. c. II. st. 8. 13. B. 6. c. 2. st. 36. *ibid.* c. 8. st. 15.

PERCY.

(P. 473.) And fire us hence like foxes.

So in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, Book 27. stanza 17.

Ev'n as a foxe whom smoke and fire doth fright

So as he dare not in the ground remaine,

Bolts out, and thro' the smoke and fire he fieth

Into the tarier's mouth and there he dieth.

STEEVENS.

## V O L. X.

(P. 5.) — *carry coals*

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century in a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, “ Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Church-yard, &c.” published after the death of K. Cha. I. N<sup>o</sup> 22. page 50, is intitled “ FIRE, FIRE! a small manual, dedicated “ to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a “ whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lilburn* will not “ CARRY COALS. By Dr. Gouge.

PERCY.

(P. 12.) Rom. *Out* —

I take *out* not to be an imperfect part of a sentence cut off by aposiopesis; but rather the interjection still used in the north, where they say *Out!* much in the same sense as we say *fy!* — Romeo indeed afterwards tags a sentence with it. but that he is led into by Benvolio's supplement to the first *Out*. So p. 116. — *Out alas! she's cold.*

PERCY.

(P. 26.) *The date is out of such prolixity.*

Shakespeare has written a masque which the reader will find introduced in the 4th act of the *Tempest*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakespeare's life.

PERCY.

(P. 33.)

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(P. 33.) Add to the note taken from the *Observations and Conjectures*, printed at Oxford 1766, the following instances, *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. we find,

“Princes and counties.” *All’s well that Ends well*, “A ring the County wears.”

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in *Hollinghead*, p. 1150, and in the *Burleigh papers*, vol. I. p. 204. See also p. 7, *The Countie Palatine Lowys*. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *Courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play.

T. T.

(P. 36.) — He shift a *trencher*, &c.

*Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author’s time. In the household book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility.

PERCY.

MARCHPANE (p. 36.) a kind of sweet bread or biscuit; called by some almond-cake. *Hermolaus barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *martius panis*. *G. macepain* and *massepain*. It. *marzapane*. H. *maçapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *massepain*, *marcepeyn*, *martsepain*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*.

(P. 43. and 44.) — *When king Copbetua*, &c.

This whole note of mine is a mistake, and long before it was printed in Dr. Johnson’s appendix, had been superseded and set right by the real ballad of *K. Copbetua* &c. printed in the 1st vol. of the *Reliques of English poetry*.

This note therefore should be cancelled and the real ballad in that work be referred to.

PERCY.

(P. 66.) *Ah mocker! that’s the dog’s name.* *R is for the No*, &c.

I believe we should read, *R is for the dog*. No; I know it begins with some other letter.

T. T.

(P. 156.) — to suppress

His further *gait* therein,

*gate* or *gait* is here used in the northern sense, for *proceeding*, *passage*; from the A. S. verb *gae*. A *gate* for a path, passage, or street, is still current in the north,

PERCY.

[There

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(P. 188.) There is reason to suspect the word *unanneal'd* is sophisticate, as well as the preceding, *unannointed*. The old quarto give the whole line thus :

*Unnuzzled, disappointed, un-anueld.*

The three first folios read,

*Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld.*

Bishop Bonner in his sacrament of extreme unction joins the words together: — “ He who is dangerously sick, says he, “ and therefore *anoyled* and *anoynted*, &c.” And king Henry in his exposition of the same sacrament uses the word *annoyled*. *Quare* therefore if we should not read the whole line as follows:

*Unhoufel'd, disannointed, unanoil'd.]*

(P. 197.) *Good Sir, or so, &c.*

Dr. Johnson would read—*Good Sir, forsooth, &c.*

*Forsooth*, which has been sometimes supposed to be a form of address, and, since its proper meaning has been forgot, may perhaps have been sometimes so applied by vulgar ignorant people, originally had no such signification. It was a more enforcing of an asseveration. *Sooth* is *truth*, and *in-sooth* or *forsooth* signify originally and properly only *in truth* and *for truth*. In Shakspeare's time the proper sense was not left out of use; and therefore I think he could hardly have inserted *forsooth* in the text, as a form of address.

PERCY.

(P. 244.) ——— Vulcan's *stithy*.

*Stithy* is not, I believe, simply an anvil, but a *forge in general*. So in another play,

Now by the *forge* that *stithied* Mars's helm. STEEVENS.

MICHING, (p. 249.) secret, covered, lying hid. In this sense Chapman, our author's cotemporary, uses the word in *The Widow's Tears*, *Dodf. Old Pl.* vol. IV. p. 291. Lyfander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her: his friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him: his wife, to shew excessive sorrow for the loss of her husband, shuts herself up in his monument; to which he comes in disguise, and obtains her love, notwithstanding he had assured her in the mean time, that he was the man who murdered her husband. On which he exclaims,

————— Out upon the monster!

Go tell the governour, let me be brought  
To die for that most famous villany;  
Not for this *miching* base transgression  
Of truant negligence. —————

And

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And again, p. 301.

—— My truant

Was *nicht*, Sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

In this very sense it occurs in the *Philaster* of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. p. 142. "A rascal *mitching* in a meadow." That is, as the ingenious editors (who have happily substituted *mitching* for *milking*) remark, "A lean deer, creeping, "solitary, and withdrawn from the herd." A passage in an old *Comment on the ten Commandments*, printed at London, in 1493. illustrates the meaning of the word. "Commonly "in such feyrs and markets, ther ben many theyves, *mychers*, "and cutpurse." *Mychers*, that is, *lurking* vagabonds. Our author himself says, of prince *Henry*, "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*?"

Mr. WARTON.

PROVINCIAL (p. 255.) "with two *provincial* roses on "my rayed shoes." Why *provincial* roses? Undoubtedly we should read *Provençial*, or (with the French *ç*) *Provençal*. He means roses of *Provence*, a beautiful species of rose, and formerly much cultivated.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 290.) In *bugger-mugger* to inter him.

So in Harrington's *Ariosto*.

So it might be done in *bugger-mugger*.

STEEVENS.

(P. 299.) Gramercy on his soul!

*And for all Christian souls!*

This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658, and elsewhere.

STEEVENS.

(P. 310.) — make her grave *straight*.

My interpretation of this expression may be justified from the following passage in *K. Henry V.*

"— We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlemen who live by the prick of their needles, but it "will be thought we keep a bawdy-house *straight*."

STEEVENS.

(P. 311.) To the note relative to the case of Sir James Hales, it may be added, that on this occasion a great deal of subtilty was used, to ascertain whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him*. Sir. J. HAWKINS.

(P. 361.) — this *counter-caster*.

It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with *counters*. To this Shakespeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*.

"— it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true "debtor and creditor, but it: of what's past, is, and to come,

"the



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" the discharge. Your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and *counters*," &c. STEEVENS.

GRANGE (p. 364.) — This is *Venice*;

My house is not a *grange*. —

That is, " you are in a populous city, not in a *lone house*, " where a robbery might easily be committed." *Grange* is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious repositied their corn. *Grangia* Lat. from *Granum*. But in *Lincolnshire*, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 365.) — Your daughter and the Moor are making the *beast with two backs*.

This note should be given more correctly, as follows;

This is an ancient proverbial expression in the French language, whence Shakespeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionnaire des Proverbes Françaises*, par G. D. B. Bruxelles, 1710, 12<sup>mo</sup>, I find the following article, "*Faire la Bête a deux Dos*" pour dire faire l'amour. PERCY.

VERONESSA (p. 396.) a ship of Verona. But the true reading is *Veronese*, pronounced as a quadrifyllable.

—— The ship is here put in,

*A Veronese*. —

It was common to introduce *Italian* words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, B. iii. C. xiii. 10.

With sleeves dependant *Albenesè* wife.

The author of the *Revival* observes, that " the editors have " not been pleased to inform us what kind of ship is here denoted by the name of *A Veronessa*." But even supposing that *Veronessa* is the true reading, there is no sort of difficulty. He might just as well have inquired, what kind of a ship is a *Hamburger*. This is exactly a parallel form. For it is not the species of the ship which is implied in this appellation. Our critic adds, " the poet had not a ship in his thoughts. " — He intended to inform us, that Othello's lieutenant, " *Cassio*, was of *Verona*. We should certainly read,

—— " The ship is here put in.

" A Veronese, Michael *Cassio*, (&c.)

" Is come on shore." —

This regulation of the lines is ingenious. But I agree with Hamner, and I think it appears from many parts of the play, that *Cassio* was a Florentine. In this speech, the *third gentleman*, who brings the news of the wreck of the Turkish fleet,

fleet,

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fleet, returns his tale, and relates the circumstances more distinctly. In his *former* speech he says, “ *A noble ship of Venice* saw the distress of the Turks.” And here he adds, “ The very ship is just now put into our port, and she is a *Veronese*.” That is, a ship fitted out or furnished by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian state.

Mr. WARTON.

TRASH (p. 410.)

If this poor *trash* of Venice, whom I trace

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.

Dr. Warburton with his usual happy sagacity, turned the old reading *trash* into *brach*. But it seems to me, that *trash* belongs to another part of the line, and that we should read *trash* for *trace*. The old quartos (in the same part of the line) read *crush*, signifying indeed the same as *trash*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *trash* a hound is a term of hunting still used in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to correct, to *rate*. *Crush* was never the *technical* expression on this occasion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the printers. The sense is, “ If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for quick hunting, for over-running the scent, will but stand the putting on, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the scent, &c.” This very hunting term to *trash* is metaphorically applied by our author in the Tempest, V. I. 10.

*Prosp.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,

How to deny them, whom I advance, and whom

To \* *trash* for overtopping.—

To *trash* for overtopping : i. e. “ What suitors to check for their too great forwardness !” Here another phrase of the field is join’d with *to trash*. To *overtop* is when a hound gives his tongue above the rest, too loudly or too readily; for which he ought to be *trash’d* or *rated*. *Topper*, in the good sense of the word, is a common name for a hound. *Shakespeare* is fond of allusions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. This explication of *trash* illustrates a passage in the Bondica of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* which has been hitherto misunderstood and misrepresented; and where the use of the word equally reflects light on our author. Act I. Sc. I. Vol. vi. p. 274.

\* Sir T. H. reads *plash*, which see.

*Car.*

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*Car.* I fled too,  
But not so fast : your jewel had been lost then,  
Young *Hengo* there ; he *trafb'd* me.

Here Bonduca and Nennius are accusing Caratach of running away from the Romans. Caratach answers, " It is very true, Nennius, that I fled from the Romans.—But recollect, I did not run so fast as you pretend : I soon stood still to defend your favourite youth *Hengo* :——He STOPPED my *flight*, and I saved his life." In this passage, where *trafb* properly signifies *check*, the commentators substitute *trace* : a correction, which entirely destroys the force of the context, and the spirit of the reply.

Mr. WARTON.

(P. 431.) *I'll watch him tame.*

I believe Shakespeare in this place peculiarly alluded to the art of falconry. Falconers always tame their wild hawks by keeping them from sleep. In order to do this more effectually, they watch by turns, so that the hawk is never suffered to close his eyes, till they have *watch'd him tame*: PERCY.

(P. 443.) — *I'll whistle her off, &c.*

This passage may possibly receive illustration from a similar one in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 2. sect. 1. mem. 3. " As a long-winged hawke, when he is first *whistled off the fist*, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, still soaring higher and higher, till he come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung comes down amaine, and *stoupes* upon a sudden."

PERCY.

(P. 485.) — such terms upon his *callet*.

This word is of great antiquity in the English language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedye of Love*.

C, for calet, for of, we have O

L, for leude, D, for demeanure, &c.

PERCY.

The insertion of this note affords me an opportunity of retracting a hasty conjecture I had formed concerning the origin of the word *callet*.

STEEVENS.

(P. 498.) Alas my friend and my dear *countryman* !

This passage incontestibly proves that Iago was meant for a *Venetian*.

STEEVENS.

N. B. All the notes to which no names are subscribed, are taken from the last Oxford edition.

## A P P E N D I X II.

The following notes were communicated too late to be inserted in their proper places in the foregoing Appendix.

(VOL. II. p. 370.)

*My lips are no common, though several they be.*

In the note upon this passage it is said that SEVERAL is an inclosed field of a private proprietor.

The author of the note has totally mistaken this word. In the first place it should be spelled *severell*. This does not signify an inclosed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the parish. In the uninclosed parishes in Warwickshire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there is here and there, some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay; and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year: and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell* is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over the town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*.

Dr. JAMES.

(VOL. III. p. 29.)

*The nine mens morris is fill'd up with mud.*

In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, sometimes three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square; and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such a

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manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called The Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*, and are so called, because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*.

Dr. JAMES.

(VOL. III. p. 224.) Since this note was written, I have found among the Harleian MSS. (n. 7333.) an English translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, which contains the two stories of the Jew and of the caskets. I have also met with a printed copy in the black letter, but not older than 1600, as I guess, for the title-page is lost. This has only the story of the caskets. However it is not improbable that the story of the Jew may have been in some of the former impressions; as R. Robinson says expressly, that the book, as published by him in 1577, contained twenty-one sheets, whereas my copy contains only fifteen.

Upon the whole, if any English translation of the *Pecorone* can be produced of an earlier date than the Merchant of Venice, it will be very clear, I think, that Shakespeare took his fable from thence, as there the two stories are worked up into one, as they are in the play; but it will scarce be doubted, that *Ser Giovanni*, the author of the *Pecorone*, was obliged to the *Gesta Romanorum* for the materials of his novel.

T. T.

(VOL. IV. p. 245.) The *Pavan* from *pavo* a peacock, is a grave and majestick dance. The method of dancing it was antiently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the steps in the *Orcheographia of Thoinet Arbeau*. Every pavan has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. The courant, the jig, and the hornpipe are sufficiently known at this day.

Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Q. Elizabeth. *Ligon* in his history  
of

## A P P E N D I X II.

of Barbadoes, mentions a *passamezzo* galliard, which in the year 1647 a Padre in that island played to him on the lute; the very same, he says, with an air of that kind which in *Shakespeare's* play of *Henry IV.* was originally played to Sir *John Falstaff* and *Doll Tearsheet*, by *Sneak*, the musician, there named. This little anecdote *Ligon* might have by tradition, but his conclusion, that because it was played in a dramatic representation of the history of *Henry IV.* it must be so ancient as his time, is very idle and injudicious.—*Passy-measure* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo*.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

(VOL. IV. p. 178.) — *three merry men we be.*  
 The wise men were but seven, ne'er more shall be for me;  
 The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;  
 And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three  
     merry boyes are wee.  
 The vertues they were seven, and three the greater bee;  
 The Cæsars they were twelve, and fatall sisters three.  
 And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three  
     merry girles are wee.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

(VOL. VII. p. 148.) The Latin play of Richard III. (MS. Harl. n. 6926) has the author's name—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586.

The passage, which I would mention, is upon the appearance of Richard to Buckingham and the others who came to offer him the crown.

*Sed nunc duobus cinctus ecce episcopus  
 Apparet in summa domo princeps pius.*—

It is difficult, I think, to account for such a co-incidence, in a circumstance of mere invention, without supposing that one of the poets must have profited by the others performance.

T. T.

This circumstance is not an invention of either poet, but taken from *Hall's Chronicle*.

“ At the last he came out of his chambre, and yet not  
 “ doune to theim, but in a galery ouer theim, with a bishop  
 “ on euery hande of hym, where thei beneth might se hym  
 “ and speke to hym, as thoughte he woulde not yet come  
 “ nere them til he wist what they meante, &c.” FARMER.

A P P E N D I X II.

A

L E T T E R

FROM THE REV.

Mr. FARMER of Emanuel College, Cambridge,

AUTHOR OF

AN ESSAY ON THE LEARNING OF SHAKESPEARE,

T O

MR. STEEVENS.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE long promised you a specimen of such observations, as I think to be still wanting on the works of our favourite poet. The edition you now offer to the publick, approaches much nearer to perfection, than any that has yet appeared; and, I doubt not, will be the standard of every future one. The track of reading, which I sometime ago endeavoured to prove more immediately necessary to a commentator on *Shakespeare*, you have very successfully followed, and have consequently superseded some remarks, which I might otherwise have troubled you with. Those I now send you, are such as I marked on the margin of the copy you were so kind to communicate to me, and bear a very small proportion to the miscellaneous collections of this sort, which I may probably put together some time or other: if I do this I will take care by proper references to make them peculiarly useful to the readers of your edition.

An appendix has little room for quotation—I will be therefore as concise as possible.

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### V O L. I.

(P. 4.) The romance alluded to is not ORELIA, but AURELIO and *Isabella*. I know not by what mistake the late Mr. Collins in his information to Mr. Warton, could give it the epithet of *chemical*. There is an edition of it in four languages, printed at Antwerp, 1556.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that the *Tempest* must have been written after 1609, because the *Bermuda* Islands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the *English* until that year; but this is a mistake. He might have seen in *Hackluit*, 1600, folio, a description of *Bermuda*, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's last works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always right in the *Tempest*.

"Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?"

And always wrong in his earlier play, the *Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600.

"My friend *Stephano*, signify, I pray you," &c.

—— So little did a late editor know of his author, when he idly supposed his *school literature* might perhaps have been lost by the *dissipation of youth*, or the *busy scenes* of publick life!

(P. 7.) "An acre of barren ground, long heath, brown, furze," &c. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ling*, heath, broom, furze.—Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in *Harrison's Description of Britain*, prefixed to our author's good friend *Holingshead*, p. 91. "*Brome, heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling,*" &c.

(P. 27.)—— "My dam's god, *Setebos*."

A gentleman of great merit, Mr. Warner, has observed on the authority of *John Barbot*, that "the *Patagons* are reported to "dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*,"—It may be asked however, how *Shakespeare* knew any thing of this, as *Barbot* was a voyager of the present century?—Perhaps he had read *Eden's History of Travayle*, 1577, who tells us, p. 434. that "the *giantes*, when they found themselves fettered roared like "bulls, and cryed upon *Setebos* to help them."—The *Metabests* "in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident.

(P. 31. note 3.) A passage in *Lilly's Gallathea* seems to countenance the present text, "The question among men is common, "*are you a maide?*"—yet I cannot but think, that Dr. Warbur-



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*ten* reads very rightly, "If you be *made*, or no." When we meet with an harsh expression in *Shakespeare*, we are usually to look for a *play upon words*. *Fletcher* closely imitates the *Tempest* in his *Sea Voyage*: and he introduces *Albert* in the same manner to the ladies of *his* Desert Island,

"Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall

"Thus prostrate," &c.

*Shakespeare* himself had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a passage in the third book of the *Fairy Queen*, between *Timias* and *Belphebe*,

"Angel or goddess! do I call thee *right*?"

—"There-at she blushing, said, ah! gentle squire,

"Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the *maid*

"And daughter of a woody nymph," &c.

(P. 60.) "He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail."

I believe this to be an allusion to a story that is met with in *Stowe*, and other writers of the time. It seems, in the year 1574, a whale was thrown ashore near *Ramsgate*. "A monstrous *fish* (says the *chronicler*) but not so monstrous as some reported —for his eyes were in his *head*, and not in his *back*."

*Summary*, 1575, p. 562.

### THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:

(Vol. I. p. 105.) Mrs. *Lenox* observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of *Proteus* and *Julia* might be taken from a similar one in the *Diana* of *George of Montemayor*. —

"This pastoral romance, says she, was translated from the *Spanish*

"in *Shakespeare's* time." — I have seen no earlier translation,

than that of *Bartholomew Yong*, who dates his dedication in *November* 1598, and *Meres*, in his *Wit's Treasury*, printed the

same year, expressly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed, *Montemayor* was translated two or three years before by one

*Thomas Wilson*; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published *entirely*; perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However you say very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *novelists*.

(P. 153.) "My master, says *Launcelot*, is a kind of knave, "but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*."

This passage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. *Warburton* and Sir *Tbo. Hanmer*. — Mr. *Edwards* explains it, —

"if *he only* be a knave, if *I myself* be not found to be *another*."

I agree with Dr. *Johnson*, and will support the old reading and his interpretation with indisputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, *Artisippus* declares of *Carisophus*, "you lose

## A P P E N D I X II.

"lose money by him if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves  
"for *two*."

This phraseology is often met with: *Arragon* says in the *Merchant of Venice*,

"With *one fool's* head I came to woo,

"But I go away with *two*."

*Donne* begins one of his sonnets,

"I am *two fools*, I know,

"For loving and for saying so," &c.

And when *Panurge* cheats St. *Nicholas* of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a storm, *Rabelais* calls him "a rogue—a *rogue*  
"and an half—*Le gallant, gallant et demy*."

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

(P. 193.) The adventures of *Falstaff* in this play seem to have been taken from the story of the *Lovers of Pisa*, in an old piece, called "*Tarleton's News out of Purgatorie*." A late editor pretended to much knowledge of this sort; and I am sorry that it proved to be only pretension.

Mr. *Warton* observes, in a note to the last *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607 at the earliest. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this supposition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be conclusive. *Slender* observes to Master *Page*, that his greyhound was out-run on *Cotfale*; [*Cotswold-Hills* in *Gloucestershire*] and Mr. *Warton* thinks, that the games established there by Capt. *Dover* in the beginning of K. *James's* reign, are alluded to.—But perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrensis* as the founder of them, he might be the reviver only, or some way contribute to make them more famous; for in the 2d part of *Henry IV.* 1600, Justice *Shallow* reckons amongst the *Swinge-bucklers*, "*Will Squeek*, a *Cotjole-man*."

In the first edition of the imperfect play, Sir *Hugh Evans* is called on the title-page, the *Welch Knight*; and yet there are some persons who still affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally published by himself.

(P. 194. n. 4) "*Ay*, Cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*."

I think with Dr. *Johnson*, that this blunder could scarcely be intended. *Shallow*, we know, had been bred to the law at *Clement's Inn*.—But I would rather read *custos* only; then *Slender* adds naturally, "*Ay*, and *rotulorum* too." He had heard the words *custos rotulorum*, and supposes them to mean different offices.

(N. 5.) "*The luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat*."

## A P P E N D I X II.

I am not satisfied with any thing that has been offered on this difficult passage. All that Mr. *Smith* tells us, is a mere *gratis dictum*. I cannot find that *salt fish* were ever really borne in heraldry. I fancy the latter part of the speech should be given to Sir *Hugh*, who is at cross purposes with the *Justice*. *Shallow* had said just before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the fresh fish.—No, replies the parson, it cannot be *old* and *fresh* too—"the *salt fish* is an *old coat*." I give this with rather the more confidence, as a similar mistake has happened a little lower in the scene.—"Slice, I say!" cries out Corporal *Nym*, "*Pauca, pauca: Slice*, that's my humour." There can be no doubt, but *pauca, pauca* should be spoken by *Evans*.

Again, a little before this, the copies give us,

*Slender*. You'll not confes, you'll not confes,

*Shallow*. That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis fault—'tis a good dog.

Surely it should be thus,

*Shallow*. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

*Slender*. That he will not.

*Shallow*. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault, &c.

(P. 200. n. 6.) "*Edward Shove-boards*," were not brass castors, but the broad shillings of *Edw.* 6.

*Taylor* the water-poet, in his *Travel of Twelve pence*, makes him complain

—"the unthrift every day

"With my face downwards do at *shove-board* play;

"That had I had a beard, you may suppose,

"They had worne it off, as they have done my nose."

And in a note he tells us, "*Edw.* shillings for the most part are "used at *shove-board*."

(P. 208. n. 2.) The word is *Gongarian* in the first edition, and should be continued, the better to fix the allusion.

(P. 210. n. 7.) "The *anchor* is deep." Dr. *Johnson* very acutely proposes "the *author* is deep." But as you have only given the previous text from the later editions, his correction is scarcely used fairly. He reads with the first copy, "he hath study'd her "well."—And from this equivocal word, *Nym* catches the idea of *deepness*. But it is almost impossible to ascertain the diction of this whimsical character: and I meet with a phrase in *Fennor's Comptroler's Commonwealth*, 1617, which perhaps may support the old reading, "*Maister Dekker's Bellman of London*, hath set forth "the vices of the time so lively, that it is impossible the *author* "of any other man's braine can sound the sea of a more deepe and "dreadful mischeefe."

(P. 213. n. 7.) "The revolt of *mine* is dangerous," says the corporal. This you truly observe to be the old reading, and it is authority enough for *the revolt of mien* in modern orthography.

"Know you that fellow that walketh there?" says *Elior*, 1593:—

"he

## A P P E N D I X II.

"he is an alchymist by his *mine*, and hath multiplied all to "moonshine".

(P. 219. n. 1.) Though love use reason for his *precisian*, yet he "admits him not for his counsellor." Dr. *Johnson* wishes to read *physician*; and this conjecture becomes almost a certainty from a line in our author's 147th sonnet,

"My reason the *physician* to my love, &c."

(P. 232. n. 9.) Dr. *Warburton* may be right; for I find *equipage* was one of the cant words of the time. In *Davies' Papers Complaint* (a poem which has erroneously been ascribed to *Donne*) we have several of them:

"Embellish, blandishment, and *equipage*."

Which words, he tells us in the margin, *overmuch savour of witlesse affectation*.

(P. 245. n. 1.) "Thou art a *Castilian king*, Urinal!" quoth mine host to Dr. *Caius*. I believe this was a popular slur upon the *Spaniards*, who were held in great contempt after the business of the *Armada*. Thus we have "a Treatise Parænetical, "wherein is shewed the right way to resist the *Castilian king*:" and a sonnet prefixed to "Lea's Answer to the Untruths published in *Spain*, in glorie of their supposed Victory atchieved "against our English Navie," begins,

"Thou fond *Castilian king*!" and so in other places.

(P. 252.) "Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welsh*." Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads *Gallia* and *Wallia*: but it is objected that *Wallia* is not easily corrupted into *Gaul*. Possibly the word was written *Gwallia*.

(P. 270. n. 1.) Sir *Tho. Hanmer* reads according to Dr. *Johnson's* conjecture. This may be right.—Or my Dame *Quickly* may allude to the proverb, a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *physician*; but she asserts her master to be both.

(P. 285. n. 5.) "They must *come off*, says mine host; I'll sauce "them." This passage has exercised the critics. It is altered by Dr. *Warburton*; but there is no corruption, and you have rightly interpreted it. The quotation however from *Massinger*, which is referred to likewise by Mr. *Edwards* in his *Canons of Criticism*, scarcely satisfied Mr. *Heath*, and still less the last editor, who gives us, "They must *not* come off." It is strange that any one conversant in old language, should hesitate at this phrase. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In *John Haywood's* play of the 4 P's, the *pedlar* says,

—"If you be willing to buy

"Lay down money, *come off* quickly".

In the *Widow*, by *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, and *Middleton*,—"If he "will *come off* roundly, he'll set him free too." And again in *Fennor's Comptor's Commonwealth*,—"except I would *come off* "roundly, I should be bar'd of that privilege," &c.

(P. 292.) *Simple*. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

*Falstaff.*

## A P P E N D I X II.

*Falstaff*. Ay, Sir, like who more bold.  
 In the first edition, the latter speech stands,  
 "I Tike, who more bolde."—And should plainly be read  
 here, "Ay, Sir *Tike*," &c.  
 (P. 297.) "Send me a cool rut-time, Jove; or who can blame  
 me to *piss my tallow*." This, I find, is technical. In Turber-  
 ville's Booke of Hunting, 1575. "During the time of their rut,  
 the harts live with small sustenance.—The red mulhroom  
 helpeth well to make them *pyffe their greace*, they are then in so  
 vehement heate," &c.  
 (P. 308. n. 8.) "Ignorance itself, says *Falstaff*, is a *plummet*  
 o'er me." If any alteration be necessary, I think, "Ignorance  
 itself is a *planet* o'er me," would have a chance to be right.  
 Thus *Bobadil* excuses his cowardice, "Sure I was struck with a  
*planet*, for I had no power to touch my *weapon*."

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

(Vol. II. p. 15.) "Shall all our houses of resort in the *suburbs*  
 be pull'd down?"—This will be understood from the Scotch  
 law of *James's* time, concerning *buirs* (whores): "that comoun  
 women be put at the *utmost endes of townes*, queire least perill  
 of fire is." Hence *Ursula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew Fair*,  
 "I, I, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft *wench of the sub-  
 urbs*, do!"  
 (P. 31.) "Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?" says *Angelo* to  
 the constable.—"He cannot, Sir, quoth the *Clown*, he's out at  
*elbow*." I know not whether this quibble be generally observ-  
 ed: he is out at the word *elbow*, and out at the elbow of his coat.  
 The constable in his account of Master *Froth* and the clown, has  
 a stroke at the *puritans*, who were very zealous against the stage  
 about this time: "Precise villains they are, that I am sure of;  
 and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians  
 ought to have."  
 (P. 49. n. 1.) Dr. *Johnson* did not know, nor perhaps Dr.  
*Warburton* either, that Sir *W. Davenant* reads *flames* instead of  
*flaws* in his *Law against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken  
 from *Measure for Measure*, and *Much ado about Nothing*.  
 (P. 81. n. 9.) "Is there none of *Pigmalion's* images newly made  
 woman, to be had now?" If *Marston's Metamorphosis of Pigma-  
 lion's Image* be alluded to I believe, it must be in the argument.—  
 "The *maide* (by the power of *Venus*) was metamorphosed into a  
 living woman." The remainder of *Marston's* title is certain *sa-  
 tires*, not *images*, as *Ames* has misled you.

## A P P E N D I X II.

(P. 66. n. 6.) I do not much like *mercy fwear*, the old reading: or *mercy feverue*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it should be, this would make *mercy severe*.

(P. 96. n. 4.) Dr. Warburton did not do justice to his own conjecture; and no wonder therefore, that Dr. Johnson has not.—*Tilth* is provincially used for *land till'd*, prepared for sowing. *Shakespeare*, however, has applied it before in its usual acceptation.

(P. 108. n. 3.) A commodity of *brown paper*. You support this rightly. Fennor asks, in his *Comptor's Commonwealth*, "suppose the commodities are delivered after Signior Untbrist and Master Broaker have both sealed the bonds, how must those hobby-horses, Reams of *brown paper*, Jewes trumps and bables, babies and rattles be solde?"

(P. 126. n. 1.) ——— "Come, Cousin *Angelo*,

"In this I'll be *impartial*: be you judge

"Of your own cause."

Surely, says Mr. Theobald, this duke had odd notions of impartiality!—He reads therefore, "*I will be partial*," and all the editors follow him: even Mr. Heath declares the observation unanswerable. But see the uncertainty of criticism! *impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial*. In the old play of *Sweetnam the Woman-bater*, *Atlanta* cries out, when the judges decree against the women,

"You are *impartial*, and we do appeal

"From you to judges more indifferent."

(P. 133. n. 6.) *The forfeits in a barber's shop* are brought forward by Mr. Kenrick with a parade worthy of the subject.

(P. 135. n. 8.) Show your sheep-biting face, and be *hang'd an hour*. Dr. Johnson's alteration is wrong. In the *Alchemist*, we meet with "a man that has been *strangled an hour*."

"What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while*," is a line of an old madrigal.

## COMEDY OF ERRORS.

(P. 161. n. 4.) *Fair* is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of *Shakespeare's* time. So *Marston* in one of his satires,

As the greene meads, whose native outward *saire*

Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.

Hence in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*,

"Demetrius loves your *saire*," may be the *right*, as well as the old reading.

(P. 196. n. 1.) A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in first principles. "*Morespikes*" (says

"Langley

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"Langley in his translation of *Polydore Virgil*) were used first in the "siege of *Capua*." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English Mariners laid about them "with brown bills, halberts, and morrice-pikes."

### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(P. 227. n. 6.) "He challenged *Cupid* at the *sight*, and my "uncle's fool challenged him at the *bird-belt*." The sight was an arrow of a particular kind : — in the *Harleian Catalogue* of MSS. vol. I. n. 69. is "a challenge of the lady *Maise's* servants "to all comers, to be performed at *Greenwicke*—to shoot standard arrow, or *sight*." I find the title-page of an old pamphlet still more explicit. "A new *post*—a marke exceeding necessary "for all mens arrows: whether the great man's *sight*, the gal-  
"lant's *post*, the wiseman's *pricke-shoft*, the poor man's *but-shoft*,  
"or the fool's *bird-belt*."

(P. 228.) He is no less than a stuff'd man : but for the stuffing—well, we are all mortal.

Mr. *Fiebold* plumed himself much on the pointing of this passage ; which by the way, he might learn from *Darveman* : but he says not a word, nor any one else that I know of, about the reason of this abruption. The truth is, *Batrice* starts an idea at the words *stuff'd man* ; and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A *stuff'd man* was one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold. In *Billy's Midas*, we have an inventory of *Motto's moveables*.—"Item, says *Petulus*, one paire of hornes in the bride-chamber on the *beds head*.—The *beast's* head, observes *Licio* ; "for *motto* is *stuff'd* in the *head*, and these are among *unmoveable* "goods."

(P. 229. n. 4.) "The gentleman is not in your books." This phrase has not been exactly interpreted. *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the list of his retainers. Sir *John Mandeville* tells us, "alle the mynstrelles that comen before the great "Chan ben witholden with him, as of his household, and entred in "his *bookes*, as for his owne men." The *tables* alluded to in your quotations from *Middleton* and *Shirley* are *back-gammon tables*, and nothing to the present purpose.

(P. 298. n. 9.) This sense of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to *Shakespeare*. *John Taylor* in his *Suite concerning Players*, complains of the "many aspersions very *liberally*, unmannerly, and "ingrately bestowed upon him."

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### LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

(P. 359. n. 6.) I have always read *irrational bind*: if *bind* be taken in it's *bestial* sense, *Armado* makes *Costard* a female.

(P. 374.) Sir T. Hanmer reads, "by my penny of observation;" and this is certainly right. The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*.

(P. 375. n. 9.) *Swift* is here used, as in other places, synonymously with *witty*. I suppose, the meaning of *Alalanta's better part*, in *As you like it*, is her *wit*—the swiftness of her mind.

(P. 376.) I can scarcely think that *Shakespeare* had so far forgotten his little school learning, as to suppose that the *Latin* verb *salvo*, and the *English* substantive, *salvo*, had the same pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preserved.

(P. 382.) *Giles Clayton* in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of *Drake's Voyages*, it appears, that the Captains *Moryan* and *Sampson* by this name, "had commandement over the rest of the land captaines." *Brakeby* tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *Corporal of the Field*, which he said was equal to that of a captain of horse."

(P. 384. n. 6.) Whatever be the interpretation of this passage, Dr. *Johnson* is right in the historical fact. *Stubbs* in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, is very indignant at the ladies for it. "They must have their *looking-glasses* carried with them, wheresoever they go; and good reason, for how else could they see the devil in them?" And in *Massinger's City Madam*, several women are introduced with *looking-glasses* at their girdles.

(P. 387. n. 2.) *Henry IV.* consulting with *Sully* about his marriage, says, "my niece of *Guise* would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports, that she loves *Poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricassee*."—A message is called a *cold pigeon*, in the latter concerning the entertainments at *Killingworth Castle*.

(P. 390.) Who is the *shooter*?—It should be who is the *suitor*? and this occasions the quibble. "*Finely put on*, &c. seem only marginal observations.

(P. 392. n. 2.) Dr. *Warburton* is certainly right in his supposition, that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the first affront. "The plaies, says he, that they plaie in *England*, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but representations of *histories* without any decorum."——The scraps of *Latin* and *Italian* are transcribed from his works, particularly



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cularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted so much. The *affezation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewise a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the sonnets to his patrons.

“ In Italie your lordship well hath seene

“ Their manners, monuments, magnificence,

“ Their language learnt, in sound, in stile, in sence,

“ Prooving by profitting, where you have *beene*.

—— “ To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, facilitie.”

We see then, the character of the schoolmaster might be written with less learning, than Mr. *Colman* conjectured: nor is the use of the word *thrafonical*, any argument that the author had read *Terence*. It was introduced to our language long before *Shakespeare's* time. *Stanyburst* writes, in a translation of one of *Sir Tho. More's* epigrams,

“ Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thrafonical* hufsnuffe.”

It can scarcely be necessary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. *Colman* has advanced in the Appendix to his *Terence*. If this Gentleman, at his leisure from modern plays, will condescend to open a few old ones, he will soon be satisfied, that *Shakespeare* was obliged to learn and repeat in the course of his profession, such *Latin fragments*, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis est*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every critical essay from that of King *James* to that of Dean *Swift* inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. *Colman* had previously looked at the panegyrick on *Cartwright*, he could not so strangely have misrepresented my argument from it: but thus it must ever be with the most ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleased to use on this occasion.

Mr. *Warton* informs us in his Life of *Sir Tho. Pope*, that there was an old *Play of Holopernes* acted before the Princess *Elizabeth* in the year 1556.

(P. 402. n. 5.) The *tired horse* was the horse adorned with ribands,—The famous *Banke's horse* so often alluded to. *Lilly* in his *Mother Bombie* brings in a *Hacknryman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at cross purposes with this word. “ Why didst thou boare the horse thro' the eares?”——“ It was for tiring.”

“ He would never tire,” replies the other.

(P. 406. n. 1.) I suppose, this alludes to the usual taudry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. In an old translation of *Casa's Galates* is this precept. “ Thou must weare no garments, that be over much daubde with *garding*: that men may not say, thou hast *Ganimedes* hosen, or *Cupides* doublet.”

(P. 419. n. 4.) “ *The suspicious bead of theft* is the *bead suspicious* of theft.” “ He watches like one that fears robbing,” says *Speed* in the *Two Gentleman of Verona*. This transposition of the adjective

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adjective is sometimes met with. *Grimme* tells us in *Damon and Pythias*,

A heavy pouch *with golde* makes a light hart.

(P. 420. n. 7.) Perhaps here is an accidental transposition. We may read, as, I think, some one has proposed before,

“The voice *makes* all the gods

“Of heaven drowfy with the harmony.”

(P. 422. n. 9.) There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to  
“mens sakes, the authors of these *words*.”

P. 425.) I should rather read, “it insinuateth *men* of infanie.”

(P. 432.) “Pox of that jest!” Mr. *Theobald* is scandalized at this language from a princefs. But there needs no alarm—the *small pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, *Catharine* was *pitted*; or, as it is quaintly expressed, “her face was full of ‘O’s.” *Davison* has a canzonet on his lady’s sickneffe of the *poxe*: and Dr. *Donne* writes to his sister, “at my return from *Kent*, I found *Pegge* had the *poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her.”

(P. 452. n. 1.) *Webster* in his Dutcheffe of *Malfy* makes *Castruccio* declare of his lady, “She cannot endure merry company, “for she says much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinkle*.”

(P. 461. n. 6.) In *Lodge’s Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *Swaßbuckler*: “His common course is to go  
“always untruff; except when his *skirt is a washing*, and then  
“he goes *woolward*.”

(P. 470. n. 4.) *Cuckow-buds* must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading.

(P. 471. n. 6.) To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to stir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*. Your quotation is not from the Dumb Knight (a play by a different author, *Macbin*) but from the *What you will* of *Marston*.

## MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.

(VOL. III.) There is an old *black-letter’d* pamphlet by *W. Bettie*, call’d *Titana and Theseus*: I have not seen it; but one might imagine from the coincidence of names that *Shakespeare* took a part of his plot from it.

(P. 17.) “To *make all split*,” is to be connected with the previous part of the speech; not with the subsequent rhymes. It was the description of a bully. In the second Act of the *Scornful Lady*, we meet with “two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all split*.”

(P. 32. n. 6.) Perhaps the *parenthefs* should begin sooner; as I think Mr. *Kenrick* observes.

(*Following her womb, then rich with my young squire.*)

So

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So in *Trulla's* combat with *Hagibras*,

——— "She pres'd so home,

"That he retired, and *follow'd's bum*."

And *Dryden* says of his *Spanish Friar*, "his great belly walks in  
"state *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it*."

(P. 41.) "Our quaint *spirits*." Dr. *Johnson* is right in the word,  
and Dr. *Warburton* in the interpretation. A *spirit* was sometimes  
used for a *sport*. In *Dekker's* play, "If it be not good, the  
"Devil is in it," the *King of Naples* says to the Devil *Ruffian*,  
disguised in the character of *Shalcan*,

"Now *Shalcan*, some new *spirit*? *Ruff*. A thousand wenches  
"stark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. *Omnas*. O rare fight!

(P. 55. 8.) *Parentage* was not easily corrupted to *patience*. I  
fancy, the true word is *passions*, sufferings.

(P. 59.) "Noon-tide with the *Antipodes*." Dr. *Warburton*  
would read, *i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. *Edwards* ridicules without  
mercy. The alteration is certainly not necessary, but it is not so  
unlucky, as he imagined. *Shirley* has the same expression in his  
*Andromeda*,

"To be a whore is more unknown to her,

"Then what is done in the *Antipodes*."

In for *among* is frequent in old language.

(P. 62. 8.) We meet with this phrase in an old poem by *Robert Dabourne*,

——— "Men shift their fashions——

They are in *souls* the same."——

(P. 77. n. 2.) This passage has given rise to various conjectures.  
It is certain, that the *woodbine*, and the *bonny-suckle* were some-  
times considered as different plants. In one of *Taylor's* poems,  
we have

"The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,

"The *bonisuckle*, and the daffadill."

But I think your interpretation the true one. The old writers  
did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as the late edi-  
tor seems to suppose by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So Br.  
*Lewth* in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126. has with-  
out reason corrected a similar passage in our translation of St.  
*Matthew*.

(P. 81. n. 9.) The title of this play seems no more intended to  
denote the precise *time of the action*, than that of the *Winter's Tale*;  
which we find, was at the season of *sheep-shearing*.

(P. 84. n. 6.) Dr. *Warburton* has been accused of coining the  
word, *Gemell*: but *Drayton* has it in the preface to his *Barons Wars*.  
"The *quadrin* doth never double; or to use a word of he-  
"raldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*."

(P. 96.) "It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard dis-  
"course, my lord." *Demetrius* is represented as a punter: I be-  
lieve, the passage should be read, "This is the wittiest *partition*,  
"that ever I heard in *discourse*." Alluding to the many stupid  
*partition*

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*partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. *Shakespeare* himself, as well as his contemporaries, uses *discourse* for *reasoning*: and he here avails himself of the double sense; as he had done before in the word, *partition*.

(P. 97. n. 7.) The old reading is certainly the true one: and alludes to the proverb, "*Walls have ears.*" A wall between almost any two neighbours would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous warning.

(P. 98. n. 8.) "Here come two noble beast in, a moon and a lion." I cannot help supposing that we should have it, a moon-calf. The old copies read a man: possibly man was the marginal interpretation of moon-calf; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The man in the moon was no new character on the stage, and is here introduced in ridicule of such exhibitions. Ben Jonson in one of his masques, call'd, *News from the new World in the Moon*, makes his *Faëtor* doubt of the person, who brings the intelligence. "I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it."—"Those, replies one of the heralds, are *scale ensigns o' the stage.*"

(P. 102. n. 7.) *Lilly lips* are changed to *lilly brows* for the sake of the rhyme, but this cannot be right: *Thisbe* has before celebrated her *Pyramus*, as

"Lilly-white of hue."

It should be

"These lips lilly,

"This nose cherry."

This mode of position adds not a little to the burlesque of the passage.

(P. 104. n. 2.) I think, "now the wolf *babwls* the moon," was the original text. The allusion is frequently met with in the works of our author and his contemporaries. "'Tis like the *bowl-ing* of Irish wolves against the moon," says he, in his *As you like it*: and *Massinger*, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, makes an usurer feel only

"As the moon is moved

"When wolves with hunger pined, *bowl* at her brightness."

(P. 105. n. 4.) *To sweep the dust behind the door* is a common expression, and a common practice in large, old houses; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and seldom or never shut.

## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I know not whether Dr. *Johnson* communicated to you a passage in a letter, which I wrote to him above a year ago, relative to the business of the three caskets in this play. I informed

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him,

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him, that the story was taken from an old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by *Winkin de Worde*. The book was very popular, and *Shakespeare* has closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading.—*Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her choice—The first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead mens bones; and thereupon was engraven this posse: *Who so chuseth me, shall find that he desireth.* The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and worms, the superscription was thus, *Who so chuseth me shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posse, *Who so chuseth me shall find that God hath disposed for him.*—The lady after a comment upon each, chuses the leaden vessel.

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. *Askew*, I find a *Tale of two Marchants of Egipt and of Baldad, ex Gestis Romanorum.*

(P. 118.) It is strange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old *English*, *sometimes* is synonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than “*sometimes fellow of such a college.*”

(P. 121. n. 8.) You have confounded the *Prince Palatine* who married the daughter of *James I.* with *Albert à Lasco* (the *Prince Laskie*, as Dr. *Dee* calls him) who was in *England* in the reign of *Elizabeth*.

(P. 128. n. 7.) Dr. *Warburton* very truly interprets this passage. Old *Meyer* says, “*Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them sterill and barren, and usurie makes them procreative.*”

(P. 148. n. 3.) “*A Gentile, and no Jew.*” Dr. *Johnson* rightly explains this. There is an old book by one *Ellis*, entitled, “*The Gentile Sinner, or England's brave Gentleman.*”

(P. 162. n. 8.) So *Donne* in one of his elegies,  
“*As a compassionate turcoyse, which doth tell*  
“*By looking pale, the wearer is not well.*”

(P. 167. n. 8.) It may be that Dr. *Warburton* has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*,

——— “*Thou stale, and common drudge*

“*’Tween man and man.*”———

The *pallidness of lead* is for ever alluded to.

“*Diane declining, pale as any ledde.*”

Says *Stephen Hawes*. In *Fairfax's Tasso*, we have

“*The Lord Tancredie, pale with rage as lead.*”

Again, *Sackville* in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*,

“*Now pale as lead, now cold as any stone.*”

And in the old ballad of the *King and the Beggar*,

— “*She*

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— “ She blushed scarlet red,  
“ Then straight again, as *pale as lead*.”

As to the *antitbefs*, *Shakespeare* has already made it in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ When, says *Theseus*, I have seen great clerks look *pale*,  
“ I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
“ Of faucy and audacious *eloquence*.”

### AS YOU LIKE IT.

(P. 241.) “ With bills on their necks,” should be the conclusion of *Le Beau's* speech. Mr. *Edwards* ridicules Dr. *Warburton*, “ As if people carried such instruments of war, as *bills* and *guns*, “ on *their necks*, not on *their shoulders*!” But unluckily the ridicule falls upon *himself*. *Lassels*, in his *Voyage of Italy*, says of *Tutors*, “ Some persuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a “ *gun upon their necks*.” But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately from *Lodge*, who furnished our author with his plot. “ *Ganymede* on a day sitting with *Aliena* (the assumed “ names, as in the play) cast up her eye, and saw where *Rosalind* “ came pacing towards them with his *forest-bill on his neck*.”

(P. 262. n. 6.) In a *schedule of jewels* in the 15th vol. of *Rymer's Fædæra*, we find, “ Item, two *peascoddes* of gold, with 17 “ *pearles*.”

(P. 265. n. 2.) If *duc ad me* were right, *Amiens* would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with “ a *Greek invocation*.” It is evidently a word coined for the *nonte*. We have here, as *Butler* says, “ One for *sense*, and one for *rhyme*.”—Indeed we must have a *double rhyme*; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus,

“ *Ducdamè, Ducdamè, Ducdamè,*

“ Here shall he see

“ Grofs fools as he,

“ An' if he will come to *Ami*.”

That is, to *Amiens*. *Jaques* did not mean to ridicule himself:

(P. 274. n. 5. Tho' the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read,

“ Because *the heart's* not seen.”

y *harts* according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted.

(P. 285.) *Of* for *off* is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-Sea of discovery* is a *discovery a South-Sea off*—as far as the South-Sea.

(P. 294.) “ Doth my simple *feature* content you?” says the *Clown* to *Audrey*. “ Your *features*, replies the wench, Lord “ warrant us, what *features*?” I doubt not, this should be “ your *feature*! Lord warrant us, *what's feature*?”

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(P. 297. n. 4.) I often find a part of this song applied to *Cromwell*. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *jundæ* will go near to give us the "*bagge*; if *O brave Oliver* come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in *Cleaveland*. *Wind away*, and *wind off* are still used *provincially*: and I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read,

" Not—O sweet Oliver!

" O brave Oliver!

" Leave me not *bebi*' *thee*——

" But—wind away,

" Begone, I say,

" I will not to wedding *wi*' *thee*."

(P. 300.) "A puny tilter, that breaks his staff like a noble goose." Sir T. Hanmer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure be supported by a quotation from *Turberville's Falconrie*. "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip "one of her *wing feathers*, and having thrust it thro' her *nare*, "throw her out unto your hawke."

(P. 339. n. 8.) It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since at the end of the novel, *Lodge* makes him *captaine of the king's guard*.

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(P. 346.) In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of *Gonzago*, and *his wife Baptista*; but the author of the *Taming of the Shrew* knew *Baptista* to be the name of a MAN.—Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir *Aston Cockayne*. I knew Sir *Aston* was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to *Shakespeare*; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that *Cockayne* ascribes nothing more to *Shakespeare*, than the *Induction-Wincot-ale and the Beggar*! I hope this was only a slip of Mr. *Capell's* memory.

(P. 373. n. 7.) "Be she as foul as was Florentius' love." I suppose, this alludes to the story of a *Florentine*, which is met with in an old book, called, *A thousand notable Things*, and perhaps in other collections. "He was ravished over-night with "the lustre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized: but next morning, viewing his lady before she was so  
" gorgeously

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“ gorgeously trim’d up.—She was such a *lean, yellow, rivell’d, deform’d creature*, that he never lived with her afterwards.”

(P. 393. n. 9.) *Vye* and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, “ *time revyes us*,” which has likewise been unnecessarily altered. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the seven *bishops*, the *chief justice* says, “ We must not permit *vyng* and *revying* upon one another.”

(P. 408. n. 8.) In an old canzonet on a wedding, set to music by Morley, 1606,

“ *Sops in wine, spice-cakes are a dealing.*”

(P. 413. n. 1.) “ *Winter*, says *Grumio*, tames *man, woman, and beast*: for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*, Fellow *Curtis*.”—“ Away, you three-inch’d fool,” replies *Curtis*, *I am no beast*.” Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had *Grumio* call’d him one? he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if *Grumio* calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis*, *Fellow*; surely he calls *Curtis* a *beast* likewise. *Malvolio* takes this sense of the word, “ let this *fellow* be look’d to!—*Fellow*! not *Malvolio*, after my de-  
“ gree, but *fellow* I”

In *Ben Jonson*’s *Cafe* is altered, “ what says my *Fellow Onion*? ” quoth *Christophero*.—All of a house, replies *Onion*, but not “ *fellows*.”

In the old play, call’d *The Return from Parnassus*, we have a curious passage, which shews the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning of Shakespeare*; this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. *Burbage* and *Kempe* are introduced to teach the *university-men* the art of acting, and are represented (particularly *Kempe*) as *leaden spouts—very illiterate*. “ Few “ of the university, says *Kempe*, pen plays well; *they* smell too “ much of that *writer, Ovid*, and that *writer, Metamorphosis*:— “ why, here’s our *Fellow Shakespeare* put them all down.”

(P. 424. n. 5.) *Mercatantè*. So *Spenser* in the 3d book of his *Fairy Queen*,

“ *Sleeves dependant Albanese-wife.*”

And our author has *Veronese* in his *Othello*.

## ALL’S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.

(P. 29. n. 5.)—“ Were you both our mothers,

“ *I care no more for*, than I do for heaven,

“ So I were not his sister.”

There is a designed ambiguity: *I care no more for*, is, *I care as much for*.—I wish it equally.

(P. 48. n. 2.) Thus *Cloue* and *Orange* in *Every Man out of his Humour*,



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"You conceive me, Sir?"—"O Lord, Sir."  
*Clevesland* in one of his songs, makes his gentleman,

"Answer, O Lord, Sir! and talk play-book oaths."

(P. 57. n. 8.) Had Mr. *Theobald* been aware that the *implication* or *clause* of the sentence (as the grammarians say) served for the antecedent—"Which *danger* to *defeat*."—there had been no need of his wit or his alteration.

(P. 120. n. 9.) Dr. *Warburton's* correction may be supported by a passage in the *Alchemist*.

*Suttle*.—"Come along, Sir,

"I now must shew you *Fortune's* *privy lodgings*."

*Face*. "Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?"

*Sut*. "All.

"Only the fumigation's somewhat strong."

## T W E L F T H - N I G H T.

(P. 149.) "Let her except, before excepted." This should probably be, *as* before excepted: a ludicrous use of the formal *lex-pirajic*.

(P. 160. n. 6.) Your interpretation may be right: yet Dr. *Warburton's* reading is not so strange, as it has been represented. In *Brome's* *Jovial Crew*, *Scotswell* says to the *gypsies*, "We must find a young *gentlewoman-beir* among you."

(P. 176. n. 4.) In a popular look of the time, *Carrow's* translation of *Huarte's* *Trial of Wits*, 1394, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, "*vegetative, sensitive, and reason-able*."

(P. 178.) "*Tilly wally, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*" *Malvolio's* use of the word *lady* brings the ballad to Sir *Toby's* remembrance: *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and should be printed as such. My very ingenious friend, Dr. *Percy*, has given a stanza of it in his *Reliques of ancient Poetry*. v. 1. p. 204.

Just the same may be said, where *Mercutio* applies it, vol. X. p. 62.

(P. 188. n. 8.) This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of *Pericles*. I think, *Shakespeare's* hand may be sometimes seen in the latter part of it, and there only:—two or three passages, which he was unwilling to lose, he has transplanted, with some alteration, into his own plays.

"She sat like patience on a monument,

"Smiling at grief."—

In *Pericles*, "Thou (*Marina*) dost look like patience gazing  
 "on king's graves, and smiling extremity out of act."

"Thus a little before, *Marina* asks the *bawd*, "are you a wo-  
 "man?" *Bawd*. "What would you have me to be, if not a  
 "woman?" *Mar*, "*An honest woman or not a woman*."—Some-  
 "what

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what similar to the dialogue between *Iago* and *Othello*, relative to, *Cassio*.

“ I think, that he is *boneft*.

“ *Men* should be what they seem,”

“ Or those that be not would they might seem *none*.”

Again, “ She starves the ears she feeds, says *Pericles*, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech.”

So in *Hamlet*,

“ As if *increase of appetite* had grown

“ By what it *fed on*.”

(P. 189.) “ *Cross-garter'd*, a fashion she detests.”

Sir *Thomas Overbury* in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, represents him as more upright than any *cross-garter'd* gentleman-usher.

(P. 232.) This song should certainly begin,

“ Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me

“ How does thy lady do?—

“ My lady is unkind, perdy.—

“ Alas, why is she so?”

(P. 235.) We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of *Shakespeare*. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line,

Adieu, Goodman *Drivel*.

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, *Maliuolo*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, “ pare thy nails, dad?”

In *Henry V*. We again meet with “ this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.”

(P. 238.) “ *Conclusions* to be as *kisses*—if your four negatives make your two affirmatives.”

One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In *Marlowe's Lust's Dominion*, the *Queen* says to the *Moor*,

— “ Come let's kisse.”

*Moor*. “ Away, away.”

*Queen*. “ No, no, sayes, I; and twice away, sayes *stay*.”

Sir *Philip Sidney* has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Astrophel and Stella*.

(P. 252.) Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. “ *Gainst knaves and thieves*” must evidently be, “ against *knave and thief*.”—When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded: but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*.

Sir *Tho. Hanmer* rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *beads* to the singular number: and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanza's.

You observe in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedick*

## A P P E N D I X II.

and *Beatrice*. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. *Askew* of *Queen's Square*, has a fine copy of the second *folio* edition of *Shakespeare*, which formerly belonged to king *Charles I.* and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, Sir *Thomas Herbert*. Sir *Thomas* has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "*Benedick and Betrice*," "*Pyramus and Thisby*," "*Rosalinde*," "*Mr. Paroles*," and Mal-  
" *volio*."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. *Milton* in his Εἰκονοκλάτης censures king *Charles* for reading, "One, whom," says he, "we well know was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakespeare*."

### THE WINTER'S TALE.

(P. 257.) Sir *Thomas Hanmer* gave himself much needless concern that *Shakespeare* should consider *Bobemia* as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bitthynia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. *Grey*, indeed, was apt to believe that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play, but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.—*Cervantes* ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princefs *Micomicona* land at *Offuna*.—Corporal *Trim*'s king of *Bobemia* "delighted in navigation, and had never a seaport in his dominions;" and my lord *Herbert* tells us, that *De Luines* the prime minister of *France*, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether *Bobemia* was an *inland Country*, or lay "*upon the Sea*?"—There is a similar mistake in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that City and *Milan*.

(P. 259. n. 5.)

"That may blow

"No sneaping winds at home."

Dr. *Warburton* calls this *nonsense*; and Dr. *Johnson* tells us it is a *Gallicism*. It happens however to be both *sense* and *English*. *That*, for *Oh! That*, is not uncommon. In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*, "St. *Francis* observing the "holiness of friar *Juniper*, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood "of such *Junipers*." And in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*,

"In thy rumination,

"That I poor man might estoones come between!"

And so in other places,

This is the construction of the passage in *Romeo*,

"That Runaway's eyes may wink!"

Which in other respects you have rightly interpreted

(P. 308.

## A P P E N D I X II.

(P. 308. n. 1.) "Those of your *faß* are so."—I should guess *faß* to be the right word. See vol. V. p. 414.

In *Middleton's Mad World, my Masters, a Courtisan* says, "It is the easiest art and cunning for our *faß* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well."

(P. 319. n. 6.) Dr. *Warburton* did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the *novel*, "The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever."

(P. 325. n. 9.) "The red blood reigns in the winter-pale." This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has "the *winter's* pale," and the meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the *dominion* of *winter*. The *English* pale, the *Irish* pale, and were frequent expressions in *Shakespeare's* time: and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *Antithesis*.

(P. 329. n. 3.) In Dr. *Jones's* old treatise on *Buckstone bathes*, he says, "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trouble pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion, the pastyme trouble in madame is termed."

(P. 340.) "Whoop, do me no harm, good man." This was the name of an old song.

In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of, "Oh! do me no harm good man."

(P. 353.) "Where no priest shovels in the dust." This part of the priest's office might be remembered in *Shakespeare's* time: it was not left off till the reign of *Edward* the VIth.

(P. 356. n. 4.) At every sitting. *Houel*, in one of his letters, says, "My lord president hopes to be at the next sitting in York."

## M A C B E T H.

(P. 396. n. 5.) "Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

This expression seems to have been proverbial. *Spenser* has it in the 4th book of the *Fairy Queen*.

"Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in sight."

(P. 437. n. 4.) *Gascoigne* confirms this, "The most knottie piece of box may be wrought to sayre a doogen hafte." *Gouts* for drops is frequent in old *English*.

(P. 446. n. 4.) When you censured Dr. *Warburton* in this place, you forgot the uncertainty of *French* fashions. In the *Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from *Guyon*, I suppose) of the old *French* dresses, "*Mens bose* answered

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answered in length to their short-skirted doublets; being made *close to their limbes*, wherein they had no meanes for pockets." And *Withers* in his satyr against vanity, ridicules "The spruze, "diminutive, neat, *Frenchman's bose*."

(P. 452. n. 5. ——— "Daggers

*Unmannerly breech'd with gore.*"

This passage, says Mr. *Heatio*, seems to have been the *Crux Criticorum*!—Every one has tried his skill at it, and I may venture to say, no one has succeeded.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthy—in a foul manner—sheathed with blood*. A *scabbard* is called a *pilibe*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo*—but you will ask, whence the allusion to *breeches*? Dr. *Warburton* and Dr. *Johnson* have well observed, that this speech of *Macbeth* is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which, the play appears to have been written) a book was published by *Peter Erondell*, (with commendatory poems by *Daniel*, and other wits of the time) called *The French Gardin*, or a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, amongst other matters, some dialogues of a dramattick cast, which, I am perswaded, our author had read in the *English*; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *litte- ratim* from the 6th dialogue, "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, goe fetch your master's silver hatched daggers, you have not brushed their breeches, bring the brushes, and brush them before me.—*Shakespeare* was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the *French* on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been set right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n'avez pas espouffeté leur *bâut-de-chausses*—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas de chausses*, *sockings*, and so on through all the articles of drefs.

(P. 472.) This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to *Shakespeare*, "we'll ha' the *ghost* i' th' white sheet "fit at upper end o' th' table."

(P. 476. n. 9.) No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*, which has caused all the difficulty; it is however to be found in *Spenser, Fairy Queen*, b. III. c. 7. st. 4.

——— "A little valley ———

"All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*."

(P. 478.) You rightly restore *maggot-pies*. In *Minsheu's Guide to the Torgues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and *Middleton* in his *More Dissemblers beside Women*, says, "He calls her *mogot* "o' Pie."

(P. 490. n. 9.) Lord *Heward*, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, mentions "a notable example of a  
"con-

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“ conjuror, who represented (as it were, in dumb show) all t h  
 “ persons who should possess the crown of *France*; and caused  
 “ the king of *Navarre*, or rather a wicked spirit in his stead,  
 “ to appear in the fifth place, &c.

(P. 532.) Since I made the observation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make *Shakespeare* learned at least in *Latin*, as this must have been the language of the performance before king *James*. One might perhaps have plausibly said, that he probably picked up the story at *second-hand*: but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled “ *The Oxford Triumph*,” by one *Anthony Nixon*, 1605, which explains the whole matter: “ This performance, says *Anthony*, was “ first in *Latine* to the king, then in *English* to the queene and “ young prince;” and, as he goes on to tell us, “ the conceipt “ thereof, the kinge did very much applaude.” It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king *James* once wrote to *Shakespeare*, was on this occasion.

## K I N G J O H N.

(Vol. V. p. 3.) Dr. *Johnson* mistakes when he says there is no mention in *Rowley's* works of any conjunction with *Shakespeare*: the *Birth of Merlin* is ascribed to them jointly; though I cannot believe *Shakespeare* had any thing to do with it. Mr. *Capell* is equally mistaken when he says (pref. p. 15.) that *Rowley* is called his partner in the title-page of the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. *Pope's* account was founded; I make no doubt that *Rowley* wrote the first *King John*: and when *Shakespeare's* play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with *W. Sh.* in the title-page.

(P. 19. n. 8.) I have an old *black lettered history of lord Fauconbridge*, whence *Shakespeare* might pick up this circumstance.

(P. 64.) ——— “ A grave unto a foul,

“ Holding the eternal spirit against her will

“ In the vile prison of afflicted *breath*.”

I think we should read *earth*. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir *Thomas More*: “ If the body be to the *soule* a “ *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the body, that stuffeth it “ with *riff-raff*, that the *soule* can have no room to stirre itself “ —but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave*.”

(P. 71. n. 5.) *Lilly*, in his *Mydas*, ridicules the affectation of melancholy. “ Now every base companion, being in his *multiple subtles*, says, he is *melancholy*.—Thou should'st say thou art “ *lumpish*. If thou encroach on our *courtly* terms, wee le t rounce “ thee.”

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(P. 83. n. 3.) Dr. *Johnson* forgets that ancient *slippers* might possibly be very different from modern ones. *Scott* in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* tells us, "He that receiveth a mischance, will consider, whether he put not on his shirt the wrong side outwards, "or his *left shoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jests of *Scogan* by *Andrew Bords*, is how he defrauded two shoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one. And *Davies* in one of his epigrams compares a man to "a soft-knit *hose* that serves each leg."

(P. 89.) "Till I have set a glory to this hand

By giving it the worship of revenge.

I think it should be "a glory to this *head*"——Pointing to the dead prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. A *glory* is a frequent term :

"Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,"

says Mr. *Pope*: the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to require this sense. The late Mr. *Gray* was much pleased with this correction.

## KING RICHARD II.

(P. 115. n. 1.) Since I wrote the note relative to the old play on this subject, I have met with a passage in my lord *Bacon*, which proves it to have been in *English*. It is in the arrangements of *Cusse and Merick*, V. IV. p. 412. of *Mallet's* edition. "The afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick*, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have less in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. *Pope* thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it must have been very different; since, as Dr. *Johnson* observes, there are some expressions in this of *Shakespeare*, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible right*.

(P. 128. n. 6.) The commentators forget that *to jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*. Thus in *Hieronymo*,

"He promised us in honour of our guest,

"To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*."

and accordingly a mask is performed.

(P. 141. n. 6.) "Against *infection* and the hand of war."

In *Ailott's England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted,  
"Against

## A P P E N D I X II.

“Against *intefion*, &c.” perhaps the word might be *infefion*, if fuch a word was in ufe.

(P. 183. n. 8.) Dr. *Warburton*’s correction may not be right: but there is no room to criticife the orthography. Dr. *Donne* fays, “the Jefuits are like *apricocks*, heretofore here and there “one in a great man’s hoafe; now you may have them in every “cottage.” Even the accurate *Swift* fells the word in the fame manner.

### KING HENRY the IVth. 1ft Part.

(P. 231. n. 7.) This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the *Gallathea* of *Lilly*, *Phyllida* fays, “It is a pittie “that nature framed you not a woman.”

*Gall.* “There is a tree in *Tylos*, &c.”

*Pbill.* “What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpofe, &c.”

*Ben Jonfon* calls it a *game at vapours*.

(N. 8.) *Old lad of the caftle*, is the fame with *Old lad of Caftile*, a *Caftilian*.—*Meres* reckons *Oliver of the caftle* amongst his romances; and *Gabriel Harvey* tells us of “*Old lads of the caftell* “with their rapping babble.”—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for *Falftaff*’s appearing firft under the name of *Old-caftle*. There is however a paffage in a play called *Amends for Ladies* by *Field* the player, which may feem to prove it, unlefs he confounded the different performances;

———“Did you never fee

“The play where the fat knight hight *Oldcaftle*

“Did tell you truly what this *honour* was.”

(P. 240. n. 4.) *Hope* is ufed fimplly for *expectations*, as *fucess* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is ftill common in the midland counties. “Such manner of uncouth fpeech, fays *Put-tenbam*, did the *tanner of Tamworth* ufe to king *Edward IV.* “which *tanner* having a great while miftaken him, and ufed “very broad talk, at length perceiving by his train that it was “the king, was afraid he fhould be punifhed for it, and faid thus, “with a certaine rude repentance, ‘*I hope* I fhall be hanged “tomorrow, for I *fear* me I fhall be hanged;” whereat the king laughed a good; not only to fee the *tanner*’s vain *fears*, but alfo to hear his mifhapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good fport, the inheritance of *Plumpton Parke*.

(P. 262. n. 8.) Dr. *Jonfon* is intirely right. *Bifhop Corbet* fays in one of his poems “*Some twelve foot by the fquare*.”

(P. 278. n. 6.) *Eliot* in his *Orthoepeia* 1593, fpeaking of *Sack* and *Rbenifh*, fays, “the Vintners of London put in *lime*, and “thence proceed infinitely maladies, fpecially the *gouttes*.”

(P. 289.



## A P P E N D I X II.

"*Ever among* (sothly to saine)

"*I suffre noie and mochil paine.*"

(P. 498. n. 6.) In *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, we meet with

"*Doe me right, and dub me knight, Balurdo.*"

(P. 502. n. 6.) Dr. *Johnson* is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *flesh-fly*, commonly call'd a *blue-bottle*.

I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that it was the custom of the old players at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus at the end of *New Custom*,

"*Preserve our noble Q. Elizabeth, and her counsell all.*"

And in *Lochrine*,

"*So let us pray for that renowned maid, &c.*"

And in *Middleton's Mad World my Masters*, "This shows like  
"kneeling after the play; I praying for my Lord *Overmuch* and  
"his good Countess, our honourable lady and mistress."

## K I N G H E N R Y V.

(Vol. IV. p. 33. n. 9.) *Iceland* dog is probably the true reading; yet we often meet with *island*. *Drayton* in his *moon-calfs* mentions *water-dogs, and islands*. And *John Taylor* dedicates his *Scollar*, "To the whole kennell of *Antichrist's* hounds, priests, friars, monks, and Jesuites, mastiffs, mongrels, *islands*, blood-hounds, bobtaile-tikes."

(P. 48. n. 6.) Old *Tusser* in his description of *Norwich*, tells us it is

"*A city trim ———*

"*Where strangers well, may seeme to dwell,*

"*That pitch and paie, or keepe their daye.*"

*John Florio* says, "*Pitch and paie, and goe your waie.*"

One of the old laws of *Blackwell-ball*, was, that, "a penny  
"be paid by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*."

(P. 71. n. 3.) This picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus*; where she is described to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes*.

(P. 109.) *Signieur Dew* should be a *gentleman*."

I cannot help thinking, that *Shakespeare* intended here a stroke at a passage in a famous old book, call'd, "The gentleman's *Academie* in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie," written originally by *Juliana Barnes*, and re-published by *Gervase Markham*, 1595. The first chapter of the *Books of Armorie* is "the difference 'twixt  
"Charles and Gentleman; and it ends thus, From the of-spring  
"of gentlemanly *Japhet* came *Abraham, Moses, Aaron*, and the  
"Prophets; and also the king of the right line of *Mary*, of  
"whom that only absolute gentleman, *Jesus*, was borne:—gentle-  
"man, by his mother *Mary*, princeesse of coat armor."

K. HENRY

## A P P E N D I X II.

### K. HENRY VI. THREE PARTS.

I have already given some reasons, why I cannot believe, that these plays were *originally* written by *Shakespeare*. The question, who did write them? is at best, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We must remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous*; and that *play-writing* was scarcely yet thought reputable: nay, some authors express for it great horrors of repentance. — I will attempt, however, at some future time, to answer this question: the disquisition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at least argue, that the plays were not written by *Shakespeare*, from *Shakespeare* himself. The *chorus* at the end of *Henry V.* addresses the audience

————— “For *their* sake,  
“In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take.”

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modesty, to recommend his new play from the merit and success of *Henry VI.*! — His claim to indulgence is, that, tho' *bending* and unequal to the task, he has ventured to *pursue the story*: and this sufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the allusions of particular passages.

(P. 157. n. 8.) Mr. *Theobald* might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Falsolfe*, whether truly or not, is said by *Hall and Holingshead* to have been degraded for *cowardice*. Dr. *Heylin* in his *St. George for England*, tells us, that “he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in “his defence, restored to his honour.—This *Sir John Falsolfe*, “continues he, was, without doubt, a valiant and wife captain, “notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him.”

(P. 348. n. 6.) In the letter concerning *Q. Elizabeth's* entertainment at this place, we find, “the castle hath name of *Kylle-lingwoorth*; but of truth, groounded upon saythfull story, “*Kenelwoorth*.”

(P. 355.) “Let them kiss one another.” This is from the *Mirror for Neighbours* in the legend of *Jack Cade*.

“With these two heads I made a pretty play,  
“For sight on poales I bore them thro' the strete,  
“And for my sport made *each* *kisse* *other* *sweete*.”

(P. 531. n. 7.) There is no occasion for correction. “Till death us *depart*,” was the expression in the old *marriage* service.

(P. 450. n. 5.) This passage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of *old age*, in *Sackville's* Induction,

“His withered fist still knocking at *death's* dore,” &c.

## A P P E N D I X II.

### KING RICHARD III.

(VOL. VII. p. 124. n. 9.) In the *Scornfull Lady of Fletcher*, *Welford* says to *Sir Roger*, the curate, "I acknowledge you to be your art's master."—"I am but a bachelor of art, Sir," replies *Sir Roger*. Mr *Guthrie* would have done well to have informed us, how *Sir Roger* could possibly have bought his title of the pope's nuncio; when, as *Abigail* tells us, he had only "twenty nobles *de claro*, besides his pigges *in posse*."

(P. 209. n. 5.) In the second part of *Marston's Antonio*, "Cor-nets found a cynet."

(P. 148.) A childish imitation of Dr. *Legge's* play was written by one *Lacy*; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. *Capell*.

### KING HENRY VIII.

I intirely agree in opinion with Dr. *Johnson*, that *Ben Jonson* wrote the *prologue and epilogue* to this play. *Shakespeare* had a little before afflicted him in his *Sejanus*; and *Ben* was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the christening, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and *Shakespeare* must be ignorant of: I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from *Stowe*, that *Robert Green* wrote somewhat on this subject.

### C O R I O L A N U S.

(P. 291.) "One word, good citizens."——

"We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good."——  
Good is here used in the mercantile sense.

So *Touchstone* in *Eastward Ho*, "known good men, well minded."

(P. 337. n. 3.) *Cleaveland* introduces this, according to his quaint manner,

—— "Her cheeks,  
"Where roses mix: no civill war  
"Between her *Tork* and *Lamaffer*."

(P. 348. n. 1.) This use of the word *once* is found in the *Supposes* by *Gascoigne*, "Once, 24 ducattes he cost me."

(P. 353.) *Coriolanus* seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read,

—— "Battles

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————— “ Battles thrice fix

“ *I’ve seen, and you have heard of; for your voices*

“ Done many things, &c.”

(P. 422. n. 5.) I suppose, *Coriolanus* means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him.

(P. 427.) Whether the word *perish* be right or not in this place, Dr. *Johnson* truly observes, that it is sometimes used actively. In the *Maid’s Tragedy*,

————— “ Let not my sins,” says *Evadne* to *Aminor*,

“ *Perish* your noble youth.”

## J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

(Vol. VIII. p. 4.) “ I meddle with no *tradesman’s* matters, “ nor woman’s matters, but with *all*.” This should be, “ I “ meddle with no *trade*, — man’s matters, nor woman’s matters, “ but with *awl*.”

(P. 6. n. 4.) *Shakespeare’s* mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of *Plutarch*.

## A N T H O N Y A N D C L E O P A T R A.

(P. 152.) — “ *Octavia* is

“ A *blessed lottery* to him.” —

Dr. *Warburton* says, the poet wrote *allottery*: but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of *Andrea* in the *Spanish Tragedy*, says,

“ *Minos* in graven leaves of *lottery*

“ Drew forth the manner of my life and death.”

(P. 154. n. 8.) *Shakespeare* gives us the practice of his own time: and there is no occasion for *in whoop’d at*, or any other alteration. *John Davies* begins one of his epigrams upon *proverbs*,

“ He sets cocke on the hoope,” *in*, you would say;

“ For cocking *in boopes* is now all the play.”

## T I M O N O F A T H E N S.

(P. 271.) It would be less abrupt to begin the play thus:

*Poet*. “ Good day.” *Painter*. “ Good day, Sir: I am glad you’re “ well.”

(P. 282. n. 8.) “ When thou art *Timon’s* dog.”

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This is spoken *στεινάζει*, as Mr. *Upton* says somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

"Wot you who named me first the king's dogge?" says *Aristippus* in *Damon and Pythias*.

(P. 304. n. 5.) There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the characteristic of a porter. There appeared at *Killingworth Castle*, "a porter, tall of parson, big of lim, and *fearn* of countinouns."

(P. 314. n. 2.) Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase.

(P. 356.) "Swear against objects." Sir *Tho. Hamner* reads, 'Gainst *all objects*: perhaps objects is here used provincially for *objects*.

### TITUS ANDRONICUS.

There is every reason to believe, that *Shakespeare* was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon the subject.

Mr. *Upton* declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. *Warner*, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his school-fellow, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed, a new argument has been produced; it must have been written by *Shakespeare*, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner*!

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher had nothing to do with any of the rest of *Shakespeare's* works. Dr. *Johnson* observes the copy to be as correct, as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely *Shakespeare* would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by *Heminge* and *Condell* in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually call'd *Shakespeare's*, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended upon; for it is certain, that in the first copies, they had intirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. *Elwes*, 1594. I have seen in an old catalogue of *tales*, &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus*.

### TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

(VOL. IX.) Notwithstanding what has been said by a late editor, I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *this play*. Indeed,

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as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays; and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages: except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs intirely from the copy in the *second folio*.

(P. 75.) "True as plantage to the moon."

This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from *Scott's Discovery of witchcraft*. "The poore husbandman perceiveth, that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone*, they are in best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade."

(P. 108. n.) Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the *Latin* sense: and Mr. Warner in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to *Shakespeare*, "for, says he, I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of the *Spanish Tragedy*,

"O damned devil! how *secure* he is."

In my Lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, "neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in *Drayton*, *Fletcher*, and the vulgar translation of the bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its *Latin* acceptation. I meet with it however in *Hoby's* translation of *Castilio*, 1561. "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their *Tuscane* tung."

*Ben Jonson* more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the *Spanish* termination, it is to be found in *Heywood*, *Witbers*, *Davies*, *Taylor*, and many other writers.

(P. 199. n. 3.) This expression is met with in *Dekker's best wober*, "This a *male-varlet*, sure, my lord!"

(P. 125. n. 3.) In an old play (in six acts) called *Histrionastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude: and *Cressida* breaks out,

"O Knight, with valour in thy face,

"Here take my *skreene*, wear it for grace,

"Within thy helmet put the same,

"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, *The Hundred Histories of Troye*, tells us "*Bryseyde* whom mayster *Chaucer* calleth *Cresseide*, was a damosell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condicions."

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### C Y M B E L I N E.

(P. 166. n. 6.)—"The tyrannous breathing of the north,  
"Shakes all our buds from growing."

A great critick proposes to read,

"Shuts all our buds from *blowing*."

and his emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by *Shakespeare*. *Emilia* is speaking of a rose.

"It is the very emblem of a maid.

"For when the *West* wind courts her gently,

"How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

"With her chaste blushes?—when the *North* comes

"near her

"Rude and impatient, then like charity,

"She *shuts* her beauties in her bud again,

"And leaves him to base briars."

(P. 180. n. 2.) I think, we may read, the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is met with in other places.

(P. 254. n. 7.) "His visage, says *Fennor* of a *Catchpole*, was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *Parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face."

(P. 257. n. 9.) This passage is imitated by *Webster* in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading.

"The robin red-breast, and the wren

"With leaves and flowers do cover friendless bodies,

"The ant, the field mouse, and the mole

"Shall raise him *billocks*, that shall keep him warm,

"&c."

(P. 283. n. 6.) A *Cley* in the same with a *Claw* in old language.

### K I N G L E A R.

(P. 367. n. 1.) I do not find the name of *Lippsbury*: it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the Fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third suited*, wearing cloaths at the *third band*. *Edgar*, in his *pride*, had *three suits*, only.

(P. 368. n. 3.) "I'll make a sop o' the *moonshine* of you." Perhaps here an *Equivèque* was intended. In the *Old Shepherd's Kalender*,

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*Kalendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyme*, "One  
" is *Egges in Monefbine*."

(P. 368. n. 4.) *Barber-monger* may mean, *Dealer in the lower Tradesmen*: a slur upon the *steward*, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family.

(P. 369. n. 3.) "Thou whorson Zed! thou unnecessary letter." This is taken from the grammarians of the time. *Mulcaster* says, "Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—S is become its *lieutenant general*. It is lightly expressed in *English*, saving in foren enfranchisements."

(P. 375.) I know not whether this circumstance of putting *Keut* in the *socks*, be not ridiculed in the punishment of *Numps*, in *Bartholomew Fair*.

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *socks* for the correction of the servants.

(P. 409. n. 1.) *Cokes* cries out in *Bartholomew Fair*, "God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin my boy*!"

(P. 411. n. 4.) It is pleasant to see the various readings of this passage. In a book called the *Azor*, which has been ascribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted "Switbin footed thrice the cold." Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*,

"Switbin footed thrice the world."

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompously corrected by Mr. *Theobald*, with the help of his friend Mr. *Bishop*, to *the wolds*: in fact it is the same word. *Spelman* writes, *Burton upon olds*: the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles*: and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

*St. Withold* footed thrice the-oles,

He met the night-mare, and her nine soles, &c."

(P. 442. n. 1.) *Hardocks* should be *Harlocks*. Thus *Drayton* in one of his *Eclogues*,

"The honey-suckle, the *barlocke*,

"The lilly, and the lady-smocke, &c."

(P. 448. n. 3.) Dr. *Warturton* would not have written this note, had he recollected a passage in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*,

"Some let their lechour dight them all the night,

"While that the Cors lay on the flore upright."

(P. 473. n. 5.) The resolute *John Florio* has sadly mistaken these *Goujeers*. He writes "With a good yeare to thee!" and gives it in *Italian*, "Il mal anno che dio ti dia."

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

(Vol. X. p. 5.) This story was well known to the *English* poets before the time of *Shakespeare*. In an old collection of poems, called



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called "*A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578," I find it mentioned.

"Sir *Romeus* annoy but trifle seems to mine."

and again, *Romeus* and *Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasures*, 1579."

I quote these passages for the sake of observing, that if *Shakespeare* had not read *Painter's* translation, it is not likely that he would have altered the name to *Romeo*. There was another novel on the subject by *L. da Porto*; which has been lately printed at *Venice*.

(P. 8.) "Here comes one of my *Master's* kinsmen." Some mistake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a servant of the *Capulets*; and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction.

(P. 37. n. 5.) You read very rightly, "*A ball! A ball!* So in *Marston's* Satires—" *A ball, a ball!* Room for the Spheres! &c." and *Davies* in one of his epigrams, "*A hall! my masters, give Rotundus room.*"

(P. 58.) "They stand so much on the *new form*, that they cannot sit at ease on the *old bench*." This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to.

(P. 61.) The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's* fan, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet, called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*."

(P. 78.) "You will find me a *grave man*." This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; *Lidgate* says, in his elegy upon *Chaucer*,

"My master *Chaucer* now is *grave*."

(P. 89.) ——— "O woful sympathy!

"Piteous predicament."

One may wonder the editors did not see that this language must necessarily belong to the *Friar*.

## H A M L E T.

(P. 150. n. 5.) *Puttenham* in his *Art of Poesie*, speaks of the *Figure of Tawnyes*, "*horses and barbes*, for *barbed horses*, *venim & Dartes*, for *venimous Dartes*, &c."

(P. 153. n. 9.) A distich from the life of *Merlin* by *Heywood*, will shew that there is no occasion for correction,

"*Merlin* well versed in many an hidden spell,

"His countries *omen* did long since foretell."

(P. 154. n. 2.) *Bourne* of *Newcastle* in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, "it is a received tradition among the "*vulgar*, that at the time of cock-crowing, the midnight spirits "*forake these lower regions, and go to their proper places.*—

"Hence

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"Hence it is, says he, that in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go chearfully to work at that time; whereas if they are called abroad sooner, they imagine every thing they see a wandering ghost." And he quotes on this occasion, as all his predecessors had done, the well known lines from the first hymn of *Prudentius*. I know not whose translation he gives us, but there is an old one by *Heywood*. The *pious Chansons*, the *hymns* and *carrols*, which *Shakespeare* mentions presently, were usually copied from the elder Christian poets.

(P. 159. n. 3.) I question whether a quibble between *fun* and *son* be not here intended.

(P. 184.) "Heaven will direct it;" perhaps it may be more apposite to read "Heaven will detect it."

(P. 191.)

"My tables—meet it is I set it down,"

This is a ridicule of the practice of the time.

*Hall* says, in his character of the *Hypocrite*, "He will ever sit where he may be seené best, and in the midst of the sermon pulles out his *Tables* in haste, as if he feared to loose that note, &c.

(P. 207.) The most beautified Ophelia. *Heyward* in his *History of Edward VI.* says, "Katherine Parre, queen dowager to king Henry VIII. was a woman beautified with many excellent virtues.

(P. 212. n. 1.) Had *Shakespeare* read *Juvenal* in the original, he had met with "*De temone Britanno, Excidet Arviragus.*" — and

———"Uxorem, *Posthume*, ducis?"

We should not then have had continually in *Cymbeline*, *Arviragus* and *Posthumus*. Should it be said that the quantity in the former word might be forgotten, it is clear from the mistake in the latter, that *Shakespeare* could not possibly have read any one of the *Roman* poets.

There was a translation of the 10th Satire of *Juvenal* by Sir *John Beaumont*, the elder brother of the famous *Francis*: but I cannot tell whether it was printed in *Shakespeare's* time. In that age of quotation, every classic might be picked up by piece-meal.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that another description of *Old Age* in *As you like it*, has been called a parody of a passage in a *French* poem of *Garnier*. It is trifling to say any thing about this, after the observation I made in *Macbeth*: but one may remark once for all, that *Shakespeare* wrote for the people; and could not have been so absurd to bring forward any allusion, which had not been familiarized by some accident or other.

(P. 214. n. 2.) So *Davies*,

"Man's life is but a dreame, nay, less than so,

"A shadow of a dreame."

(P. 226.)

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(P. 226, n. 9.) "The *mobbled* queen."

I meet with this word in *Shirley's Gentleman of Venice*,

"The moon does *mobble* up herself."

(P. 236.) "That *undiscovered* country, from whose boarne

"No *traveller* returns."

This has been cavilled at by lord *Orrery* and others, but, without reason. The idea of a *traveller* in *Shakespeare's* time, was of a person who gave an account of his adventures. Every voyage was a *Discovery*. *John Taylor* has "A *Discovery* by sea from *London* to *Salisbury*."

(P. 239, n. 1.) This regulation is needless. So in *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*,

"Princes are the *glazi*, the *school*, the *book*,

"Where subjects eyes do *learn*, do *read*, do *look*."

and in *Quintilian*, "Multum agit sexus, ætas, conditio; ut in *fæminis*, *femibus*, *pupillis*, *liberas*, *parentes*, *conjuges*, alligantibus."

(P. 242.) I would read thus, "There be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak profanely) that neither having the accent nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor *Mussulman*, have so strutted and bel-lowed, that I thought some of nature's journeymen had made *the men*, and not made them well, &c."

(P. 246, n. 7.) Here again is an equivoque. In *Massinger's Old Law*, we have

— "A cunning grief,

"That's only faced with *fables* for a show,

"But gawdy-hearted." —

(P. 254 n. 4.) "So you *mistake* your husbands."

I believe this to be right: the word is sometimes used in this ludicrous manner. "Your true trick, rascal (says *Ursula* in *Bar-*

"*tholomew Fair*) must be to be ever busie, and *mistake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off."

(P. 255, n. 8.) A *peacock* seems proverbial for a fool. Thus *Gascoigne* in his *weeds*,

"A theefe, a cowarde, and a *peacocks* foole."

(P. 281, n. 5.) Surely this should be "like an ape an apple."

(P. 282, n. 7.) So in the Spanish tragedy,

"In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing*."

and in one of *Harvey's* letters, "a silly bug beare, a sorry puffle of winde, a *thing of nothing*."

(P. 290.) Without doubt,

"Good morrow, 'tis *Saint Valentine's* day."

(P. 312, n. 3.) My remark here, without Mr. *Upton's*, to which it is an answer, seems very insignificant.

(P. 321, n. 5.) You forgot our author's 111th sonnet,

"I will drinke

"Potions of *Eysell*."

I be-

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I believe it has not been observed that many of these sonnets are addressed to his beloved nephew *William Harte*.

(P. 329.) "Nay, in good faith—for mine ease." This seems to have been the affected phrase of the time. — This in *Mars-ton's Malecontent*, "I beseech you, Sir, be covered."—"No, in good faith for my ease." And in other places.

## O T H E L L O.

(P. 357. n. 1.) I have seen a *French* translation of *Cynthio* by *Gabriel Chappuy*, *Par.* 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, thro' this medium the work came into *English*.

(P. 437. n. 9.) In this place, and some other, to *mock* seems the same with to *mamock*.

(P. 453.) If I am not deceived, this passage has been entirely mistaken. I read

"Let *him* command.

"An' to obey shall be in *me* remorse,

"What bloody business ever ———"

And for *if* is sufficiently common: and *Othello's* impatience breaks off the sentence; I think, with additional beauty.

(P. 466. n. 6.) *Shakespeare* had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Bachelors of the Roman Church*. "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one byte another, nor kicke backwardes with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix betweene them."

(P. 500. n. 5.) This has been considered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Batterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the author himself in the other world. The punctuation recommended by *Dr. Warburton*, gives a spirit to it which, I fear, was not intended. It seems to have been only a play upon words. *To put the light out* was a phrase for *to kill*. In the *Maid's* tragedy, *Melantius* says,

"Tis a justice and a noble one,

"To put the light out of such base offenders."

(P. 510.) I question, whether *Othello* was written early enough to be ridiculed in the *Poetaster*. There were many other *Moors* on the stage. It is certain at least, that the passage,

"Our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*."

could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611.

(P. 515.) I abide by the old text, "the base *Indian*." *Shake-*

*speare* seems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamne*,

"I had but one inestimable jewel——

"Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,

"And dasht it all to pieces."——

Thus

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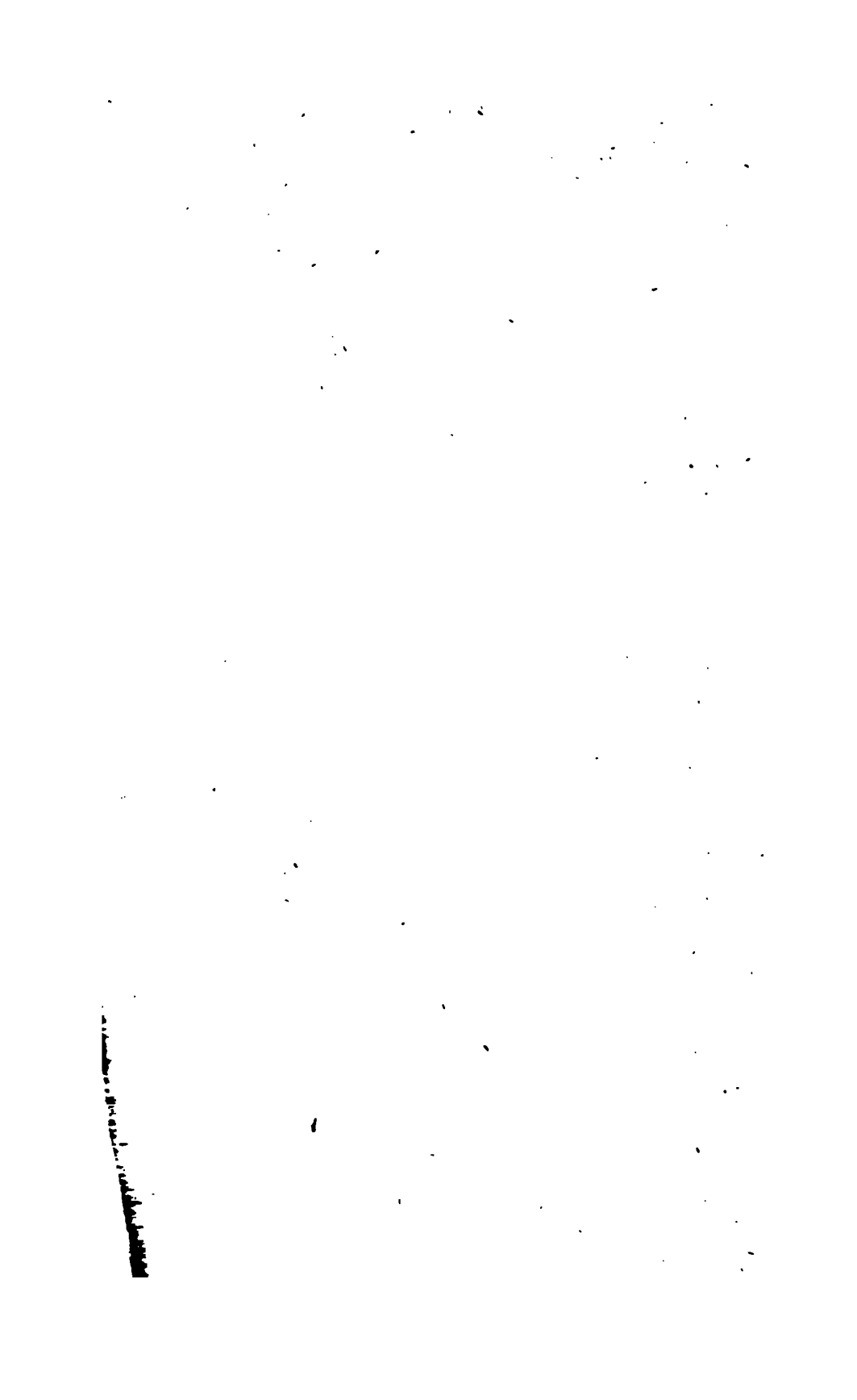
Thus have I, my dear Sir, accomplished my promise, as well as the short notice you have given me, and my many avocations would permit me. I have no value for any of the corrections that I have attempted : but I flatter myself, that I have sometimes irrefragably supported the old text against the attacks of former commentators,

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

RICHARD FARMER.

THE END.

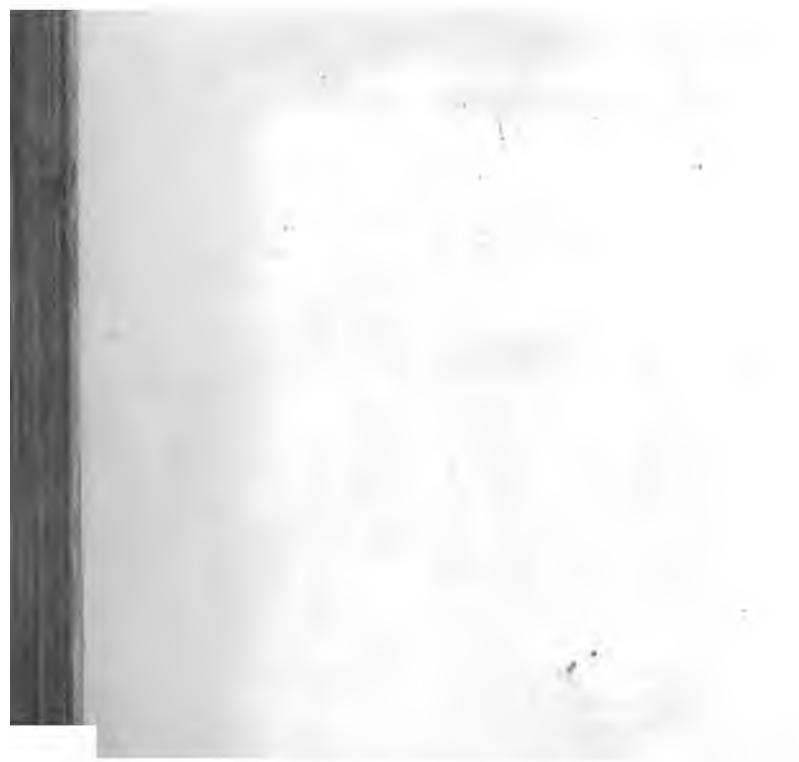


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